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Saturday Review

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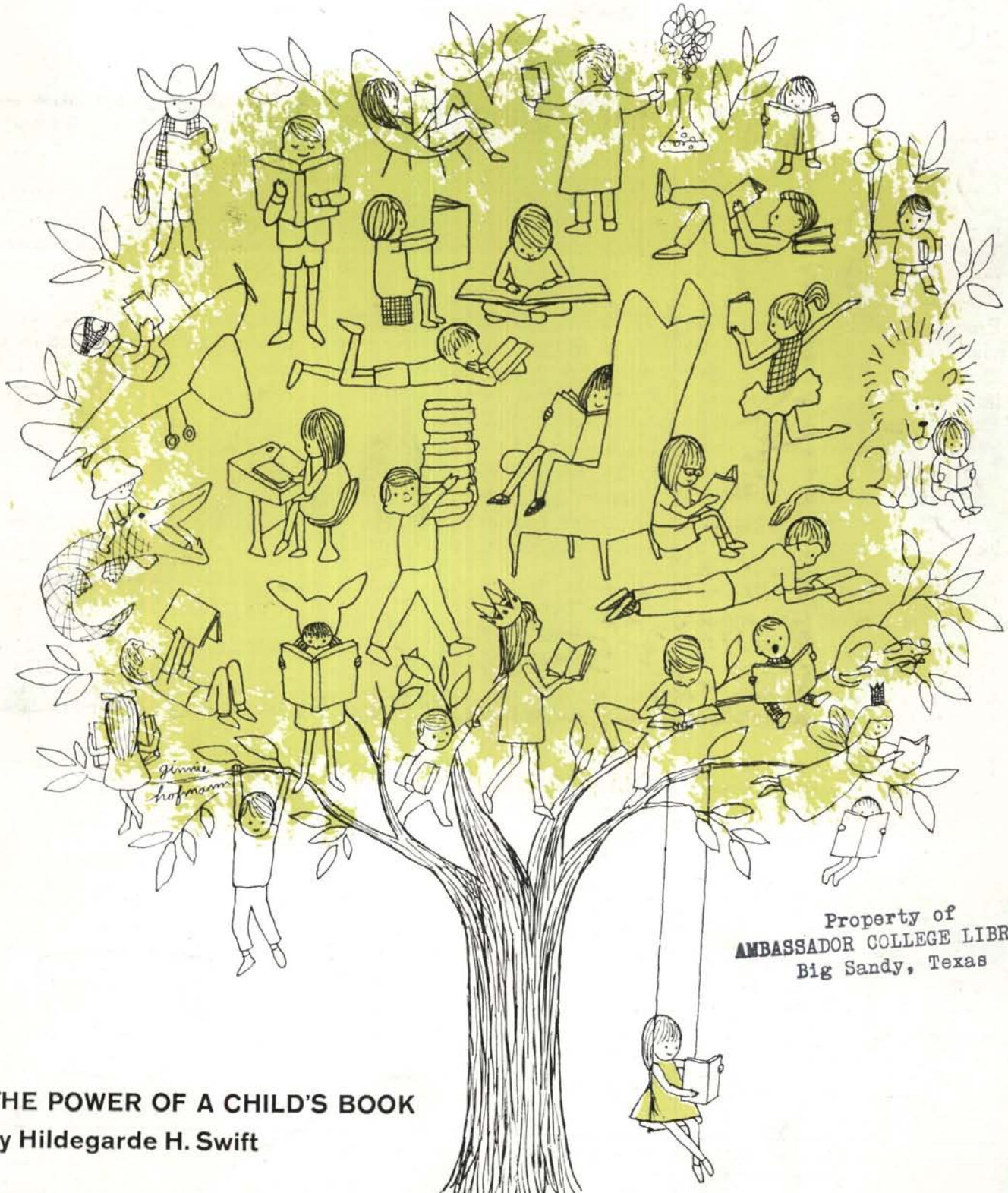

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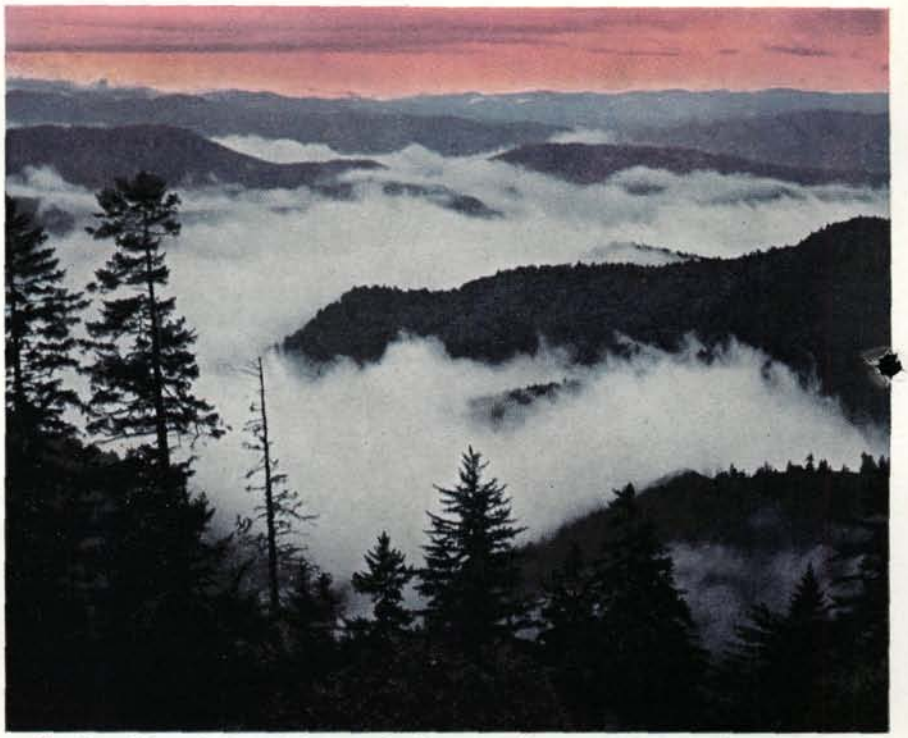


View from Clingman's Dome in Great Smoky National Park between Tennessee and North Carolina

Every year, more than five million visitors come to Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Few have ever seen all its wonders.

In Great Smoky's half-million acres are fifty-three peaks more than a mile high. Its virgin forest grows so dense its moisture keeps a smoky, hazy cloud on the hills, hence the name.

To create these mountains, Nature has raised and leveled many great ranges. The present, Great Smoky, is probably the oldest on earth. Durings eons of evolution, she has grown a thousand species of flowering plants, with some rhododendrons twenty feet high, acres of different colored azaleas, and magnolias with foot-wide blossoms.

The beauty of this plant matches its name—"Heart's-a-bustin'-with-love"

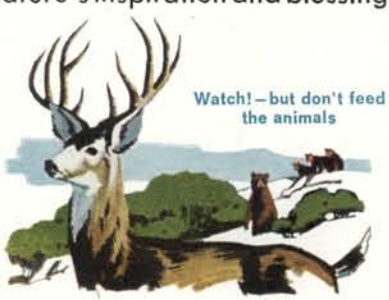
You can often see bear and deer. In the hills, you may hear wild turkey gobbles. More than two hundred birds have been identified.

At Cades Cove, there's a pioneer village to visit. Indians, too. At nearby Cherokee Village, you can watch blanket weavers, or tribal ceremonials unchanged in centuries.

Picnic in the Smokies

Not far away, TVA power dams have created lakes unrivaled for water sports. The world's first and finest atomic museum is at Oak Ridge.

But it is Great Smoky that fills your mind with memories. And stirs pride in your heart for this natural heritage. Future generations, too, will know this pride, for the actions of Congress and of North Carolina and Tennessee statesmen, aided by gifts of wise conservationists, have set this land aside to be enjoyed by our people . . . forever to offer them Nature's inspiration and blessing.



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Next time you find yourself in front of a broker's office, about to go in or just passing by, look for this sign.

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Examples of Exchange regulations

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■ Exchange rules prescribe that the firm have adequate capital in relation to its volume of business.

■ At least one person in each firm has had to qualify for membership and holds a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

■ The Exchange sets standards for Registered Representatives and insists that they be full-time—not part-time—employees.

Almost two centuries of experience

Such rules as these are the product of 171 years of experience. From the original 24 men, Exchange membership has grown to 1,366. There are some 3,300 Member Firm offices throughout the country and abroad. And the sign you see—Member New York Stock Exchange—signifies that the firm is subject to the Exchange's code of self-regulation.

This self-regulation is just one way the Exchange endeavors to maintain a fair and orderly market.

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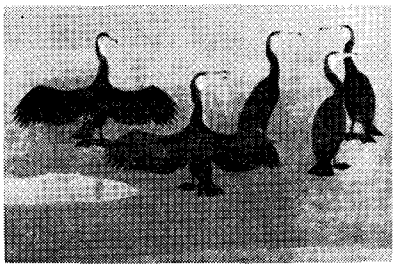

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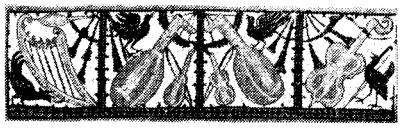

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There are, I am told, a good many books which attempt to analyze the structure of humorous writing. It is a fortunate aspect of our society that these books of analysis are all carefully buried at the very bottom of the library, while the work of the first-rate humorists is readily available, though their numbers are few.

For this reason, I have no intention of trying to explain what makes a certain new, first-rate humorist funny. Suffice it to say that, across the water, a peerless British comic writer has turned up, and a selection of his wildest wit is now available in hard covers, entitled "The Day of the Dog."

The writer's name is Michael Frayn, and he's the proprietor of a column called Miscellany, which formerly appeared in the Manchester *Guardian* and which now runs in the London *Observer*. Reliable information about Mr. Frayn is hard to come by, but I'm informed that he has tousled hair, a hook nose, a lantern jaw, and may be the only man in the world to have made a blind date with a recorded announcement.

About half Mr. Frayn's world is the one we all inhabit—PR handouts, The Bomb, taxes; the other half beats description by outsiders, except to note that it is only a matter of time before Frayn takes over our world, too. His shock troops, I expect, will include the One-toothed Janitor of Edinburgh, the economy-size human being, and the navel-less girl who wears only a Bikini. There's no use in resisting this new, better world; my only suggestion is that you rush out to get "The Day of the Dog," so you'll know what's happening when it comes.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Day of the Dog" ($3.95), by Michael Frayn, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller, or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1530 Northern Blvd., Manhasset, N.Y.

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For a Friend Who Upholds the New Webster (sic) International

Our lexical points of view
Have finally fatally clashed
The Third Unabridged—*to you*—
To me is the First Unabashed:

Its words are a soapy salve
Like the lingo of Madison Ave.;
Its standards are *hoi-polloied*
And Noah's are second—or thoid.

I know that I seem to want tact
But I hate its transitive *contact;*
Its Philistine *finalize*
Can instantly traumatize.
Even worse, I cannot enthuse
At verbs like *enthuse*—can youse?

Is a usage *au fait*, or oke,
Because it is widely *colloq*.
Or queasily vulgar and quaint?
I contend to the end—it ain't.

A pox on this fuzzy book
For the liberties it has took.
It don't define real good
Like a dictionary should.

—Fred Saidy.

• • •

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—Margaret Bennett.

• • •

A FAREWELL TO FLUGMYER

IT'S just that we're so civilized. Take for instance the Passover ritual of sweeping away the last bread crumbs in the house with a goose feather. Years ago, in the days of my mother and grandmother, who didn't have a feather? And if you didn't, you simply hied yourself to the back room of Mishkin's Poultry Market, where Flugmyer, the chicken plucker, reigned supreme. High on a wood stool he sat hunched in his red-streaked apron whose strings wrapped twice around his middle, and in his gabardine cap that hugged his head, summer and winter. He had a way of grasping the chicken's scrawny legs and swinging the bird into position across his lap as if he were going to play it at Carnegie Hall. Feathers upon feathers smothered the plank floor, stuck to his old brown shoes, drifted in the air. The air about him reeked of singed pinfeathers. Yet my mother and all the women in the neighborhood enjoyed a special kind of intimacy with Flugmyer. After all, for a nickel he not only plucked your chicken, he also listened to your grievances about Tante Yetta's new husband (at *her* age, a bride yet!), about your landlord who wouldn't send up more steam even if you banged out *The Star-Spangled Banner* on the radiator pipes, and about the stale halvah Katz sold you yesterday. Always Flugmyer smiled and went on plucking. And a day or two before the first Seder night, he'd wipe his sticky, slender artist's hands on his stained apron, and grin, "For you, a present" . . . and from his deep pocket he'd draw out a beautiful white goose feather.

Nowadays, where did you ever see a goose feather in the ready-packaged, fresh-frozen, air-sealed, dust-free, consumer-appeal shelves of your local supermarket? You want a goose feather? Maybe you should go walking in the Yellow Pages. —Jean Chimsky.

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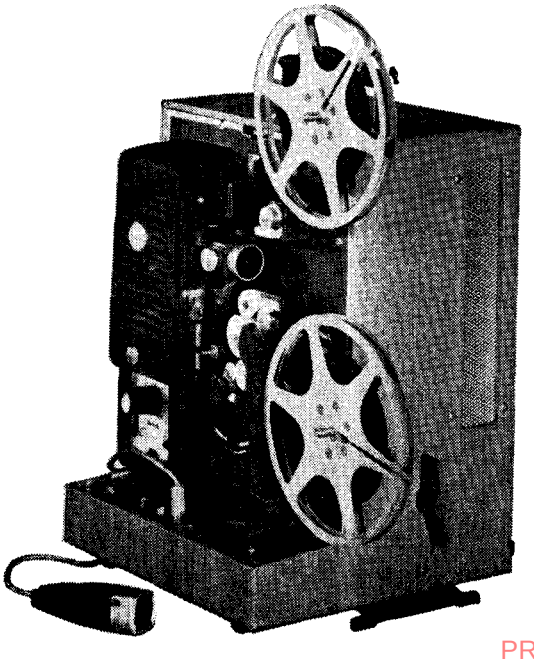

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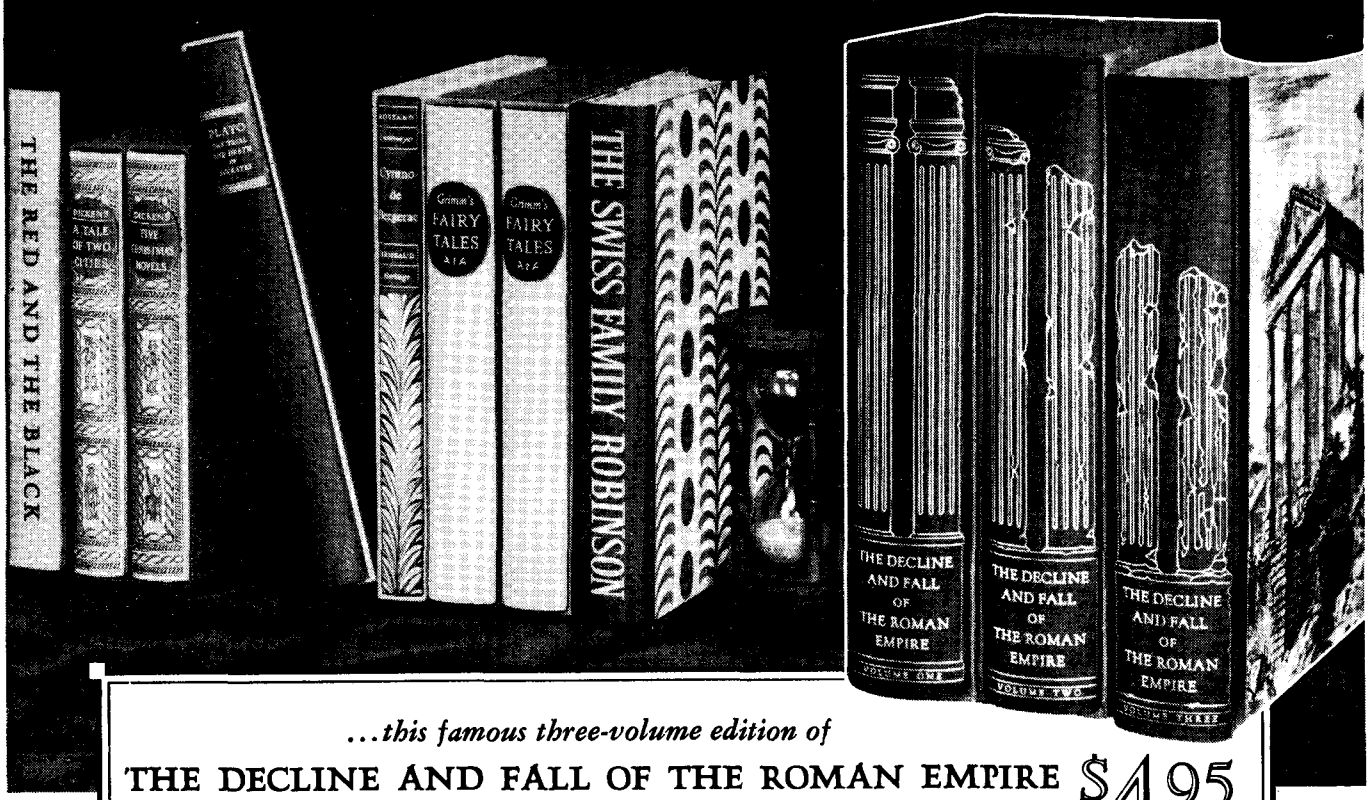
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WHEN first published fifteen years ago, 25,000 sets of the Heritage *Decline and Fall,* edited by John B. Bury, were eagerly snapped up by our members. Then last fall, when the first re-issue was offered, a printing of 35,000 sets was quickly exhausted and the announcement had to be withdrawn.

Bookstores all over the country are selling copies of this final printing at $22.50 per set. However, the Club's Directors have decided to offer a limited number of these sets to new members for *only* $4.95!

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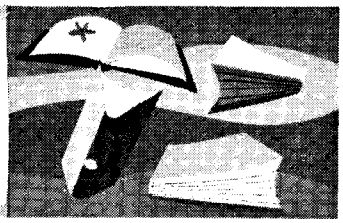
Trade Winds



WHILE EVERYBODY is talking about what to do in the Cuban situation, at least one person has gone into action. He's the brave fellow who umpired the game the other day in which Fidel Castro pitched all nine innings. There was a base on balls.

Castro winds up. He throws. Ball one! He's a little wild. Ball two! Ball three! And here's where the bravery comes in. The next pitch is a close one. "Ball four!" the umpire calls. "Take your base."

I mean, you can hide out in the mountains with your rebel gang. You can wade ashore at the Bay of Pigs. You can hire a speedboat and raid the shipping. But can you stand behind the plate and call "Ball four" to Castro? That takes courage. As it turned out, Fidel gave up only one walk in the entire game, but that's one more than a lot of Cuban umpires are prepared to call these days.

ONE OF THE QUIETEST, loveliest towns on Cape Cod is called Barnstable. Smack in the center of it is a little house that looks innocent enough from the outside. But inside it is a beehive of activity with a vital significance to the book publishing business. Instead of hooked rugs and pretty furniture, the main rooms of the building are filled with machines that copy, cut, bind, and print.

This is the Crane Duplicating Service. Publishers who want proofs of their forthcoming books send a set of galleys to Priscilla Crane, and she gets these machines going and turns out anywhere from ten to fifty copies. In the old days if book clubs, magazines, or any other interested party asked to see a copy of a book before it was actually printed, publishers had to send around a messy manuscript or clumsy galleys.

What's interesting is that Crane's is hidden away on remote (from the publishing standpoint) Cape Cod. That's because Priscilla Crane wanted to live there, and also because she can call on her list of local housewives to hurry over at all hours of the day or night to whip up proofs for some publisher in New York or Boston who is invariably in a big rush. It's a very informal, distaff operation, and the women all love the feeling that they are close to the publishing world. They get to read books four to five months before publication, which is an incentive, too.

When I visited Crane's, everybody was working hard, under pressure, but no one could get an ulcer in that locale. It wouldn't hurt for a few publishers to move their offices to Cape Cod.

THERE ARE SOME good stories in Myrick Land's *The Fine Art of Literary Mayhem* (Holt). It's billed as "a lively account of famous writers and their feuds." One chapter concerns Henry James and his inability to give full praise to the works of others. He had a habit of giving a compliment, then introducing one of his famous "howevers," which would whittle the compliment down.

He did that to Edith Wharton. Regarding one of her short stories, he said to her, "Admirable, a masterly little achievement." Miss Wharton, I

guess, was pleased. But James hadn't finished. He went on: "Of course so accomplished a mistress of the art would not, without deliberate intention, have given the tale so curiously conventional a treatment."

Miss Wharton was swallowing that one when, after another pause, James continued: "Though indeed, in the given case, no treatment *but* the conventional was possible; which might conceivably, my dear lady, on further consideration, have led you to reject your subject as—er—in itself a totally unsuitable one."

IF YOU'RE A FAN of those "Our Man Stanley" observations that have appeared in *The New Yorker* for so many years, you will want to get the Bobbs-Merrill book by the same name. It contains thirty-nine of these essays, written

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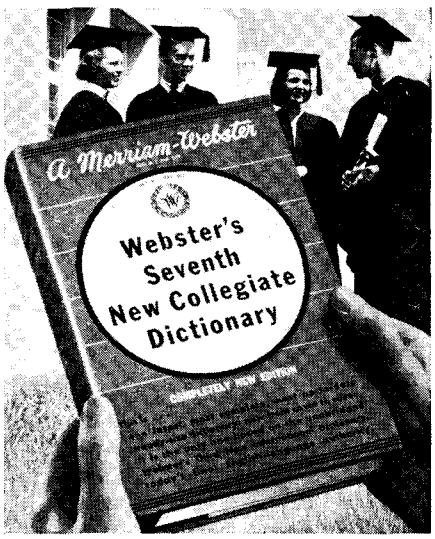

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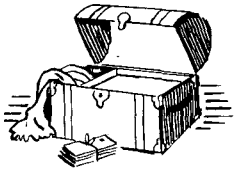

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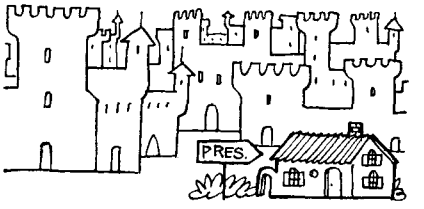
in that familiar note-taking style. They are really quite good, if you take them one or two at a time. I think the description of the six-day bike race is my favorite.

This book reveals, for those who didn't know (like me), that Philip Hamburger has been Stanley all this time. On the staff of the magazine twenty-three years, he is from Wheeling, West Virginia, out there where most New Yorkers come from.

SHARPS AND FLATS: In Rochester, New York, some young people canvassed their neighborhood in a campaign to raise funds for instruments and uniforms for the band. Their printed solicitation began, "These young people are bonified members of the Emerald Cadets Jr. Drum & Bugle Corps. . . ."

►Barney Sharin says Dictator Trujillo had thirty-nine palaces, while



newly elected President Bosch lives in a modest cottage. This, he says, proves the Law of Dominican Returns.

CHARLES McDOWELL, JR., in *What Did You Have in Mind?* (Morrow), translates Congressional oratory into ordinary language, e.g.: "great American" (an American), "distinguished senator" (a senator), "scholarly address" (long speech), "fact-finding trip" (a trip the user of the phrase went along on), "junket" (a trip the user of the phrase did not go along on).

►A head cold: Rheum at the Top.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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was nourished in the utter night.

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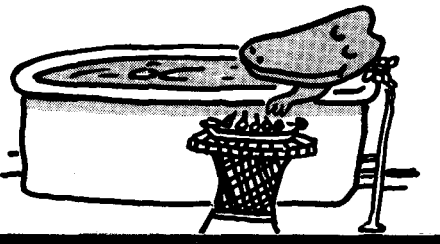

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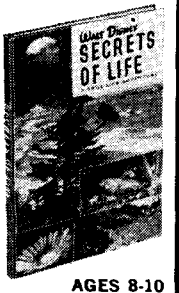

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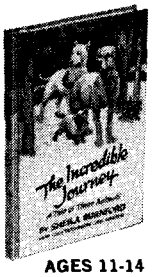

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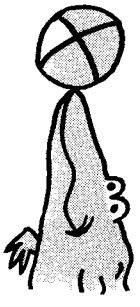

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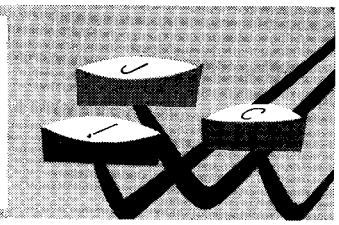
Manner of Speaking



WHEN DO THEY KNOW TOO MUCH? A friend of mine, in the happy business of playing games with his bright daughter, taught her to read by the time she was four. "She snatched the words from me and they stuck with her," was his way of putting it. So it was that she entered kindergarten at least three or four years ahead of "Look, Dick, Look." And so it was that she had not been in school much more than a week before Dad was called in and scolded for having "overaccelerated her."

It used to be that teachers complained because they had to do so much of the work that should be done by the home, the church, and the social group. It also used to be an ideal of American life to build the home around reading, music, and the guidance of parents who had something to teach. Now, on the other hand, it seems parents do badly when they encourage their chicks to learn. They may even "overaccelerate" them. Which, in turn, may raise the terrifying possibility of interfering with "peer-group adjustment." There is even the danger that the bright kid (I mean "the gifted child") may come out smarter (I mean "more enriched") than the dopes (I mean "children of more average performance").

Before irate defenders of that faith we call the School System accuse me of insulting their profession and dedication, let me say I know a thankless job when I see one, and that I know and regret the practical necessities that clutter the path of the good teacher. To keep the whole truth in view, however, let me also say that I have taught teachers in many parts of the country, and that at least half of those I have met in my classrooms were so utterly of "more average performance" that it is high time to restore the good sound word "dopes" to the vocabulary. But if that truth, as I have found it, offends any foot on which the shoe pinches, let it also speak a praise of those truly "enriched" teachers in whom we must rest the greater hope, in that they must overcome not only the normal problems of teaching but the inferiority of many of their colleagues.

The one problem above all others in today's school system is, of course, overcrowding and the consequent pressure to standardize methods. What else could explain—to return to my distressed father of the bright daughter—a teacher who scolds parents for sending her a child who knows too much? Too much more than what?

There are two answers to that last question. Many teachers would incline to say "too much more than the child's group"—that peer-group that has become the fetish of the religion of "social adjustment," a religion which, in an earlier development of the tribe, was called "conformity" and as often scorned as admired.

There can, of course, be dangers, both real and imagined, in letting a child lose touch with others of his own age. The left-out chick may have an unhappy childhood, and such a childhood can damage both the child and the person the child grows into. On the other hand, a manageable amount of social maladjustment can be just the blessing that drives a child to introspection and even to ideas.

Nothing is certain, except perhaps that happiness will not be legislated. As Robert Frost was fond of saying, "You have to have a chance to lose." My sympathies—and gratitude—are all with the teacher who spots trouble in a child and sends out the call for psychiatric help. But they are equally with the teacher who lets the child take as many psychic lumps as he can absorb. Taking lumps is, after all, a basic conditioning for life in this universe.

I remain firmly out of sympathy with the theory that says an enshrined peer-group must determine how much it is well for a child to know at what point. I happen to have one happy slowpoke at home, the sweet oaf of my litter, and my fear for him is exactly that he is too disgustingly close to his mindless peer group. The day I catch him being "group disoriented" (if that is the phrase for it), I mean to shower bribes upon him in the hope of buying his way to suspicion.

But if social adjustment to the group is the real good, who is to say that a really bright child, if he has been loved (which is basically to say, if he has been played with by parents who found honest pleasure in the play), cannot put down his book, reach for a football helmet, and turn into a tearing-toodlum with the dumbest, most average, and best-adjusted of them?

Very well, there may be some merit in the first answer, especially if one offers it in partial distrust. I still suspect that the second answer is the operative one: a child who knows "too much" more than his group is a child who can most readily be damaged by the enforced mass-methods of our crowded school system. Such a child might flower in the happy sun of individual attention, but he is likely to stub his toe on plain boredom when he must be held back from his normal stride in order to travel in company formation.

As far as the School System is concerned, that leaves the problem where it has always been: in the hoped-for hands of the good teacher; of the underpaid, overworked, overregulated, good teacher who cannot resist the eyes that burn toward him with a brighter light than shines from the others, and who will somehow manage to meet great need at the expense of his or her already taxed energy.

As far as the parent of the bright child is concerned, I conclude he must either find that teacher or take the teacher's place. My friend was lucky in being able to send his daughter to a private school that could offer individual attention. But having sinned against conformity in playing happy games with his daughter, he also took on the happy expiation of continuing to play with her, and thereby to teach at home. I suspect that had he not been able to afford the private school, he could still have made it his happy hobby to teach his child while teaching her to adjust, as she would have had to do, to the pace of the school system, but to keep feeding her more at the rate determined by her own happy hunger. Which is to say, Mother and Dad, you begot them, and if you are not ready to stand to the consequences of your own begetting, I am blessed if I see that you have any right to complain. —JOHN CIARDI.

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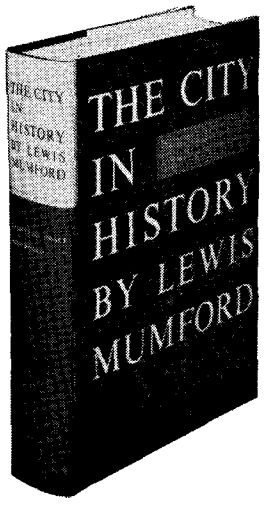

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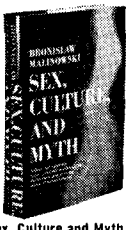

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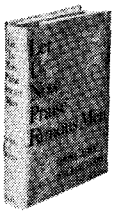

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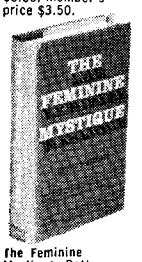

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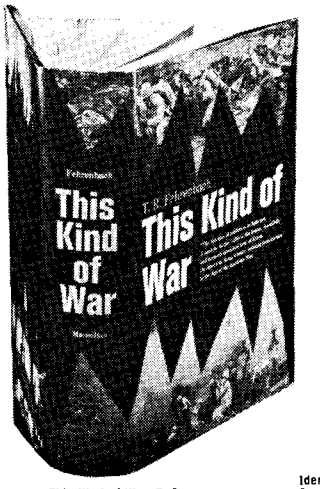

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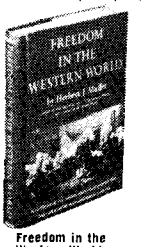

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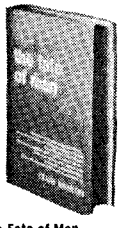

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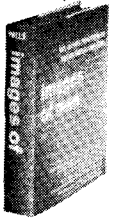

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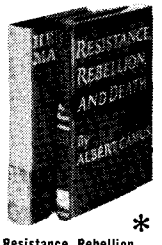

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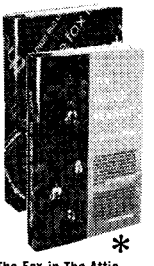

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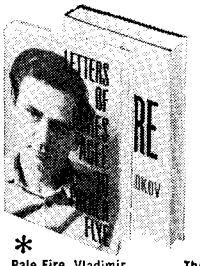

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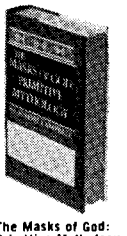

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Saturday Review
MAY 11, 1963

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE THEATRE

The American stage today is not only a forum for "the dramatists of man's littleness"— it is also, at its best, "the dwelling place of wonder."

By JOHN MASON BROWN

TIME is always being foreshortened in the theatre. Take the matter of generations. In life about thirty-three years are usually assumed to divide one generation from another. Not so in the arts, including the theatre. Here, fresh voices become familiar more rapidly and successors rush forward on swifter feet. A decade is enough to produce a new generation. Within the last ten years such a generation has appeared, writing in a different manner, with a different purpose, from a different view of man in a melodramatically altered world. This new generation has by no means taken over the whole of the theatre. It is as yet a force mainly on the fringes. How long its vogue will last and how abiding its influence will be, no one can say. But its coming was needed and its impact has been healthy.

The theatre had become middle-aged. It lacked daring. For the most part it was repeating, however adeptly, what it had said before and breaking no new paths. It was saying what older people still hoped rather than what younger people felt. It was out of touch with the times and appeared unwilling, if not unable, to tangle with the problems of a new day. In spite of the power and skill of many of the plays produced, Broadway had relied too long on the playwrights who had established themselves in the exuberant Twenties or the angry Thirties. Since Pearl Harbor only three outstanding career dramatists had appeared in America—Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, and William Inge. Even in 1956 the play that was biggest in every way was Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical *Long Day's Journey into Night*, produced three years after his death. It was beginning to seem as if the theatre's cupboard was bare.

Then suddenly it all happened, not to everyone's satisfaction, not to anyone's satisfaction all the time, and often to the angry befuddlement of those who could not adjust themselves to the unaccustomed forms or understand old words being used in new ways. It happened almost as in Stephen Leacock's story about the solitary horseman who flung himself on his horse and went riding off in all directions. Only in this case he was not alone. With him was a band of solitary horsemen riding off in all directions.

FROM different nations Samuel Beckett, Eugene Ionesco, Arthur Adamov, Jean Genêt, Edward Albee, Fernando Arrabal, Jack Gelber, Harold Pinter, Arthur Kopit, and others came charging onto the field, each going his own way, though seeming to head in more or less the same direction.

They were individuals living in private worlds, whose plays in the public mind were soon to be grouped together under the title of the "Theatre of the Absurd," a name given to them by their able chronicler and expositor, Martin Esslin. Unlike the Romantics, the Naturalists, or the Expressionists before them, these dramatists have not, as Mr. Esslin stressed in *The Theatre of the Absurd*, formed part of a self-conscious school, and each of them has thought of himself as a lone outsider.

When he used the word "absurd," Mr. Esslin did not have "ridiculous" in mind, though that is what all of these plays have seemed to some and what some of these plays have unquestionably been. Mr. Esslin pointed out that "absurd" originally was a musical term meaning "out of harmony," hence its extension to "out of harmony with reason or propriety; incongruous, unreasonable, illogical." It was in this sense, he noted, that Camus used "absurdity" when trying "to diagnose the human situation in a world of shattered beliefs," and that Ionesco employed "absurd" when he defined it as "that which is devoid of purpose," adding: "Cut off from his religious, metaphysical, and transcendental roots, man is lost; all his actions become senseless, absurd, useless."

"Senseless, absurd, useless" are key words to any comprehension of the different approach that the dramatists of the Theatre of the Absurd have to life and, therefore, to the theatre. The two go together. Writers of any significance have always played an oddly dual role. They have been voices and echoes at one and the same time. They have spoken for others while speaking for themselves. Although their voices have been theirs uniquely, in them they have expressed the unphrased needs of others. They have been spokesmen for their eras, too. And an aspect of our times has found expression in the work of the dramatists of the Theatre of the Absurd, giving it, at its best, a weird validity and making it an echo of some of the doubts and fears that gnaw at playgoers.

Literature is co-authored by events, taking its tone and color from the stress and character of the times in which it is written. To speak for a world that seemed well-made, there was once the "well-made" play. That was before the threats and confusions of the present. To reflect a world that to more and

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John Mason Brown, one of the most respected and perceptive observers of the American theatre, was drama critic of *SR* from 1944 to 1955 and today serves as one of its editors-at-large. He is a member of the Pulitzer Prize Drama Jury and is writing a biography of Robert Sherwood. This article, drawn from his forthcoming book, *Dramatis Personae*, is published here by special arrangement with Viking Press.

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"Betty's father reads Peter Rabbit in Latin."

more people has seemed ill-made, the "unmade" play came into being, the play that by intention was as untidy as an unmade bed. It was, in the jargon of the avant-garde, "anti-play" and "anti-theatre" and as different from a conventional play as the painting of today's abstract expressionist is from that of yesterday's realist. Its lack of logic was its sole claim to logic, because authors employing its form did not believe logic could be superimposed on an illogical world.

These playwrights may not always have known what they were doing or let audiences know it, but they have known what they were *not* doing. They have not written as their predecessors and contemporaries have. They have turned their backs on all the neat devices by means of which life has been funneled into plots, meticulously advanced in terms of exposition, foreshadowing, "big scenes," and effective "curtains." The familiar voices heard in the plays of the modern theatre have been those of Ibsen, Chekhov, Strindberg, Shaw, Freud, and Marx. In the work of the dramatists of the Absurd there have been echoes of Brecht, Joyce, Kafka, Camus, and Sartre.

The recognition of the senselessness of life has not come as a discovery. Giraudoux stated it in the daffy sanity of *The Madwoman of Chaillot* and Sartre in the trapped agony of his three characters condemned to a windowless room that is the hell in *No Exit*. But while these dramatists argued for this senselessness in conventionally lucid terms, the playwrights of the Theatre of the Absurd, as Mr. Esslin shrewdly observed, have renounced arguing about the absurdity of the human condition and merely presented it as they see it. Ultimately, he has maintained, the Theatre of the Absurd "does not reflect despair or a return to irrational forces but expresses modern man's endeavor to come to terms with the world in which he lives. It attempts to make him face up to the human condition as it really is, to free him from illusions that are bound to cause constant maladjustments and disappointment. . . . For the dignity of man lies in his ability to face reality in all its senselessness; to accept it freely, without fear, without illusions—and to laugh at it."

To this Edward Albee, the most gifted of the younger, emerging Americans, has publicly said "Amen," adding that, as he sees it, the Theatre of the Absurd is "an absorption-in-art of certain existentialist and post-existentialist philosophical concepts having to do, in the main, with man's attempts to make sense for himself out of his senseless position in a world which makes no sense—which makes no sense because the moral, religious, political and social structures man has erected to 'illusion' himself have collapsed."

The characters who have served as spokesmen for "reality in all its senselessness" in the Theatre of the Absurd have been a strange lot. For the most part they have been derelicts (Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*), spongers (Pinter's *The Caretaker*), drug addicts (Gelber's *The Connection*), illusion-seekers in a brothel (Genêt's *The Balcony*), and conversationalists trapped in sand or emerging from ashcans (Beckett's *Happy Days* and *Endgame*). The recurrent themes of the Theatre of the Absurd have been the impossibility of communication between people, the falsity of most human values, man's aloneness, the living who without knowing it are dead, old people who in their senility have become children again, and the parallels between animals and humans who live in a zoo of their own.

As George Oppenheimer of *Newsday* has observed, if the playwrights of the Absurd "have been blazing trails, the trails have inevitably led to a charred wilderness. If they have been breaking molds, all that has been left in their place has been breakage. Most of them have specialized in displaying the wounds of our world and then, having painfully and, I suspect, gaily ripped off the bandages, they have walked away without a thought of administering a poultice or a stitch." Some of their plays have been no more than foolish freaks and dull enough to test endurance. Some have so defied comprehension that they have called to mind Robert Frost's saying to a poet whose poems he could not understand, "If this is your secret, keep it." But the better of their plays have been strong with a strange, new, nudging strength, and by their unconventionality of style and attitude have brought to the theatre a freshness and a challenge that have been invigorating.

Outstanding among these plays, newly molded and newly felt, has been *Waiting for Godot*, which, however imprecise in meaning, reached out unforgettably to include audiences in the lonely despair of its tramps waiting for the coming of someone, possibly God, to collect them. And *The Caretaker*, which, though it never explained why two brothers should have taken a physically filthy but proud ingrate into their flat, was made memorable by the abrasive power with which Pinter laid his characters bare. And *Rhinoceros*, in which Ionesco, in spite of extending a one-act idea into three acts, wrote a witty and frightening fantasy about people being such conformists that they turned into a herd of rhinoceroses. And *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feeling So Sad*, Kopit's concisely titled and hilarious spoof of a spoof on momism, described as "A Pseudo-Classical Farce in a Bastard French Tradition." And, most assuredly, the plays of Albee — *The American Dream, The Death of Bessie Smith, The Zoo Story*, and, above all, notwithstanding the falsity of its dream-child premise and the weakness of its last act, such an overlong but stunning and utterly absorbing study of drunks, frustration, and sterility as *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

In the arts the new becomes old with

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merciless speed, and these new playwrights already seem in need of something new to say. At their best, however, they have given theatrical expression to the spiritual fallout that has been as much a reality as the nuclear fallout in their imperiled times. They have written from and for a world that has long since lost its optimism, in which faith in the inevitable forward sweep of progress has vanished. And few would contend, as Steinbeck did in Stockholm, that "a writer who does not passionately believe in the perfectibility of man has no dedication nor any membership in literature." To believe in man is one thing, to believe in his perfectibility another. These playwrights of the Absurd have believed in neither, and this has been one of their limitations. Nonetheless, they have already served their purpose. Like the various innovators working in various forms described in *The Modern Theatre in Revolt*, they have brought "flux and experiment" to the stage, saved it from "the blight of exhaustion," and kept it in "that state of transition which is its own condition of health."

THEY have been the dramatists of man's littleness, and they have not been alone. Too many playwrights, employing conventional techniques and in no way connected with the Theatre of the Absurd, have of recent years taken the same small view. They have not been wanting in skill; they have only been lacking in dimension. Fortunately, there have been exceptions, playwrights such as Jean Anouilh, Archibald MacLeish, and Robert Bolt, who even in a darkening world have not been embarrassed by a larger vision. They have seen man and seen him plain, and therefore seen him whole, recognizing the strengths that exist within him side by side with weaknesses. They have not been blind to what Dostoevski called "the fury and the mire of human veins." But, in the interest of the total rather than the fractional truth, they have acknowledged what it is that man can rise to in spite of his mortal frailties.

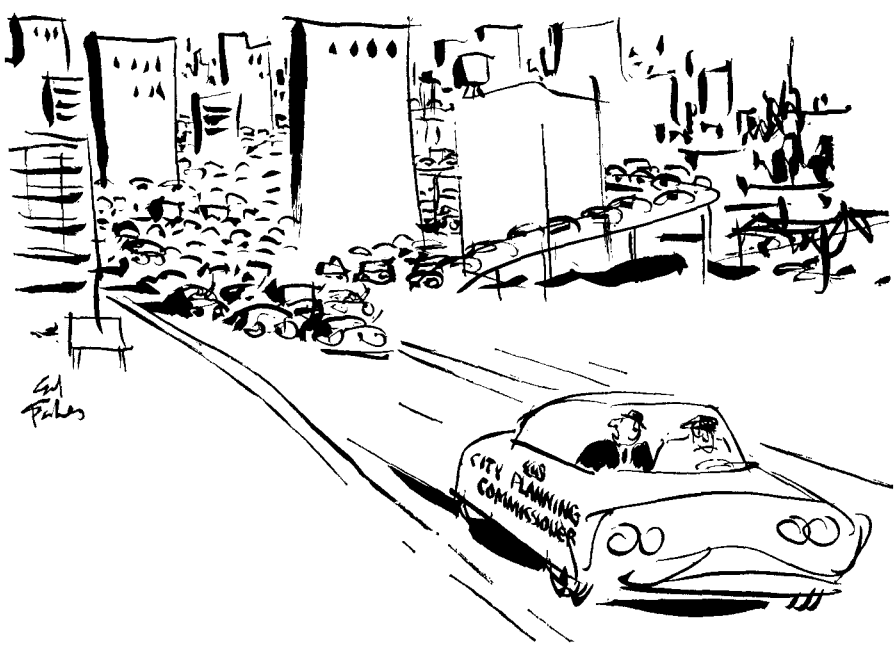
Prudery, piety, and copybook morality have nothing to do with their attitude toward life, as *Becket*, *J. B.*, and *A Man for All Seasons* have proved. Anouilh, MacLeish, and Bolt have been as unafraid of evil as they have been prepared to admit virtue. They have sensed that people are what they prove to be in the moments of being most cruelly tested. With Gide they would have agreed that "man's finest works bear the persistent marks of pain," and with him they would have asked themselves, "What would there be in a story of happiness? Only what prepares it, only what destroys it can be told." Their characters have risen to the testing and sought for the reasons that have caused it, rather than submitted to the sheer senselessness of things.

Anouilh's Becket, frivolous, worldly, and seemingly incapable of love, a man with icicles in his heart, rose to genuine love of God at the moment when he defied his King to invite martyrdom. Bolt, in our age of organization men and graved personalities, was attracted to Sir Thomas More because he was an individual blessed with "an adamantine sense of self." He had every capacity for life in its greatest variety, in "almost greedy quantities." Yet, in spite of this, he "found something in himself without which life was valueless, and when that was denied him he was able to grasp his death." He was a man at home with compromise but man enough to be incapable of the final compromise that Henry VIII demanded of him when he asked him to approve of his marriage to Anne Boleyn.

In *J. B.* MacLeish was more ambitious in his reach. His J. B. was a modern Job, a happily married American businessman plagued with present-day trials. The Comforters of his Biblical predecessor tried to solace Job by assuring him that he was punished because he was guilty. J. B.'s comforters offered him no such solace. They told him that he was punished in spite of his innocence. MacLeish saw his trials in terms of "the enormous nameless disasters that have befallen whole cities, entire peoples, in two great wars and many small ones" and "destroyed the innocent together with the guilty with no 'cause' our minds can grasp." Instead of reconstructing the Bible story, he built "a modern play inside the ancient majesty of the Book of Job." When J.B.'s fortune had been wiped out, his children killed, and his wife deserted him, his cry from the heart was

> The hand of God has touched me.
> Look at me!
> Every hope I ever had,
> Every task I put my mind to,
> Every work I've ever done
> Annulled as though I had not done it.
> My trace extinguished in the land,
> My children dead, my father's name
> Obliterated in the sunlight everywhere . . .
> Love too has left me.
> My
> Sin! Teach me my sin! My wickedness!
> Surely iniquity that suffers
> Judgment like mine cannot be secret.

As dramatists, MacLeish, Bolt, and Anouilh have shown themselves possessed of gifts as great as their themes. To a theatre that has sadly lacked them, these three plays of theirs have restored largeness, strength, beauty, and importance. They have made the theatre during the years of their successes "the dwelling place of wonder" that it was to Robert Emmet Sherwood. This is what the theatre always has been at its best. This is what it is now, though all too intermittently, and this is what it must be in the years ahead if it is to survive. And, in spite of its present dangers, survive it will. Of that I am confident.



"Faster, faster . . ."

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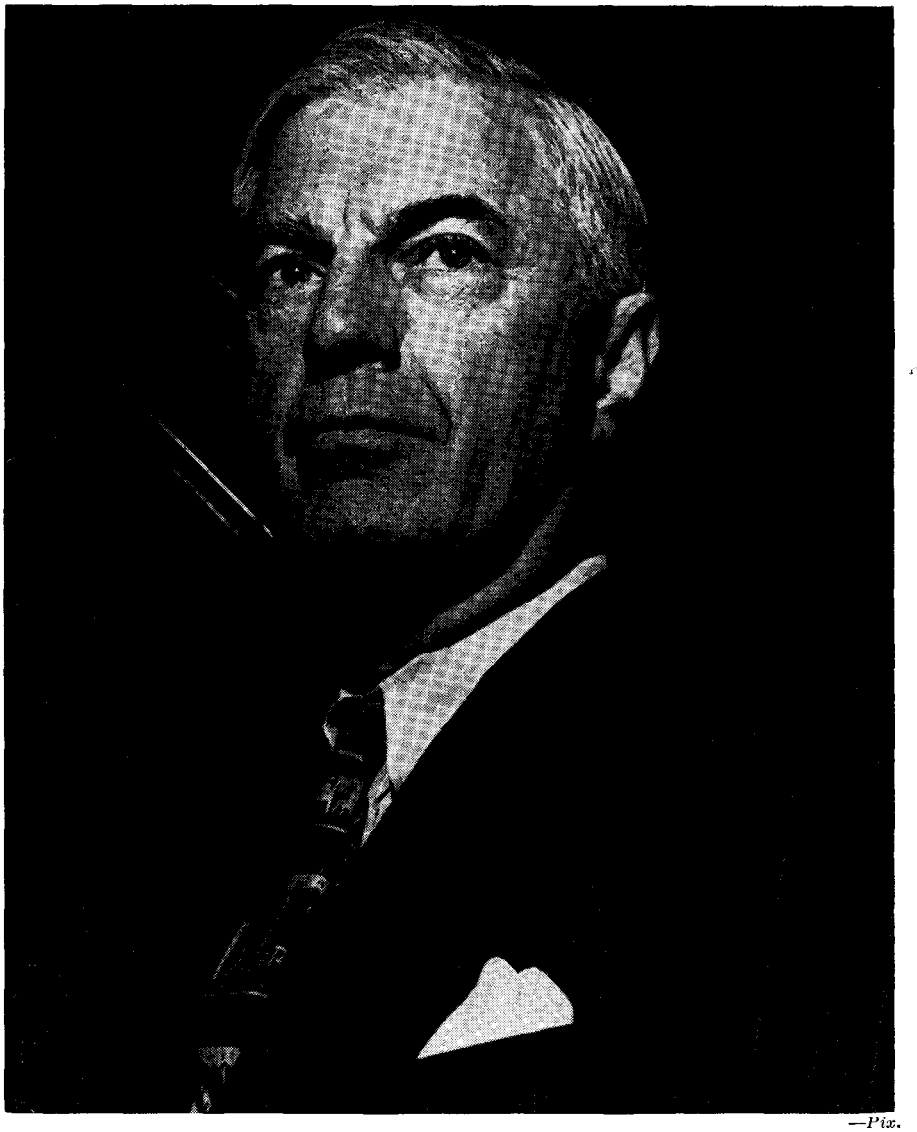
WILL CLAYTON

Groundbreaker In Ideas



—*Pix.*

By ELMO ROPER

WHATEVER the 87th Congress failed to do, it produced one outstanding bipartisan achievement: the passage of the Trade Expansion Act, the first fresh trade legislation in nearly thirty years. Behind this newest step toward lifting obsolescent trade barriers lie long years of unremitting effort by one man who has devoted himself, more than any other living American, to the cause of free international trade. The man is William L. Clayton. He has left his mark upon history—without, curiously enough, being fully appreciated by his contemporaries. America owes him more than it knows.

For the better part of a long lifetime (he is eighty-three), Will Clayton has fought patiently, persistently, and with unshakable conviction for a dream. The dream is of a world living in peace and prosperity, linked by the ties of free trade. His devotion to that dream has led him far beyond the traditional free trade philosophy of his Southern origins to espouse radical innovations in America's relationships with the world. His story is one of old-fashioned American virtues, enlightened by the insights of a deeply inquiring mind, enriched by compassion, and lifted to the point of greatness.

His career began in a familiar American mold. Born of poor parents on a cotton farm near Tupelo, Mississippi, he left school at the seventh grade to help support his family, and ended up a multimillionaire in the cotton trade. Yet he was always something more than the hero of a Horatio Alger saga, and the "something more" was the quality of his mind and vision. His breadth of outlook led him inevitably to an involvement in the national scene. He early became convinced of the folly of economic nationalism, and in the late 1920s and early 1930s he became a champion of free trade. During World War II, as he served in a series of government assignments, the second central idea in Clayton's thinking took firm hold: the interdependence of free nations. In the years just after the war, as the first Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs, he had the opportunity to develop both strands of his thought, and to work for their expression in government policy. In the spring of 1947 he lent his ideas and energies to the formation of the International Trade Organization, which he hoped would result in multilateral tariff reductions and free the currents of international trade. But the times were not ripe; in a world recovering from war, the tide of economic nationalism was running high.

The other stream in Clayton's thinking came to more fruitful expression. Convinced that Europe was on the brink of political and economic disaster, he wrote a memorandum to his friend Secretary of State Marshall in the spring of 1947, urging "prompt and substantial aid from the United States." He specified the amount of aid needed, insisted that America could well afford to provide it, and urged that both the Secretary of State and the President "make a strong spiritual appeal to the American people to sacrifice a little . . . to save Europe from starvation and chaos." The Secretary responded, made his historic Harvard speech, and the Marshall Plan—which might well have been called the Clayton Plan—was born. Men high in political life in Europe know of Clayton's role, but in the

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United States Clayton has never been given proper credit for this achievement—through no fault of General Marshall, who spoke many times of Clayton's enormous contribution to the European Recovery Program.

Clayton also felt that another step was needed for full European recovery: European economic federation. Quickly he expanded this concept to include the United States and joined the Atlantic Union movement to work for closer ties among the world's democracies. He became one of its staunchest supporters, and when I succeeded to the presidency of the Atlantic Union Committee following the death of Justice Owen Roberts, there wasn't a week when I didn't need—and get—the help of Will Clayton. One incident I shall never forget is a visit we paid together to persuade General Marshall to join our movement (which he did). General Marshall proved receptive to our philosophy but at one point he turned to Clayton and asked him this question: "If you unite only the NATO nations, you will have a white man's club—do you plan to stop there or will the gates be open to other democracies?" Knowing Clayton to be a lifelong Southerner and at that time never having discussed the subject of race with him, I was anxious to take him off the hook and so answered Marshall myself. I said that the Atlantic Union Committee had no official position on this question but that I could speak for the nine out of ten members who felt it would be fatal as well as wrong to have just a white man's club and the doors would indeed be open to any experienced democracy that wanted to join. Marshall was satisfied with this and started to go on to another question, but Clayton at that point leaned forward and interrupted to say, in his quiet Southern accents, "I just want to add that I think it is more like ten out of ten who feel as Elmo does, and that certainly includes me." Will Clayton needed no "Northern liberal" to take him off the hook on the subject of race relations.

In recent years, Clayton has been commuting regularly from Houston, Texas, to meetings in Washington of the Atlantic Council, and in late 1960 he visited most of the NATO capitals in Europe, using his tremendous influence there to help set up the NATO Citizens Convention. With Christian Herter, he was co-chairman of the U.S. delegation to the convention, which recommended the outlines of supranational institutions for the Atlantic world; and he didn't miss a meeting. A year ago he spoke out again for his first love, free trade, urging the passage of the Trade Expansion Act, for which the 1961 Herter-Clayton Report on Foreign Economic Policy had served as background. The act has passed, and it only remains to translate its intentions into trading reality. What had, in 1947, seemed a nostalgic dream of the past was in fact a vision of the future.

It is impossible to pigeonhole Will Clayton; his life and thought are shot through with paradoxes. A hard-headed businessman, he has given great sums of money to liberal causes in which he believed. In many ways a conservative, he initiated and supported programs that broke new ground in business, government, and international relations. These are some of the paradoxes of a man, who drew great inner strength from his origins, and then went on to transcend them. He kept what he found good in the past, discarded what was irrelevant, and went on to become one of the outstanding economic thinkers and statesmen of our century. His vision has always been broader than that of those about him, and he has been true to that vision. Once convinced that a course of action was right, he has never wavered. Undiscouraged by misunderstanding or opposition, he has been prepared to spend years gently and courteously convincing others of its wisdom. Often he has stood alone—but not for long, because the vigor and vision of his ideas attracted followers, and one of Will Clayton's chief assets is his ability to get the best of these followers to become leaders. So it never seemed to be *his* ideas that won; for Will Clayton always keeps himself in the background, caring only that the right thing be done and not who gets the credit. He is the most modest man I have ever known, and, in my opinion, our greatest living American.

Formal Application

By Donald W. Baker

> The poets apparently want
> to rejoin the human race.
> —*Time.*

I SHALL begin by learning to throw
the knife, first at trees, until it sticks
in the trunk and quivers every time;

next from a chair, using only wrist
and fingers, at a thing on the ground,
a fresh ant hill or a fallen leaf,

then at a moving object, perhaps
a pieplate swinging on twine, until
I pot it at least twice in three tries.

Meanwhile, I shall be teaching the birds
that the skinny fellow in sneakers
is a source of suet and bread crumbs,

first putting them on a shingle nailed
to a pine tree, next scattering them
on the needles, closer and closer

to my seat, until the proper bird,
a towhee, I think, in black and rust
and gray, takes tossed crumbs six feet away.

Finally, I shall coordinate
conditioned reflex and functional
form and qualify as Modern Man.

You see the splash of blood and feathers
and the blade pinning it to the tree?
It's called an "Audubon Crucifix."

The phrase has pleasing (even pious)
connotations, like *Arbeit Macht Frei,*
"Molotov Cocktail," and *Enola Gay.*

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The Orbital Bomb

THE NEXT major development in military technology is the orbital nuclear bomb. This is not the same as the orbiting missile that can be made to glide out of space to its target. The orbital bomb would be exploded at a desired point along its regular journey through space. Its nuclear power would be rated in the high-megaton range. When detonated in space, it could set fire to a great part of a large nation below. The hurricane of fire that would sweep through the cities and countryside would be as far beyond existing means of control as a burning gasoline dump would be beyond the control of a candle snuffer.

In short, the world is rapidly approaching the point where putting a torch to a nation will be a practical possibility, like setting fire to a barn or igniting a pile of oily materials. To be sure, the requisite technology is infinitely more complicated, and only a comparative handful of people would have access to the firing mechanism. But virtually everyone would be involved in the result.

One of the hard military facts presented by the orbital bomb is the elimination of warning time. Year by year, the warning factor has been shrinking. Only six years ago, in the age of the long-range bombers, it was thought that city-dwellers might have as much as three or four hours to find a station of safety outside the metropolitan centers. Then, with the advent of the ICBM, the idea of evacuation was abandoned, since there might be no more than thirty minutes' warning time, if indeed that. And home shelters became the prescribed action, for there might be enough warning time to get into the cellars. But the orbital bomb eliminates warnings, along with everything else.

Man is now left with no defense except the use of his intelligence in keeping the horror from happening. He has arrived at the peak of his technological perfection and his moral imperfection. The oldest debate in the world—which is greater, man's capacity for creative splendor or his genius as a wrecker?—is now at the point of hideous and total resolution. And a verdict on human society begins to come into view. It is that man is capable of thinking in universal terms—so long as the terms relate to destruction and not to love. He is completely daring and inventive about the feasibility of a world holocaust but absurdly timid and unresourceful about the making of a world community. He denies the oneness of hope but asserts the oneness of despair. Unity of spirit is resisted; unity of defeat is pursued.

The central question emerging from all this is whether the process is inexorable, irresistible, and irreversible, or whether history is neutral and still affords man a vital option. If we concur in the former, we close the books on human destiny and serve out our time. If we assert the latter, we accept the burden of proof and the responsibility for breaking out of the stale thoughts that have produced the present grimness as surely as a blueprint precedes a structure. And the first step is to accept the fact that the world's political leaders operate under severe limitations.

Begin with the President of the United States. No one has a sharper awareness of the pattern of horror now taking shape. He is attempting to use the total resources of his office to combat it. But the American Presidency is a phenomenon of consensus and competing pressures. The President can move only so far before he can be cut down by lack of support. He has to be the head of the nation and the head of his party, and the two functions are not always compatible. If he is vulnerable in the latter, he will be weakened in the former. He can unite the country in the presence of an emergency, but it is in the anticipation of an emergency that the multiple pressures become greatest. And the dominant characteristic of the present crisis is that the next emergency will leave no time for response. We either anticipate or die.

The President has attempted to anticipate the trend and the consequences of modern military technology. He has looked ahead not just to space vehicles with nuclear cargoes but to the spread of nuclear weapons to a dozen or more nations. He has tried to foresee the circumstances that would put these machines in the hands of irresponsible men—or even in the hands of responsible men who are unable to control all the events or accidents that could lead to their use. And he feels that the logical place to begin—perhaps the only place to begin—is by putting an end to the practice of nuclear testing. Not that this will dispose of all the dangers. It is only a first move. But it is a reasonable place to take hold.

HERE we come to a curious fact about political life in the modern world. It is that serious political obstacles and penalties are attached to the pursuit of controls over nuclear force, but almost no political penalties are attached to the failure to achieve the controls. All sorts of pressures have been brought on the President to abandon his quest for an end to nuclear testing and to seek instead the unlimited quest of power—power even beyond that of space bombs. But comparatively little pressure has developed on the positive side.

How far the President can go in seeking controls, therefore, depends on the people themselves. If there are positive pressures in this direction—not only on him but on the Congress—then there is a chance that he may be able to take advantage of any opening that presents

(*Continued on page* 78)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TASTE AND TV

THE ARTICLE "Reunion on Channel 13" [*SR*, Apr. 6], about the educational TV program commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Franklin D. Roosevelt's inauguration, was, I agree, a most dramatic and moving presentation. I regret, as Hallowell Bowser does in his article, that more such programs are not offered to the public.

He seems to assume, however, that very few people watched the program. I think I must disagree, since everyone I spoke to saw it and loved it. Or maybe I belong to that group of people that always looks for such programs. . . .

But *SR*'s article, for those who witnessed the original, was anticlimactic. Only by personally watching the program could one get the full, moving impact not only of Roosevelt himself but also of the interesting personalities on the panel.

I never knew James Roosevelt as I knew him that night, intelligent, sadly reminiscent; or Thomas G. Corcoran, with his keen sense of humor; or James A. Farley, whom I admired that night as never before, knowing the serious split that had occurred in his friendship with the late President.

I am grateful, however, that we are at least offered, through magazines like yours, the opportunity to learn about something worthwhile that we may have missed. Please *do* urge that more such programs be presented. On the other hand, don't underestimate the American audience.

There are, I am certain, many of us who are clamoring for more such worthwhile programs.

REBECCA E. MICHELSON.

Lynn, Mass.

OLE ROCKIN' CHAIR GOT HIM?

DO I IMAGINE IT or is there a whiff of the stuffed shirt about Horace Sutton? In his "A Hotel Is Not a House" column [*SR*, Apr. 13] he seems to be disturbed because a Hawaiian gardener wouldn't sweep the frangipani blossoms off the driveway. Alas and a perfumed alack!

He is apparently annoyed, too, that planes don't take off when they tell him they will and thus pop him in Nassau at a proper hour. I'm ready to drop in on Nassau any old cold Michigan morning.

And in Honolulu he couldn't find the strength to buy his own bug bomb and squirt away the dogless fleas he inherited in a house. Gracious!

If Mr. Sutton had been with Stanley he'd never have left the coast, or the embrace of his ole rockin' chair.

WILMA CRAVENS.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *All the shirts of SR's peripatetic travel editor, stuffed or otherwise, are drip-dry, and in a recent twelvemonth his rocking chair logged 100,000 miles by plane, paddlewheeler, foot, whaleboat, junk, and elephant.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Have you seen that manuscript on the French Revolution that Mr. Carlyle left here last night?"

NO CONNECTION

I AM WRITING to advise you of a serious inaccuracy in an article entitled "Over the Counter and Out of the Woods," by David Dempsey [*SR*, Apr. 20]. This article, in discussing publicly held stock of publishing companies, included the following sentence: "Down were Crowell-Collier, Random House and Western Publishing (Dell)." With respect to Dell Publishing Co., Inc., the statement contained two inaccuracies.

First, Dell Publishing Co., Inc., is a privately held company that has no connection with Western Publishing Company, except that Western Publishing serves as printer for Dell books.

Second, the stock of Dell Publishing Co., Inc., as a privately held stock company, is not publicly traded and has not gone down, and, in fact, the sales of Dell books in 1962 reached an all-time high.

I regard the above inaccuracies as a serious and damaging distortion of the name and image of Dell.

HELEN MEYER, President,
Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR regrets the inaccuracies, and is glad to set the record straight.*

COMMON DENOMINATOR

CARL W. JOHNSON'S letter [*SR*, Apr. 20] in response to "Where Religion and Science Meet" [*SR*, Mar. 23] invites further comment on Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn's most illuminating article.

The title is misleading, because religion and science are inseparable and therefore cannot meet. Man everywhere has "religion," a body of knowledge that he accepts as eternal truth. Since no two religions are identical, their essential common denominator is the urge to find out what is true. If, then, we define religion as the urge to seek truth—God—science is merely the result of religious function. Since only truth is sought and God is its only author, religious conflict can result only from human error.

Resolution of this baseless conflict should start us toward getting rid of other conflicts.

NELSON MORRIS, M.D.

Toledo, O.

THE DOLPHIN PROJECT

I WISH TO CALL TO YOUR attention errors in fact in *SR*'s PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS for January 19. As my book, *Man and Dolphin*, itself explains, the Dolphin Project has no connection whatsoever with the University of Miami, with its Institute of Marine Sciences, or with its Marine Biological Laboratory, as your listing suggested. The Communication Research Institute is an independent, private, nonprofit institute in its own right.

JOHN C. LILLY, M.D.,
Communication Research Institute.

Miami, Fla.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Show Around the Corner

NOWHERE has the current anti-romantic trend in our theatre presented more difficulty than in musical comedy. For the convention on which this form has always been based is the essentially romantic one of Cinderella success and love triumphant. Today's musical still has to offer those elements. At the same time, it must somehow recognize that the falling in love of two appealing innocents is an outmoded and not essentially truthful representation of life.

It is therefore heartening to report the moderate success of the new musical *She Loves Me*. Based on a Miklos Laszlo play (formerly seen as the motion picture *The Shop Around the Corner*), it is filled with all the rich Mitteleuropean pastry-stuffing of a bygone day. But through the disciplined use of several techniques, *She Loves Me* manages to have its strudel and eat it, too.

The most obvious of these techniques is a spoofing of conventionally romantic clichés, best exemplified near the end of the first act in a number titled "A Romantic Atmosphere," which is sung by a restaurant manager as he tries to preserve his ridiculously ersatz combination of candlelight and gypsy fiddles. Choreographer Carol Haney has seen to it that every time he is on the verge of achieving his goal, the magic mood is shattered by an awkward busboy, or by a pair of customers whose romantic progress is not proceeding with prescribed fairy-tale smoothness.

A variation of the same technique comes when William and Jean Eckart's sugary settings are changed from one season to the next by the simple device of dropping a few falling leaves, or by lowering icicles at the top of the picture-frame inset. Here, one of the characters winkingly announces "Autumn" or "Winter."

But *She Loves Me* is not really a spoof. What makes it charming and credible is the collaboration between composer Jerry Bock, lyricist Sheldon Harnick, and its excellent cast, astutely selected by director Hal Prince. For here we see convincingly real and life-worn (if not shopworn) people as they gamble 100 per cent of themselves on playing the absurd story as if their lives depended upon it. And the songs are all integral to this task.

Since "working" songs are usually less catchy than those "bottom-of-the-trunk" songs many composers save up for future shows, the theatregoer may be disappointed that he does not leave the theatre humming the tunes. Instead, they must be satisfied to leave humming the people. (The word "people" is used advisedly because, although characters, they are a genuinely ordinary bunch, refreshingly different from the energized eccentrics who so often caper about in our musical theatre.)

There is the delivery boy, whose eager and triumphant rise to part-time sales clerk is turned by Ralph Williams into a miniature "How to Succeed in Business *with* Really Trying." There are the hard-working, full-fledged sales-clerks who have disciplined themselves always to turn and recite in unison their *parfumerie's* cheery farewells to each departing customer, no matter what their own mood.

The clerks have also been given individual numbers in which both the absurdity and the pathos of their small lives are entertainingly revealed. Nathaniel Frey, representing a horde of breadwinning common men who feel lucky to have jobs for which they are not extraordinarily qualified, expresses his insecurity in a droll song that suggests the importance of seeing any insult in the "perspective" of the rule: "Don't lose your job."

Similarly, Barbara Baxley stands for all the pretty but not too bright sales-girls whose hopes for an appropriately glamorous love make them vulnerable to the casual designs of smooth operators. This is expressed hilariously as we see her in a patently romantic comic tango, helpless to oppose her seduction. And as the old smoothie whose ego protects him from suffering or feeling any crisis, Jack Cassidy performs with an appropriate dash of narcissistic relish as he struts a "Grand Knowing You" to save face after being fired.

As for the show's two principals, one's first reaction is to blame book-writer Joe Masteroff for what seems rather uninspired handling of the fable of two anonymous love-letter pen pals who discover they are working in the same store and that they detest each other. Yet Daniel Massey and Barbara Cook play the external shabbiness of the romantic pair so fully that we somehow accept the notion that these two people need each other so desperately that nothing can stand in the way. Miss Cook also sings superbly a mock-aria about ice cream which is about as far in a romantic direction as *She Loves Me* ventures. While this is a limitation—for certainly the musical comedy form is discarding one of its greatest assets when it restricts its degree of celebration—*She Loves Me* is a modest and charming delight.

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LITERARY DISSECTIONS

An "anatomia"—with the local butcher assisting the professor of medicine—was a rare event in Renaissance universities; but the literary scalpel has been deftly wielded from Elizabethan times onward. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists here some of the best known literary anatomies and asks you to align each one properly with its author-dissectionist. Answers on page 78.

1. "An Anatomy of Inspiration"	( )	Robert Burton
2. "An Anatomy of Prose"	( )	John Donne
3. "An Anatomy of the World"	( )	William T. Eldridge
4. "Anatomy of a Bullfight"	( )	Northrup Frye
5. "Anatomy of a Killer"	( )	Arthur Greenfield
6. "Anatomy of the Future"	( )	Martin Gumpert
7. "Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit"	( )	Rosamund Harding
8. "The Anatomie of Absurditie"	( )	Gilbert Highet
9. "The Anatomie of Abuses"	( )	A. M. Krich (ed.)
10. "Anatomy of a Murder"	( )	John Lyly
11. "The Anatomy of Britain"	( )	Thomas Nashe
12. "The Anatomy of Criticism"	( )	Peter Rabe
13. "The Anatomy of Dirty Words"	( )	Edward Sagarin
14. "The Anatomy of Happiness"	( )	Anthony Sampson
15. "The Anatomy of Love"	( )	Ronald Seidenberg
16. "The Anatomy of Melancholy"	( )	Philp Stubbs
17. "The Anatomy of Poetry"	( )	Robert Traver
18. "The Anatomy of Satire"	( )	Charles C. Walcutt

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LITERARY HORIZONS

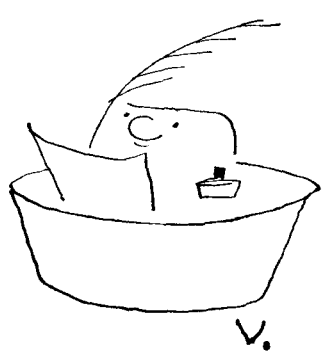
Entrance to Enchantment

IN *The Unicorn* (Viking, $5) Iris Murdoch continues her examination of the world between the fantastic and the ordinary, the world that she has made peculiarly hers. "In real life," she has said, "the fantastic and the ordinary, the plain and the symbolic, are often indissolubly joined together, and I think the best novels explore and exhibit life without disjoining them." Certainly her novels do, all seven of them, though with striking variations of emphasis. In *Under the Net* and especially in *A Severed Head* (*SR*, April 22, 1961) the fantastic elements are dominant, so much so that the reader doesn't always know where he is. On the other hand, *An Unofficial Rose* (*SR*, May 19, 1962) grapples mostly with the ordinary, though it has plenty of fantastic moments. *The Unicorn* achieves a new combination: the central situation is fantastic, but it is presented with such careful and disarming realism that one forgets how bizarre it is.

The Unicorn is, among other things, a thriller, and as good as the best. The story begins when Marian Taylor, set adrift by an unhappy love affair, goes to Gaze Castle as a governess. The castle, it turns out, is in some remote corner of England, where the landscape is wild and terrifying. What also turns out is that Marian is not to teach children, as she had supposed, but to serve as a kind of companion to the lady of the castle, Mrs. Hannah Crean-Smith, a woman of thirty-odd. Hannah is seen at once as a mysterious figure, and we soon realize that most of the members of her household are as strange. But by this time we are swept up in a series of adventures, which Miss Murdoch presents with the assurance and aplomb of one of the old masters of the thriller.

The structure of the novel is simple but effective. The first part is told from the point of view of Marian Taylor, so that we see the castle through her unaccustomed eyes and share her sense of mystery. With the second part we shift to the point of view of Effingham Cooper, a government official of some sort who visits the Lejours, Mrs. Crean-Smith's only neighbors. Effingham knows more about the situation than Marian, and he is in love, in a hopeless, romantic fashion, with Hannah Crean-Smith, but he is essentially an outsider and a man of detachment. We move back and forth, part by part and in the end chapter by chapter, from one point of view to the other, so that everything that happens comes to us by way of the sensibilities of these two very different persons. I cannot think of any method of telling the story that would have done more for it, either in terms of suspense or in terms of insight.

Exciting as the narrative movement is, the novel, of course, is not merely a thriller. It is in some ways a fairy story, for it is set in an enchanted castle. Effingham thinks of the castle as "this quiet little madhouse," but, for him, as for everyone else in the novel, its spell cannot be exorcised with any such phrase. The question that immediately arises is whether Hannah is enchantress or enchanted, and the only possible answer is that she is both.



She has bewitched a number of persons, of both sexes, but she is herself a prisoner and a victim. "Everyone here," Marian remarks to the very articulate gardener, "seems to have some weird secret or other." And he replies, "Everyone here is involved in guilt." "Except me," Marian says to herself, but she isn't sure.

In 1959 Miss Murdoch, at that time a tutor and fellow in philosophy at Oxford, lectured at Yale. In one of her lectures—extracts from which the publishers, bless them, have sent to reviewers—she said, "The modern novel, the serious novel, does tend toward either of two extremes: either it is a tight metaphysical object, which wishes it were a poem, and which attempts to convey, often in mythical form, some central truth about the human condition—or else it is a loose journalistic epic, documentary or possibly even didactic in inspiration. . . . We are

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offered things or truths. What we have lost is persons."

Again: "Prose literature can *reveal* an aspect of the world which no other art can reveal, and the discipline required for the revelation is *par excellence* the discipline of this art. And in the case of the novel, the most important thing to be thus revealed, not necessarily the only thing, but incomparably the most important thing, is that other people exist. . . ."

What Miss Murdoch means is beautifully exemplified by her novels. Her characters refuse to conform to patterns, refuse to fit into categories. They are not reincarnations of ancient heroes any more than they are figures from some sociologist's tables. Hannah may be "a legendary creature, a beautiful unicorn . . . a kind of enchantress, a Circe, a spiritual Penelope." But she is also the central figure in a skilfully plotted melodrama, and at the same time she is an uncommonly wacky young woman.

As she recognizes no clear line between the fantastic and the ordinary, so Miss Murdoch makes no sharp distinction between tragedy and comedy, but essentially, though heaven knows she can be serious enough, she is a comic writer. The comic spirit particularly manifests itself in her treatment of love. As *An Unofficial Rose* was a study of unrequited love, *The Unicorn* is an examination of love's vagaries. Persons in the novel are always becoming involved with other persons, often of the same sex, and under love's influence strange transformations take place.

It is because the characters are absurd that one recognizes them as people. Miss Murdoch, who has written a book on Sartre, calls herself "a Christian fellow-traveler," but she has obviously been influenced by Sartre's brand of existentialism. The recognition that other people exist may, she recognizes, be hard to take: "It is indeed the realization of a vast and varied reality outside ourselves which brings about a sense initially of terror," but, with understanding, this may yield to a sense of "exhilaration and spiritual power." What is all-important is to respect "reality with all its odd contingent ways."

The Unicorn is a book that all of Miss Murdoch's admirers will want to read. If it is not in her very best vein, that is because she has not quite come to terms with the strong element of melodrama in the story. When at the end the stage is, figuratively speaking, cluttered with corpses, the reader feels no strong emotion. It is hard to reconcile a sense of the absurd with tragic actions. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

BOOK IN THE NEWS

One Minute to Midnight

The Coming Explosion in Latin America, *by Gerald Clark (McKay. 436 pp. $6.75), urges U.S. intervention on the side of liberal forces in the countries to the south. James Nelson Goodsell, assistant American news editor of The Christian Science Monitor, is a specialist in Latin American affairs.*

By JAMES NELSON GOODSELL

THIS is one of the ablest commentaries on Latin America to be issued in the past decade or so. Gerald Clark, an editor and former foreign correspondent for the Montreal *Star,* traveled throughout Latin America for more than a year in 1961 and 1962. He returned with the conviction that the hemisphere is dangerously close to an explosion whose "echoes will make the Cuban experience fade into triviality."

Sober words, to be sure, but similar to those increasingly heard from other observers of the scene. Mr. Clark is pessimistic about the many problems facing Latin Americans, and he is disturbed that these problems are not really understood in the United States. His pessimism is based on several factors, perhaps the most important of which is the persistence of *fidelismo,* which he says will outlive the Cuban premier by decades because it has become "the greatest single force" in the hemisphere. He is also disturbed about the growing political and social unrest in nearly all the Latin American nations; the successful Communist penetration of intellectual circles, universities, professions, and labor leadership; rejection of gradualism and the middle-class revolutionary ideals that were the lodestones after World War II.

Continuing in this vein, Mr. Clark is also pessimistic about the much-heralded efforts of the Alliance for Progress to improve the lot of the Latin Americans. He says there is little to contradict the impression that the rich continue to grow richer and the poor poorer throughout much of the hemisphere. "The Cuban crisis," he writes, "has had little effect in converting 'the few who are rich' to the idea of hastening reform, relinquishing parochial privileges, and moving with urgency." Alliance aid, Mr. Clark warns, is not getting down to the grass roots where it "might stave off upheaval."

Broadly speaking, there are two threads running through Mr. Clark's able study. The first is a trenchant criticism of the Latin American elite who, forming a closed, feudal, aristocratic society, have so little faith in their own countries that they "continue to send money to the safekeeping of Swiss banks." It is these elements in Latin American society, Mr. Clark contends, who allow precious little of the United States aid money to trickle down to the grass roots.

Mr. Clark's second criticism rests with North Americans "who consider capitalism, of the North American version, as the salvation for underdeveloped nations." For the masses in Latin America, capitalism—if they think about it at all—is linked to the closed, aristocratic society of the rich in their countries. North American capitalism, Mr. Clark states, will never solve the Latin American economic crisis. Economic development depends on long-range aid from the United States—on a nation-to-nation basis—with the expectation that private enterprise will be more willing to invest in a country once its development is under way.

MR. CLARK's criticism of United States policy is not just Canadian carping; he recognizes Canada's own stake in the solution of these problems. He believes, however, that the United States should take a firmer stand for democracy in the countries of South and Central America. No hemisphere policy, he writes, can possibly win universal acceptance throughout Latin America. "It is clear that regardless of the fashion in which Washington conducts itself, it will be condemned heatedly by one faction or another," Mr. Clark notes, adding that lack of intervention can also easily be construed as influence. This being the case, he would "as a general directive" have intervention always on the side of the liberal forces—"the liberal democrats, the social democrats, the men who are willing to stimulate Alliance objectives."

Mr. Clark would have the United States stimulate revolutions in Latin America aiming at altering its social and economic nature. "The emphasis, of course, should be on bloodless revo-

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lutions; but, where these are not possible, the United States must be prepared to foment physical upheaval in order to install governments with reformist lines." The author admits that this may well amount to out-and-out intervention at times, but he notes that "the principle of nonintervention is a myth; the United States has always intervened in Latin America when it thought it necessary; it has, in fact, a duty to its own people to do so when it feels threatened. It has intervened when there was doubt as to the justice of such action; it would be much more honest to intervene on the side of honor and decency."

These observations may not sit well with Washington policy makers, and it is possible to argue that Mr. Clark overlooks other, less distasteful methods of meeting the crisis—more enlightened and better directed Alliance for Progress aid, higher prices for Latin American goods sold to the United States, broader cultural and propaganda activities. Mr. Clark indicates that his own suggestions are made only in a sense of desperation, "because all other measures are failing in Latin America." Recalling the famous phrase of Costa Rica's liberal former president, José Figueres, Mr. Clark warns that it is "one minute to midnight" in Latin America.

North Americans would do well to read Mr. Clark's forceful commentary. It is good reporting by an informed observer.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1031

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1031 will be found in the next issue.

P WPFH PK SEH NYGBR GO MGWWPSQ, KGS VG ATNE SG HKMGQ NGAJDKQ DV SG VETK AQVHWO.

RY. MGEKVGK.

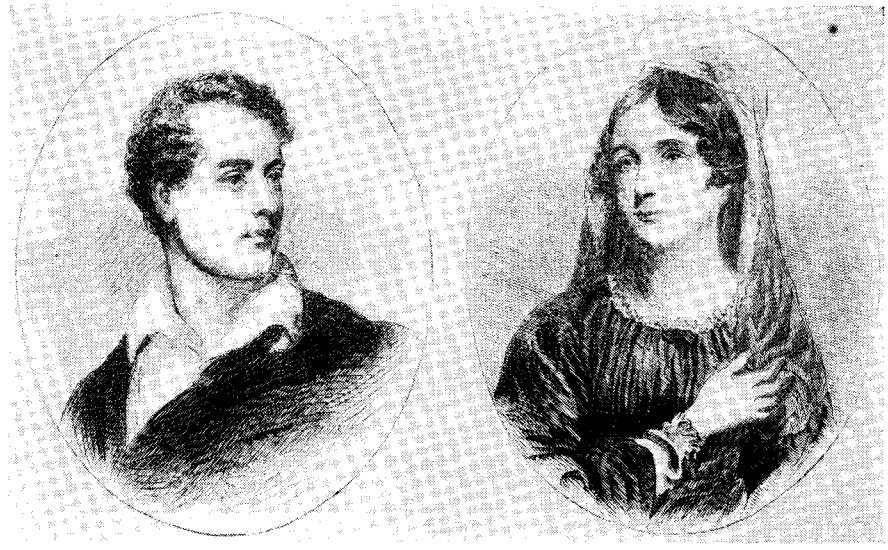
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1030

Vulgarity is the garlic in the salad of taste.

—CONNOLLY.

PERSONAL HISTORY

Brief and Turbulent Marriage



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Lord Byron and bride, Annabella—"accusations and innuendoes."

Lord Byron's Wife, *by Malcolm Elwin (Harcourt, Brace & World. 556 pp. $8.75), the first of several promised books based on the Lovelace documents, suggests that "massive incompatibility" destroyed the poet's brief marriage. Harry T. Moore is teaching this year at the University of Colorado.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

CONTROVERSY has crackled around the subject of Lord Byron's one-year marriage ever since that January day in 1816 when his wife, Annabella, took their three-week-old daughter and left him forever. With Annabella and the baby inaccessible behind a hedge of relatives and lawyers, the poet soon made his final departure from England (the point at which this book stops). Eight years later, in 1824, Byron went to his dramatic death in Greece. But Lady Byron lived on until 1860, repetitiously justifying herself and scattering accusations and innuendoes about her husband. These were often ambiguous or contradictory, and can hardly be evaluated with any sense of finality even by the author of the present volume, who is the first investigator to have unlimited access to the treasury of Byron documents known as the Lovelace Papers.

From them Mr. Elwin quotes at length a great deal that is new, neatly putting it together with older material. Otherwise he does little more than act as a generally neutral commentator, steering his way prudently among all the jagged arguments. But if his book is not the customary novelized biography, it is still far from dull, for the papers themselves are engrossing.

They enable Mr. Elwin to make the first full exploration of the background of Lady Byron, born when her mother was forty and brought up amid pampering. That imperious mother, Judith Milbanke, whom Byron disliked, wrote letters in young womanhood that are full of rewarding pictures of eighteenth-century life; and they are also full of clues to the temperaments of the Milbanke women. Later, the youthful letters of Judith's daughter provide lively comments on the Regency period, when Annabella Milbanke kept herself occupied by haughtily rejecting eminent suitors, Byron among them. Her first glimpse of him in 1812 ("his upper lip is drawn towards the nose with an expression of impatient disgust") is significant, for of the "infidel" author of *Childe Harold* she says, "His poem sufficiently proves that he *can* feel nobly, but he has discouraged his own goodness." When Annabella finally married Byron in 1815, she brought along her reforming attitude as part of her dowry.

Many of her possible reasons for

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leaving him come to light although the author never quite resolves one question: did or did not Byron have a love affair with his half-sister, Augusta —an accusation Annabella did not make until, several months after the separation, she had an interview with Caroline Lamb, who had loved and lost Byron. Some of the poet's other presumed deviations are mentioned in the present volume, but because Mr. Elwin refuses to take one of the most sensational of them seriously, his book has drawn fire in England from Michael Joyce and G. Wilson Knight. They had suggested, in earlier studies, that the foremost reason for the disruption of Byron's marriage was his unorthodox sexual approach to Annabella. This idea is based largely on a marginal note by Byron's friend Hobhouse and on the anonymous and juicily scandalous *Don Leon* poems of the early nineteenth century. The theory is piquant enough, but obviously Mr. Elwin has found nothing in his source material to support it.

The evidence he has assembled points, more than anything else, to a massive incompatibility between the Byrons. Annabella, who was neither stupid nor tepid, sometimes compels our sympathy, though Mr. Elwin correctly labels her as egocentric. That is also, of course, the proper word for Byron, whose overindulgence in brandy and rages hardly made him easy to have about the house. And yet he emerges from these pages a far more likable person than his wife. Her incessant statements of grievance, justified or not, with her mother, their lawyers, and the wild Caroline Lamb all chiming in, eventually become tiresome. As Mr. Elwin points out, the destruction of Byron's memoirs in 1824 deprived us of his version of the story, only parts of which come through his letters. His comparative silence gives him a certain dignity here, and this first of Mr. Elwin's projected books to be based on the Lovelace documents does nothing to reduce Byron's stature.

Runaway Dreamer

***A Life of One's Own,** by Gerald Brenan (Farrar, Straus. 244 pp. $4.95), recalls the author's rebellious and adventurous youth, including his experiences in World War I. The literary critic Aileen Pippett has long followed Mr. Brenan's work.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES that rise above mere anecdotage are usually dictated by self-pity or a sense of guilt. Gerald Brenan's story of his first twenty-five years reveals neither of these motives. He faces the youth he once was without shame or alarm but with almost clinical detachment, writing with the ease, clarity, and subtle perception that make his books about Spain both memorable and delightful.

The son of a British army officer, he had a happy childhood in Malta, South Africa, India, and Ireland, until his freedom was sharply curtailed at a boarding school in England and then at a public school where the routine was even more rigid. Nor was home life free of conflict with his deaf, domineering father and devout, impulsive mother, at odds with one another and with him. The teen-age prig and poet despised the futility of their lives and hated the prospect of the military career they planned for him, so one summer vacation he ran away disguised as a gas-fitter, with a false mustache, no papers, sixteen pounds in cash, and a determination to find refuge with some nomadic tribe in the Near East.

His companion on this elaborately planned, hare-brained expedition was a man of thirty who should have known better. He had a vague idea of going on to China, but decided to winter in Venice, letting the almost destitute youngster stagger on alone as far as the snowy, wolf-infested Dalmatian forests. There the adventure ended, after four glorious months of hardship, squalor, ecstasy, and freedom — apart from some days in prison under suspicion of espionage. Brenan's plans to live off the land, whether as knife-grinder, medicine man at fairs, or farm worker, had gone astray. His desire to live his own life had not weakened, however. He was looking for a new escape (to be a blacksmith, roam with Arabs, go to sea—anything to get away from home) when World War I broke out, and before Brenan knew what had happened his father had got him a commission.

The account of his experiences during the next four bloody years is brilliant, factual, intensely moving, and, like the story of his school days and travels, lit by humor. He was wounded and decorated, his friends were killed, he knew he was neither brave nor adequate as an officer. But there were moments of beauty when the barrage ceased, birds sang in the devastated woods, and behind the lines food was good and women were kind.

Life among civilians in postwar England dismayed him. His parents' plans for his future were unacceptable, his new friends in London's middle-class Bohemia had no answer for his problems. He decided to cut all ties, take his demobilization pay, and try, in poverty and seclusion, to find himself.

These startling and invigorating pages show that he achieved his ends. Here is a firmly drawn portrait of a stubborn, solitary dreamer, a follower of St. Francis, Thoreau, and Rimbaud; the "mad Englishman living on grapes" whom Virginia Woolf visited in a remote Spanish village where goats browsed on rooftops, the man whose books about life in Spain before and after the Civil War (*The Face of Spain* and *South from Granada* in particular) are unforgettable.

OMNIUM-GATHERUM: Why doesn't a man with Nelson Algren's great talent and (I hope and assume, after two movie sales) time, write a new book instead of confronting us with a dozen reheated essays that were previously printed in such disparate magazines as *Contact, The Atlantic Monthly, Rogue, Nugget,* and *Playboy*?

The stories and articles in *Who Lost an American?* (Macmillan, $5.95) are mainly, at least on the surface, about places: Chicago, Paris, and points in between. Also included are some serious pages about the horrors of Franco, the Chicago press and judiciary system, and *Playboy* editor Hugh Hefner. When Nelson Algren is serious or angry, he is a wonderful writer, although there is nothing especially original in these particular essays except for the biting and funny attack on the Hefner empire, which he leaves in shatters. Unfortunately, Algren sometimes tries too hard to be clever:

> "I am Norman Manlifellow," he introduced himself, sheathing a nine-inch jackknife. "Hemingway never wrote anything that would disturb an eight-year-old." He began working the lighting of a board by a battery concealed in his pocket, with the result that his candidacy for the Presidency of American Writers was spelled out in red and blue lights. I realized that I was dealing with none other than the boyish author of *The Elk Paddock,* or *Look, Ma, My Fly Is Open.*

If you think that's funny, you'll like this book. —HANS KONINGSBERGER.

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ETHICS AND FAITH

For Free and Fair Enterprise

The Business Conscience, *by Luther H. Hodges (Prentice-Hall. 250 pp. $4), asserts that government must play a large role in guarding against corruption, but that private enterprise must also do its part. Karl Schriftgiesser is the author of "Business Comes of Age."*

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

THE PASSAGE of the Pure Food and Drug Act in 1906 and the Federal Trade Commission Act in 1914 were milestones in perpetuating the puritan ethic in the United States. Designed to protect the public against unfair methods of competition and the encroachment of monopoly, as well as against the deadly stream of nostrums and poisons that were flooding the market as medicine or edible food, these acts inspired within private enterprise a number of self-regulatory "industry codes" aimed at the same high, ethical goals.

In his rambling treatise on morals, Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges pays tribute to some of these efforts to eliminate unfair practices from the world of business. He cites, in particular, the code adopted by the National Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers. If anyone aspired to make a fortune by adulterating his rival's goods, by bribing his competitor's employees, by conspiring to cut up territories, by fixing prices, etc., here is an excellent do-it-yourself manual.

As Mr. Hodges says, "If these practices were commonplace enough to warrant censure in a code drafted by the trade group representing the ice cream industry, imagine what must have been happening in larger and more competitive lines!"

Mr. Hodges ranges over a wide ethical and moral area in his interesting if somewhat pietistically phrased book. No master of a prose style (much of it reads like a memorandum dictated after a hard day at board meetings), the author nevertheless has managed to express his fundamental beliefs with clarity and conviction. I should like to think that his book will become required reading at such centers of intellectual enlightenment as those

Luther H. Hodges—"eternal vigilance is still the price of virtue."

graduate schools of business administration that today supply the top executives of tomorrow's business world. It is, in its way, a sort of standing baccalaureate sermon; I'm sorry it wasn't around during the newspaper strike to while away those dreary, typeless hours between Exurbia and The Office.

Secretary Hodges spent some thirty years in the highly competitive textile business, yet he apparently had no ambition to become a great tycoon, and he never rose above a vice presidency. But that was with Marshall Field & Co., which is not too bad by any means. In 1952 (a rather significant year for both business and politics) he retired and entered public service. That is, he got himself elected Lieutenant Governor of Democratic North Carolina. Two years later the Governor died, and he assumed the office. He was elected for the full term in 1956 and stepped from that office into President Kennedy's Cabinet.

Although he does not dwell upon it at any length, Mr. Hodges made business history almost as soon as he moved to Washington. One of his first acts was to "break up" the Business Advisory Council. This semiofficial body was the brain child of the late Dan Roper, who thought he could ameliorate business's antagonism to the New Deal by creating a council of corporation executives to consult with and advise the Administration. In the intervening years the BAC had become a sort of private club and quite exclusive in its membership. It met in secret. Whether it really had, even in the Eisenhower Administration, the power that it thought it had is doubtful.

Mr. Hodges suggested that it open its meetings to the press, and indicated that he hoped its chairman, who had come to unfavorable public attention, would resign. The BAC is now the BC (or just Business Council), and I believe the press can come to its meetings, but whether the reporters do so or not is uncertain. The whole teapot tempest pleased a lot of businessmen. It gave them reason to speak out openly against the Kennedy Administration, which they regarded as antibusiness. Mr. Hodges is more pleased with the Business Ethics Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce, which he created in 1962 and which he hopes will continue to act as "a catalyst in promoting serious thought and practical action in the area of business morality."

A serious book, *The Business Conscience* is not predicated, by any means, upon a belief that business is permeated by unethical persons, that corruption is widespread, that conflicts of interest abound. But history, and his own experiences in business and government, have taught Mr. Hodges that eternal vigilance is still the price of virtue, as well as of liberty. Government must play a large role in keeping the watch. However, business must do its part. And this, Mr. Hodges says, can only be effective if all the people have a higher regard for decency and honesty than they sometimes have.

American business is not what it used to be. The cutthroat practices of the nineteenth century no longer prevail. The publicly held corporation, as Adolf Berle, Jr., continues so eloquently to point out, is a relatively new phenomenon, with different concepts of its place in society. But businessmen are human. And sometimes they forget the precepts they were supposed to have learned at their mother's knee.

Coming May 18

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

Articles by Nell Eurich, Edward D. Eddy, Jr., and Pauline Tompkins

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The Clergy Looks at Bigotry

Faith and Prejudice, *by Bernhard E. Olson (Yale University Press. 451 pp. $7.50), and* ***Race: Challenge to Religion,*** *edited by Mathew Ahmann (Regnery. 178 pp. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.65), represent efforts to discover what the churches can do to help eliminate two dangerous moral evils. Jaroslav Pelikan, Titus Street Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Yale, is author of "The Riddle of Roman Catholicism."*

By JAROSLAV PELIKAN

LARGE sections of American religion are suffering from moral paralysis. The naïve optimism about the possibility of moral progress that characterized an earlier generation has given way to a "no-win attitude" toward many of the major problems of the 1960s. Although there has been a revival of theology, there has not been a corresponding growth in zeal for social action. Churchmen have learned, perhaps too well, that moral choices are always ambiguous and that a policy like Christian pacifism may actually become a counsel of despair rather than a strategy of faith.

Difficult though it may be to articulate the Jewish or the Christian solution to the menace of the bomb, there are moral issues whose resolution does lie within the reach of the preaching and program of our religious communities. Two such issues are the concerns of these books. Bernhard E. Olson's *Faith and Prejudice* analyzes the elements of bigotry in the educational literature of several Protestant groups. *Race: Challenge to Religion* assesses the present status and immediate prospects of racial prejudice, as seen by representatives of Judaism, Roman Catholicism, and Protestantism. Religious bigotry and racial discrimination are moral evils with which the churches are competent to deal, for they confront them in their own midst.

Faith and Prejudice is based upon seven years of research into 120,000 lessons in four curricula for teen-agers and adults, published by Beacon Press (Unitarian-Universalist), United Presbyterian Church (referred to throughout the study as "neo-orthodox"), Scripture Press (fundamentalist), and The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod (conservative Lutheran). The study matches its empirical findings—reported in careful, if sometimes tedious, statistical tabulations—against the widely accepted theory that an authoritarian personality tends to be more bigoted than an "open self." Religious prejudice stands in a recognizable ratio to religious conviction in the latter two groups, according to Olson's book. On the other hand, it is often true that religious tolerance is based upon indifference to, or skepticism about, the claims of the various religions. Olson's examination reveals also that the liberal curriculum treats the tolerant spirit of Buddhism more sympathetically than it does the distinctive doctrines of Roman Catholicism. Is this because there are more Roman Catholics than Buddhists in New England, or because Roman Catholicism claims to be the one Church of Jesus Christ on earth?

TO THIS reviewer, the most disturbing evidence in Olson's monograph is that which describes the interpretation of Judaism in the various curricula. In a chapter called "The Crucifixion, the Jew, and the Christian," followed by one on "Intergroup Content of the Theology of the Crucifixion," Olson points out the prominence of references to Jews in all four sets of lessons, often in their recitals of Biblical narratives. Of course, much depends upon the strata of Biblical narrative that are selected as the basis of the lesson. Olson notes the influence of the Gospel of John on the pejorative use of the title "the Jews" in the accounts of the Crucifixion. He does not, however, go as deeply as one might wish into the sources from which the conservative and the fundamentalist materials derive their underemphasis upon the Jewish elements in Christianity. An awareness of these Jewish elements seems to be chiefly responsible for a different treatment of Judaism in the neo-orthodox literature. One of the most penetrating comments in the entire book appears in a footnote on the question of Christian missions to Jews: "The man who loves you in order to win you is tempted to love you only if he is able to win you."

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to conclude from this account of Olson's research that anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish bigotry are permanently embedded in the textbooks of the Protestant churches. In fact, the attitudes that he identifies as neo-orthodox are appearing increasingly in the other groups as well: a stress upon the distinctiveness of the Christian faith, combined with a greater readiness for dialogue between Protestants and Roman Catholics or even between Christians and Jews. As Olson's conclusion notes, "a promising omen is the fact that the Protestants involved in this study have been open to receiving these findings without defensiveness and with an eagerness to make needed changes in their curricula."

AN equally promising omen is the candor and concern at work in *Race: Challenge to Religion,* a collection of eleven essays delivered at the National Conference on Religion and Race, called to commemorate the centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation in January 1963. Many of the essays are too hortatory for most tastes, and inevitably repetitious. But it is gratifying to note that the chapters by Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants are addressed to all who stand in the Jewish-Christian tradition. Thus Monsignor John J. Egan's essay is based upon the social encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI, plus Martin Buber; the Protestant historian Franklin H. Littell declares that "fellowship with Catholics . . . can help Protestants to avoid sinking back into racial and tribal religion"; and Rabbi Morris Adler quotes Reinhold Niebuhr.

Evident throughout the essays is a determination to do something about the moral paralysis of the churches. As a Roman Catholic layman, R. Sargent Shriver wants to know why it is possible for him to go to church every Sunday for a year without hearing a single sermon on race relations. But perhaps the most powerful attack upon moral paralysis appears in the words of the eminent Jewish theologian Abraham Joshua Heschel:

> There are those who maintain that the situation is too grave for us to do much about it, that whatever we might do would be "too little and too late," that the most practiced [*sic*—practical?] thing we can do is "to weep" and to despair. . . . It was good that Moses did not study theology under the teachers of that message; otherwise, I would still be in Egypt building pyramids.

Something can be done, and there is a lot to do: that is the theme of both these books.

(*This category is continued on page* 76)

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FICTION

The Not So Dolce Vita

The Age of Malaise, *by Dacia Maraini, translated by Frances Frenaye (Grove. 203 pp. $3.95), the second novel by a protégée of Alberto Moravia, was stormily denounced in Europe last year as unworthy of the 1962 Formentor Prize. The circumstances that ignited the controversy are explained by an eyewitness, Sergio Pacifici. Professor Pacifici has translated, with Thomas G. Bergin, the critical essays of Salvatore Quasimodo, which will be published next year.*

By SERGIO PACIFICI

IN A famous collection of poems published in 1948, W. H. Auden defined ours as "The Age of Anxiety." Since then numerous other social critics and observers have offered their own, and at times strikingly perceptive, definitions of a period that will be remembered for its alienation and despair. The latest, by a new voice from contemporary Italy, suggests that this is "The Age of Malaise."

The daughter of the distinguished orientalist Fosco Maraini, and the descendant of an aristocratic Sicilian family, Dacia Maraini made her official debut on the crowded and competitive Italian literary scene about a year and a half ago, when Lerici released a slight novella by her entitled *La vacanza* (*The Vacation*). The book might easily have sunk into the oblivion it deserved had it not carried a laudatory preface by Alberto Moravia, whose creative intelligence and critical acumen are widely respected. A few months later, on his advice, the twenty-six-year-old writer submitted the manuscript for *The Age of Malaise*, her second novel, to the annual contest for the international Formentor Prize — and won. The award carries a stipend of $10,000 against future royalties and a firm commitment that the book will have simultaneous translation and publication in thirteen countries, including the United States.

It was that award which brought down Italy's relatively calm literary sky. During a stormy press conference held May 11, 1962, in the sophisticated Roman bookshop of Einaudi, the public —jammed into three small, adjoining rooms, where it had gathered supposedly to celebrate the event—was in a bad mood from the start. After Moravia's brief presentation of the book, and Gianfranco Vigorelli's vigorous dissent from the vote of the jury, screams and whistles protested a decision that smacked of political intrigue. What could otherwise have been an intelligent discussion of the merits of the work being presented was turned into a debacle, a noisy demonstration symptomatic of the disapproval of, and hostility toward, the school of fiction Moravia may be said to represent.

The deliberations at Formentor and later on in Rome belong now to history. But as a personal witness to the scandal that shook the very foundations of Italy's literary "empire," I should like to record two or three simple facts.

With the exception of Moravia, the Italian delegation (consisting of the noted philologist Gianfranco Contini and the novelists Italo Calvino, Guido Piovene, and Carlo Levi) voted solidly against the award. It was only through

(*Continued on page 74*)

Sei milioni in lacrime
Il libro incriminato
LA BELLISSIMA SCRITTRICE CHE FA AZZUFFARE I LETTERATI
CONDANNATI A PECCARE
IL TRIO
Moravia Maraini-Formentor
La giovane allieva di Moravia
LA POLEMICA DIVAMPA ATTORNO LA SCRITTRICE LANCIATA DA MORAVIA

Screams and whistles protested the awarding of the Formentor Prize to Dacia Maraini (above center, in a montage of Italian headlines).

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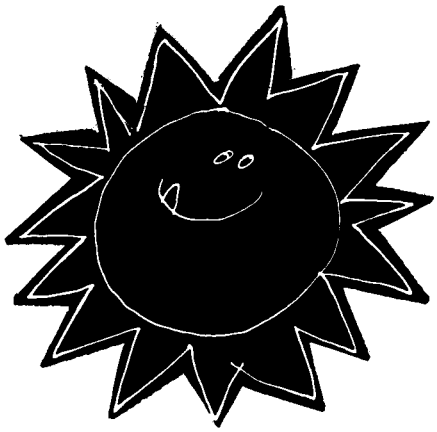

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Who's Gonna Take De Money and Run Venezuela?

SKIMMING through the Clay Report at the time taxes were due back home is perhaps not the ideal indoctrination or the best recommended reading for anyone en route to Venezuela. For Venezuela, one could as well substitute Korea, Japan, or Brazil, where the foreign aid cost was higher, or Morocco, whose ruler recently bought five Cadillacs at the snap of a finger, or Indonesia, which reciprocates by supporting an obscure independence party in Puerto Rico seeking to prepare an embarrassing spectacle before the U.N.

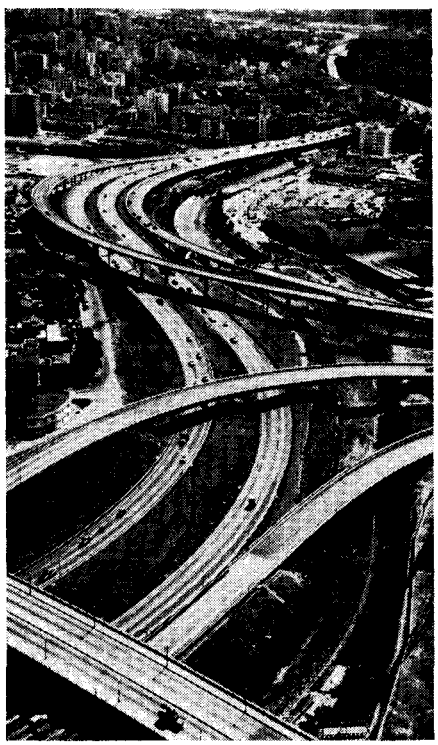
I cite Venezuela first because that happened to have been where I was heading as the Ides of April were approaching this year, and, secondly, because there is, in that troubled land, tangible, gross — some might call it obscene—evidence to remind the visitor where the money went. Or some of it.

Gazing at the marble wonders that were left by Perez Jimenez, the dictator who until his recent apprehension had been living the high life in Miami, one can only wonder how much of one's own taxes went to pay for the incredible colossi that stand in Caracas and its environs. The most recently unveiled memorial is an enormous resort hotel now called the Macuto-Sheraton, which was built, but never opened, during the late Perez Jimenez regime. Since it sat there mouldering, a huge caravansary paved, walled, floored, and swathed in marble beyond the dreams of Europe's most fanciful hoteliers, President Betancourt, the incumbent democratic president, decided to finish it and put it to work. The Sheraton Corporation of America, once a modest Boston firm of hotel dealers, was called in to smooth it into shape. When it opened here the other week, at the precise time that the Clay Report was listing Venezuela as the recipient of $220 million in economic aid since 1945, the estimates of its cost, even in Sheraton's own releases, gave it a pretty broad spread. The official handout given correspondents here for the opening estimated the cost at anywhere from $30,000,000 to $45,000,000.

The hotel's main building, in the honeycomb or egg-crate tradition, rises ten stories above a stretch of hard-packed sand that is nearly seven city blocks long. Much of this seaside strip of desert has been brightened with shocking orange canopies and deck chairs. A pier has been built out into the Caribbean, and the hotel is bracketed by marinas, one on the ocean and another on a lagoon facing the hotel's land-side front entrance. The main swimming pool twists and eddies around a glass supper club, flows under little bridges, laves little islands. A second, presumably a stand-by pool, is circular, and a third is especially built for half-pints.

The 400 rooms and suites are furnished with copies of contemporary Danish pieces, most of them in well-remembered designs. Telephones have three pushbuttons, one of which summons the maid, a second the bellboy, while a third notifies room service you wish to place an order. When they are free to take it they call you back. The simplest of these rooms will cost $10 a day, a conscious effort to dispel the reputation for high prices that still plagues Venezuela's tourist efforts.

Automatic elevators descend to public halls that are a splendor of marble that seems everywhere underfoot. Marble slabs climb the walls, too, and the halls are scattered with copies of Arne Jacobsen's Danish Egg chair. A coffee shop halfway out of doors has



El Pulpo in Caracas.

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counter stools in the American fashion, and the breakfast menu even includes such decipherable items as *"panqueques"* and *pan danés* or Danish pastry. But the bilingual menu is the only key to communication, for the waitresses speak nary a word of *inglés* and the captain's German accent could scarcely be cut with a cleaver.

A forty-five-minute drive from Caracas, the Macuto-Sheraton will hardly be for men with business meetings in the capital. However, it may very well draw conventions, an eventuality for which it has meeting rooms and exhibition areas. It is only fifteen minutes or so east of La Guaira, that dusty port where the cruise ships tie up while the passengers take off, threading their way through the mountain *autopista* toward the doubtful delights of Caracas. The new hotel is flanked by bathing clubs that look like tower hotels, to be rented hotel-fashion to members or sold to them outright. With pensions and snack bars, fried fish houses and chicken joints sprouting along the seaside road, the Macuto sector is beginning to show signs of an emerging resort center. It has a long way to go before it will assume the magnitude of the Côte d'Azur, but some residents of international experience see the makings there of perhaps a new Acapulco. Whatever it turns out to be, and even if it all fizzles, separate and nearly equal beachfront rights have already been awarded to The People. Only a day after he had used a giant pair of shears to cut the tape opening the Macuto-Sheraton, President Betancourt inaugurated a public beach area at Macuto with showers, rest rooms, parking areas, three beaches, and 7,500 lockers rentable for twenty-one cents apiece. To announce the event, the government placed ads in papers, including a half-page Spanish broadside in the *Daily Journal*, an English-language tabloid.

So far Venezuela's beautiful resort facilities have been strictly for Venezuelans. Prices, political unrest, nettlesome entry requirements, and the high cost of transportation to Caracas have been more than enough to keep the hotels empty, even in the middle of bitter northern winters when hotels in San Juan, an hour away, have been oversold. The Hotel Humboldt, planted above Caracas on the summit of 7,000-foot Mount Avila, a tall, rounded pile with nothing but suites and reachable only by cable car, is now closed. Frequently the cable car doesn't even run. The eleven first-class resort hotels operated by Conahotu, a government agency, stumble along with a rate of occupancy that would spell immediate bankruptcy for a privately owned com-

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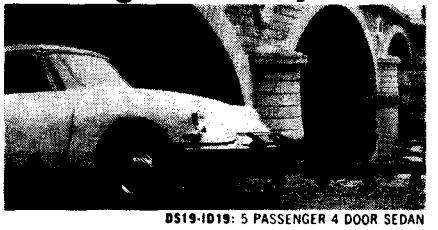

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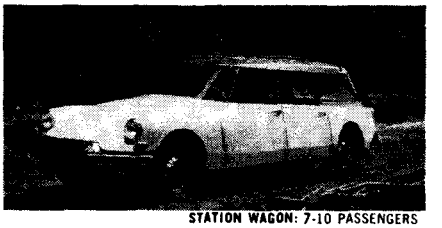
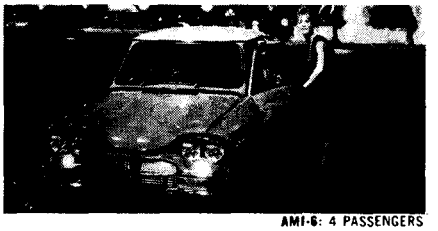


STATION WAGON: 7-10 PASSENGERS



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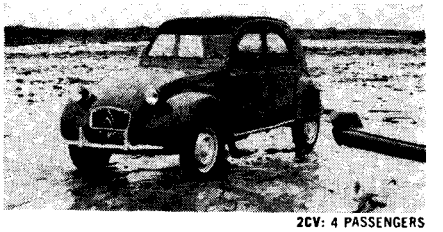

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pany. Recently, when a government tourist director with grand plans for stirring the nation out of its lethargy voted to place a large portion of his budget behind a new Hilton hotel in Caracas, he was hooted out of office. And so, for a time, were his plans of hiring Stateside promotion brains to help solve the problem.

Although Sheraton's drum-beaters have produced a tantalizing booklet entitled "Venezuela—New Tourist Find?" the question mark looms larger and larger. Venezuela, the booklet patiently explains, though a nation equipped with beautiful landscapes, equable temperatures, and first-class accommodations, remained undiscovered. There are two reasons, it says, for this paradox—the country was overpriced and it was one of the most difficult places to get into or leave. "Both of these problems have been eliminated," says the booklet, categorically. Although the currency has been stabilized at a free rate of 4.85 Bolivars to the dollar, making prices a little easier, anyone trying to enter the country without an official assist will find the procedure just plain tiresome.

Venezuelan travel circles may rejoice that visitors are no longer required to get a visa at a consulate office in person. But one still has to bring four copies of an unusually small-sized photograph to an airline office that is then empowered to issue four copies of an entry visa. On board the plane, the passenger must fill out two copies of another form that asks twelve questions. The night I arrived from Panama the lines to the immigration windows wound interminably through the dusty halls. The inspector, when I finally got to him, transferred the information on the questionnaire to another form, which he typed out in quintuplicate. One copy of the tourist visa had to be retained during the entire stay and surrendered upon departure. When I finally got to the marble halls of Macuto, the clerk behind the counter handed me yet another form to fill out, asking for the same information I had just tendered to the inquisitors at the airport. I didn't know it then, but there were two more forms to be filled out several days later when I sought to leave. Who could possibly read them all, and who would care? The paper problem has not been eliminated in Venezuela. Entry requirements may be less oppressive than they were, but they remain considerably more tiresome than the comparatively streamlined entry systems worked out by Venezuela's competitors for tourism's dollars.

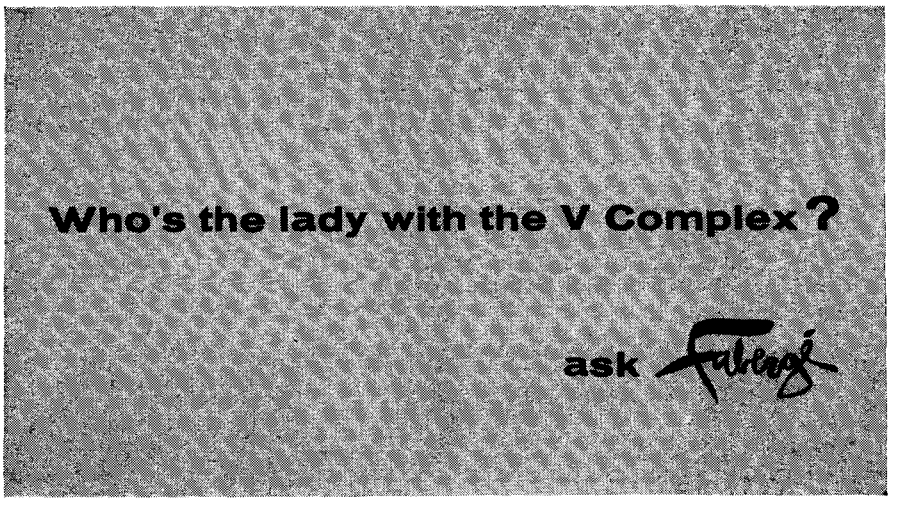
Macuto-Sheraton — shades of a new Acapulco? A Cote d'Azur?

Economy-class passengers who fly the 1,500 miles from New York to San Juan pay $121.50 for the round trip by jet. However, the comparable fare from New York to Caracas, only 350 miles south of San Juan, is $333. A Pan American spokesman in Caracas estimates that the per-mile cost of the run between San Juan and Caracas is probably the highest in the world. Yet the chances of lowering the fares to this new "tourist find" are slim. Both Pan American and VIASA, the Venezuelan line that operates in concert with KLM, are running at better than 50 per cent occupancy, a point at which airlines begin to think about increasing flight frequency. Pan Am, however, is enjoined by Venezuelan government restriction from increasing its frequency beyond four flights a week, a device to protect their own national carrier. With a restricted frequency and a high percentage of bookings, it is beyond Pan Am's sense of altruism to lower the fares. Thus it would seem to me that unless Venezuela is willing to bring in more planes and move toward decreasing the fare, and unless it is ready to set a match to the paper barrier it has erected at the border, all the marble in the Macuto-Sheraton — and there are sixteen kinds of it—are not going to make Venezuela an emergent tourist Puerto Rico, much less an Acapulco or a Côte d'Azur.

What makes that assessment all the more saddening is the potential, for Venezuela is a land of more moods than London's other Elizabeth. While Macuto offers mountains glowering over a placid seascape, there is also the spectacle of the oil fields of the Maracaibo Basin, the plains of the Orinoco with its wild horses and cowboys, the highlands of the Andes with its Indians and cable cars, and its seventy-two islands sprinkled in the Caribbean, utterly unknown to that coterie that spends its winters ferreting out places like Nevis, Guadeloupe, Bequia, Grenada, and Tobago.

Caracas itself is a strange dichotomy, part of it a corner of old Colonial Spain mellowing lazily in the afternoon sun, part of it a roaring megalopolis with

(*Continued on page 39*)



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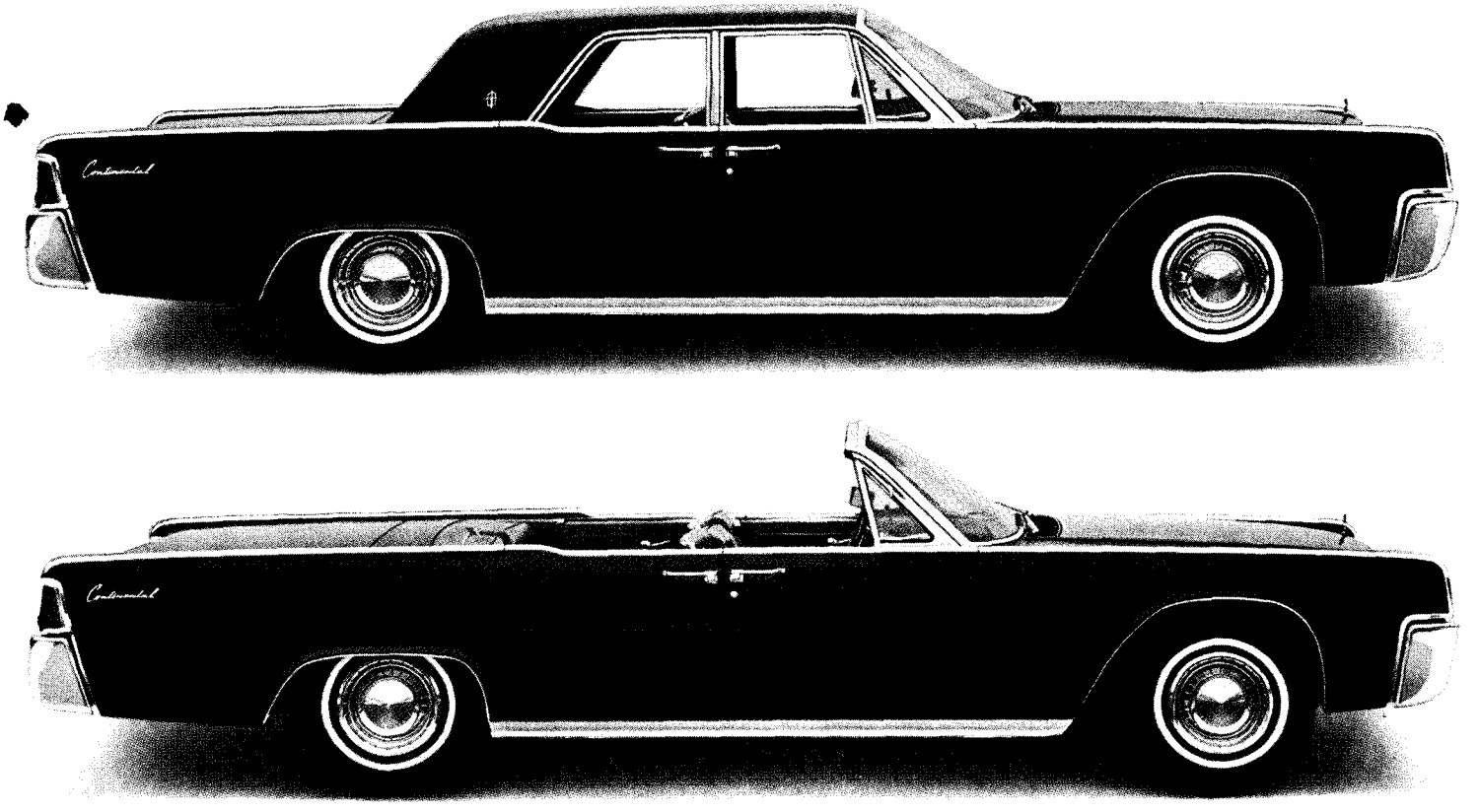

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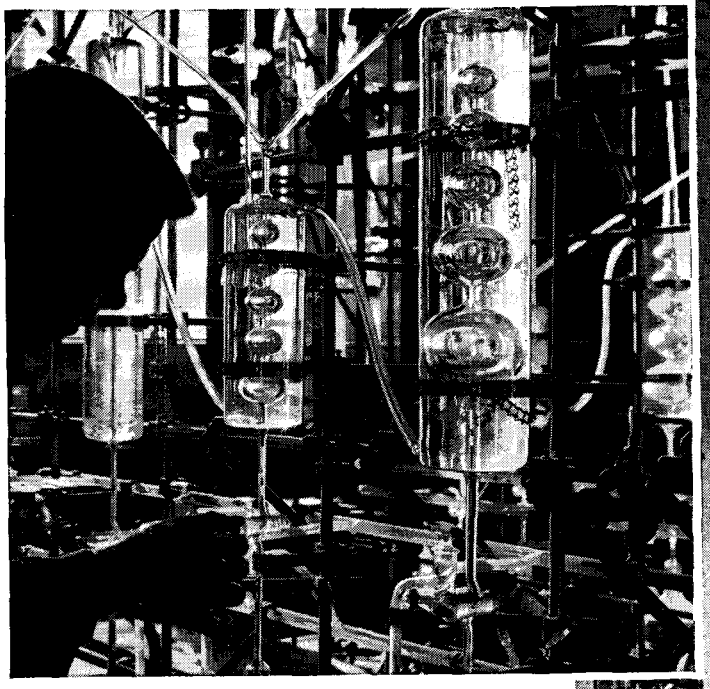

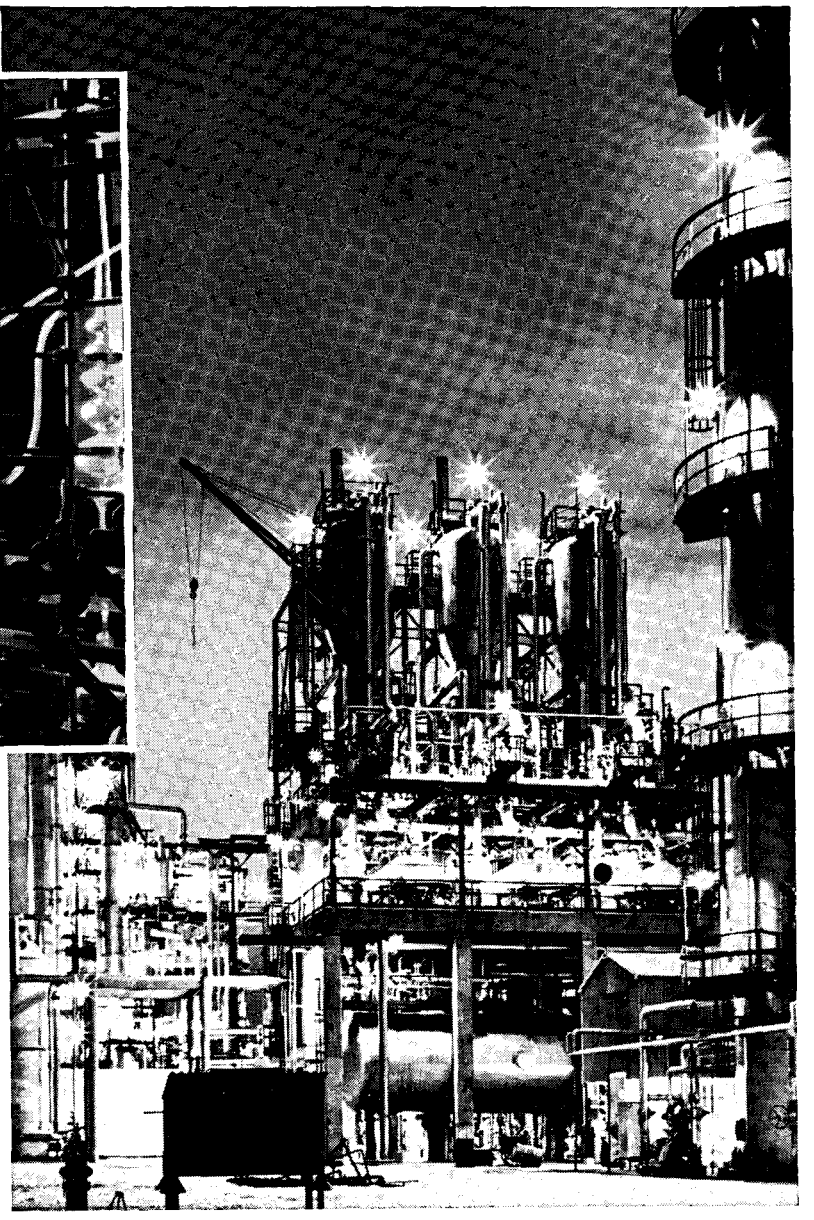

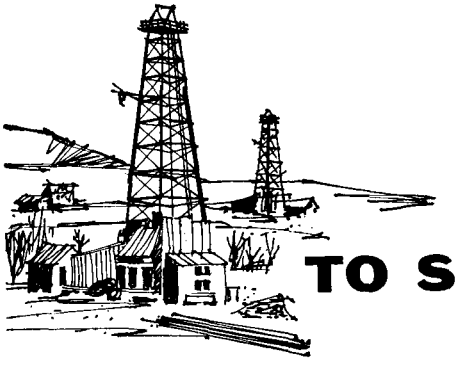

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mortar shafts shooting skyward out of swirling traffic patterns that play at their feet. Even the ride from Macuto is a curious one, for it begins as a seaside road, rolling past villas and resorts that give off faint whiffs of the Corniche and Punta del Este and perhaps of Varadero in cheerier days. Soon it is mired in the seaport settlement of La Guaira, where the narrow stucco houses face the piles of Grace Line freight bins on the wharves. Somewhere past the airport at Maiquetía, on a plateau by the sea, its runways protected from crosswinds by a rolling cliffhead, the road becomes an *autopista* and goes bulleting off through the mountains. Broad and trim it runs, squirreling through the passes and boring through the tunnels, a highway built at an advertised cost of $6,000,000 a mile.

The city was much as I remembered it from a visit here a little over two years ago. The pair of lofty towers named after Simon Bolivar, who was born in Venezuela, zoom thirty stories out of the center of the city. To ease the flow of the endless snaking lines of fat American cars, the city has developed a maze of underpasses and overpasses, tunnels and ducts. One byway has so many arms that Caracas refers to it affectionately as El Pulpo, the Octopus. With the skyscrapers and superhighways have come that other hallmark of progress, supermarkets, or, as they are called here, *auto mercados*, selling *pudin instantaneo* and bottles of *Siete Up*. The young Venezuelan who had my elbow was eager to point out the many "fountains of soda" that one would now see in town. But some of them, alongside their hotdogs and cheese sandwiches sizzling there on the grill, make room for *hallacas*, which are snacks of corn meal, chopped meat, and olives tucked in a banana leaf and steamed.

It is perhaps a symbol of the split personality of Caracas that one can spy a gent dressed in the *liqui-liqui*, the soft, beige tunic and trousers that are the traditional dress of Venezuelans, performing involuntary *faenas* through the thundering traffic. Real *faenas* and *veronicas* are performed for keeps by the best matadors of Spain and Mexico in the city's bull ring. Snakeskins and goatskins and *tigre* pelts in the handicraft shops are reminders that much of the interior is still untamed. Creole harps and *cuatros*, which look like bulky ukuleles, on sale at the music shops, recall a musical culture considerably different from the calypso-kooky Caribbean.

After all the marble of Macuto, I must say I had no taste to pay a call again on the Círculo Militar, the celebrated officers' club to which my guide was eager to steer me. It remains, I was satisfied to confirm, as I had seen it in '61, a $10,000,000 marble playhouse built for his officers by Perez Jimenez. Two swimming pools, a two-story ballroom, a 600-seat theatre, and Sèvres porcelain are among its accoutrements, all of them now on view for the gasping appraisal of the tourists off the boats.

In scarcely more than a city block in Caracas one can slip from the marble modernity of the city to the colonial perfume of the Capitol, its dome, on good days, shining with native gold, its decorative plants producing brilliant orchids, its fussy lampposts giving off airs of Andalusia. The house of Simon Bolivar, El Liberatador, is a breath of Spain, too. As Bolivar emerged as the prime patriot of the continent, it has emerged as a shrine for all South Americans who act in the name of liberty. It has become a busy place. Liberator of six South American countries, he is buried in Caracas, a revolutionary, but a disillusioned dictator, too. Dead at forty-seven, he was, alas, born too soon to have retired, as is the custom today, to the heavenly exile of Miami, where, as any fledgling Latin politico knows, all good dictators go.

—Horace Sutton.

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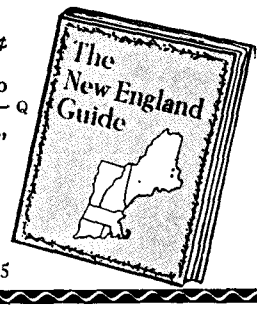

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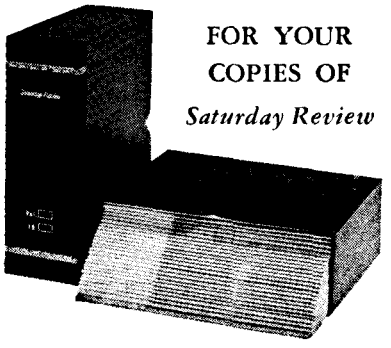

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Aspects of Marriage

IN *Two Daughters* India's most important director, Satyajit Ray, has adapted two Rabindranath Tagore stories that treat delicately of love relationships. In the first and shorter of the two, *The Postmaster*, an orphan girl of ten endears herself to a young man from the city who has been assigned as postmaster in a remote village. The wide-eyed little girl carries water for him, sweeps his quarters, looks after him when he comes down with malaria, and suffers a terrible sorrow when at last he is relieved from his post and heads back to a more civilized place. Although that's about all there is to it, the handling is sensitive, the details are unerringly evocative of custom and place, and both the girl and the young man are unforgettable.

In the second story, *Conclusion*, Ray plunges deep into the customs of courtship and marriage in India. Another young man, this time an intellectual college graduate, chooses to fall in love with a pretty, tomboyish girl instead of the well-trained bride-elect his mother has chosen for him. When he marries the tomboy, with all the traditional trappings, the first night does not proceed according to custom (the girl has not decided she loves her husband, or even that she wants to be a wife), and the people of the village are horrified. Scorn, derision, and upbraiding are the fate of the young couple, and they separate for a time to mull over their future. At last the bonds of custom draw tight and the young people "grow up," so to speak, and resume their marriage in traditional style. Because we have expected this to happen, Ray's handling of the problem seems unnecessarily leisurely.

Oddly enough, I was privileged the next evening to view a quite different exploration of love and marriage in *The Season for Love*, a French film written and directed by Pierre Kast. The amorous problems of the West, it seems, are sometimes resolved in peculiar ways. Here we have a seemingly idyllic marriage between a young novelist and a girl who was once "in publishing." Eventually, the relationship withers away into infidelities on the part of both—the erotic waywardness taking place among the cottages and semi-ruins of a centuries-old architectural experiment, La Saline de Chaux in southern France.

The pretty wife (Francoise Arnoul) is attracted to a youngish political personality, whose estate dominates the region. The handsome husband (Pierre Vaneck) is captured by the politician's wife. Soon enough, matters have to be resolved. The husband likes being married to his wife, but he also enjoys being unfaithful. The wife decides she loves her husband as much as she does her lover. What to do, what to do. . . . Finally, husband, wife, and her lover go off together in a car headed for Paris, there to work things out "simply and sensibly." The main trouble with the film is its failure to provide a point of view toward its incidents and people. Are we to take them seriously? The dialogue seems *very* serious, often sententious. The incidents are sometimes unintentionally ludicrous.

And for those of us who have followed and suffered with the New Wave, Monsieur Kast appears to be treading already trodden paths. Outrageous conjugal infidelity had its airing in Louis Malle's *The Lovers*. The experimental notion of a *ménage à trois* as a possible civilized solution to marital distress was offered in Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*. The major reason that *The Season for Love* seems banal, and is ultimately boring, is that it really has nothing to say.

And, as luck would have it, the next evening I saw a British comedy, *Sparrows Can't Sing*, that presents some marital difficulties, too. A seaman has come home after a two-year voyage and finds his wife is living with a bus driver estranged from *his* wife. Matters become complicated when the wife finds she is still attracted to her husband. As for the husband, he insists he still has "conjoogal" rights, and she must come and live with him, bringing the two children (whose paternity is somewhat uncertain). Just how all this works out is a little difficult for us to gather, since the dialogue proceeds in the East London idiom, a dialect that seems rather far removed from English. One gathers, though, that these East London types are working out some obscure moral codes of their own, with two *ménages*, rather than one, as a possible way out. English subtitles might have helped clarify the problems for American audiences.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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SR's Check List of Current Books

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ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY TECHNIQUES IN ART. By Hans Meyers. Reinhold. $6.50.

RODIN: Later Drawings. By Elizabeth Chase Geissbuhler. Beacon Press. $7.50.

Current Affairs

AMERICAN LABOR UNIONS: What They Are and How They Work. By Florence Peterson. Harper & Row. $5.50.

THE BUSINESS CONSCIENCE. By Luther H. Hodges. Prentice-Hall. $4. (See page 31.)

THE GOLDEN FLEECE. By Joseph Seldin. Macmillan. $5.95.

NUCLEAR AMBUSH. By Earl H. Voss. Regnery. $6.50.

THE PEACEFUL ATOM IN FOREIGN POLICY. By Arnold Kramish. Council on Foreign Relations, dist. Harper & Row. $4.50.

RELIGION, THE COURTS, AND PUBLIC POLICY. By Robert F. Drinan. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

SOVIET MILITARY STRATEGY. Edited by V D. Sokolovskii. Translated by H. Dinerstein and others. Prentice-Hall. $7.50.

Fiction

THE BEAST. By A. E. Van Vogt. Doubleday. $3.50.

BORN WITH THE DEAD. By Irina Kirk. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

COME TO THE BOWER: A Novel of Texas. By J. Y. Bryan. Viking. $6.95.

THE DAY OF THE DOG. By Michael Frayn. Doubleday. $3.95.

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OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE. By Julian Gloag. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE UNICORN. By Iris Murdoch. Viking. $5. (See page 27.)

THE UNSHELTERED. By Dewey Ward. Random House. $4.95.

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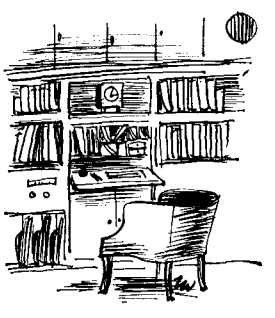

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—LYNN MILLER, *Publishers' Weekly.*

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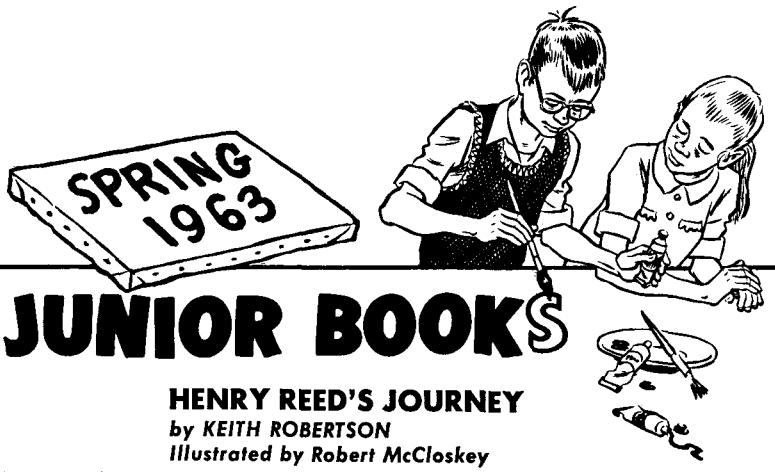

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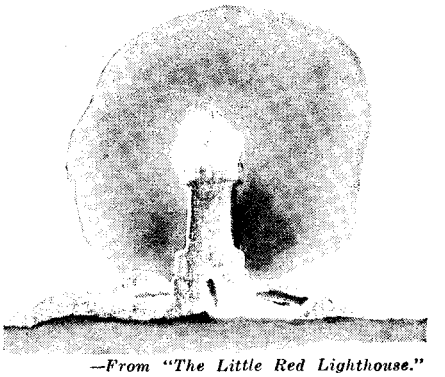

—From "The Little Red Lighthouse."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In SR, Feb. 16, 1963, Otto Kleinberg mentioned, with considerable scorn, "animistic and anthropomorphic stories for children" and remarked that he had "even" found in a reader a story in which a little red lighthouse carried on a conversation with a bridge, and was "very proud." It is only once in a while that a good story with personification of objects or natural forces is written. This particular one—"The Little Red Lighthouse" (Harcourt, Brace & World $3.25)—has been a favorite of our children for twenty-one years. Dr. Kleinberg has a tough adversary in that little red lighthouse, which may very well stand as a symbol of some of the best-loved stories written for children. I have asked Hildegarde Hoyt Swift, author of many other fine books for young people, to tell about the events leading up to and following her writing of "The Little Red Lighthouse."* —A.D.

By HILDEGARDE H. SWIFT

WHEN my sons were young, we spent a great deal of time looking at the sights of New York City. Best of all, we liked the little lighthouse that stood on a spit of land jutting into the Hudson. It was red and gay and so very, very small—in dramatic contrast to the majestic river before it and the big apartment houses behind.

Then one day, motoring along Riverside Drive, we saw an open barge, full of giant cables on giant reels, crossing the Hudson. "There goes the first cable of the new bridge," said my husband. Through the weeks we watched the great structure growing till the George Washington Bridge stood complete in all its gray beauty. But the lighthouse—alas, for the poor little lighthouse! How it had shrunk and dwindled as the bridge towered above it! Worst of all, the brilliant, flashing light of the new bridge seemed to eclipse the small beacon below.

Out of this came the children's book *The Little Red Lighthouse and the Great Gray Bridge*, to which Lynd Ward added his dramatic, imaginative pictures. From the first, children took the story to their hearts. They could understand a small hero who felt uncertain and baffled in an overpowering world. Each reader knew how he felt. He *was* the Little Red Lighthouse.

Nine years went by. It was Wednesday, July 11, 1951, when I picked up a copy of the New York *Herald Tribune* and read with dismay:

CHILD FRIENDS OF SMALL LIGHTHOUSE SHOCKED BY NEWS IT'S UP FOR SALE

> The United States Coast Guard struck an unwitting blow at the faith of children yesterday. All it wanted to do was to sell the little red lighthouse under the George Washington Bridge to the highest bidder. . . .
>
> What the Coast Guard seemed unaware of was that its pocketsize lighthouse had a personality and a public. Small necks crane out of car windows when they pass on the Henry Hudson Parkway, because one of the most treasured of their childhood books, one about a little lighthouse and a big bridge, has always reassured them about being little in a world of big things. . . .
>
> Faced with the decision that the lighthouse must be carted away, young readers could reflect that it had been in danger before. For according to the story in the book, the little red lighthouse developed serious feelings of rejection when navigation lights on the bridge made its own flash unnecessary. And, after all, it was there first—since 1889, in fact. That was when it consisted of two 10-candlepower lanterns on a red post.
>
> The lighthouse and its friends, the story in the book went on, were saved from unhappiness by the assurance that small things could feel "useful and important," alongside the large. But this time there would be no happy ending. It was no longer true that "the Little Red Lighthouse still had work to do." . . .
>
> "I have heard the news of the little red lighthouse," Cathie Louise Hauser wrote to the Coast Guard. "I have read the story of it many times. I have been to see it when I visited New York and when I heard the news I was hart-broken [*sic*]. What I wrote for was to ask if it could be left alone where it is."

From all over the city and from far beyond, protests and letters began to pour in—to the Coast Guard, to the mayor, to Robert Moses, park commissioner. To the voices of the children were added more appeals from individuals and groups. Eleanor Roosevelt objected, as did the influential writer for the New York *Times* Anne O'Hare McCormick. All of them argued rightly that anything which the children so greatly loved must be saved. Other newspapers and radio commentators reported the controversy. News of the Lilliputian brew spread to Europe. On the 12th of August, 1951, *Das Neue Zeitung* of Berlin carried a feature article—"*Der Leuchtturm der Kinder.*" *Life* magazine gave the little red lighthouse a two-page spread.

Most telling of all was the long column by Anne McCormick, who used the lighthouse as a symbol of the individual and of the small nation beset by an uncertain world.

> One of the real dangers of our time is that too many people in the free world are somewhat in the position of the little red lighthouse under the big bridge. They feel dwarfed and futile beside the two giants they see dominating the world and deciding its destiny. If something should be done to renew the individual's belief in his own consequence, it is even more vital to revive the faith of nations in themselves and their power to maintain their independence. For faith is the fundamental element of strength.

As with all good Cinderella stories, the ending was a happy one: "Moses Would Save Bridge Lighthouse," ran one headline, "Will Ask Coast Guard to Turn It Over to City." And later: "Pet Lighthouse Is Saved for Children; City Getting It as a Gift from Coast Guard." "Meanwhile," the newspaper explained, "the Coast Guard will make the little red lighthouse shipshape for the small boys and girls who saved it from the scrapheap."

So the last lighthouse on Manhattan Island still holds its point of land under the bridge. Every year hundreds of children come to pay a visit, to play around it, to inspect it, to draw their own pictures of it. On the boats that go around Manhattan Island thousands of children and adults are told this story as they pass the lighthouse.

The fantasy in the book has come true. "Beside the towering gray bridge the Lighthouse still bravely stands. Though it knows now that it is little, it is still very, very proud."

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Ages 4-8. $1.95

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Written and illustrated by Carol Fenner. The pleasantly "spooky" story of a little girl who was sure there were tigers in the cellar.
Ages 4-8. $3.00

HANS AND PETER
Written and illustrated by Heidrun Petrides. An enchanting story of two small Swiss boys and their playhouse, with magnificent full-color paintings. Ages 5-8. $4.50

OL' DAN TUCKER
Retold by John Langstaff; illustrated by Joe Krush. A gay picture book, including piano and guitar accompaniment, as lively as the old song itself. Ages. 5-9. $2.95

LEE LAN FLIES THE DRAGON KITE
Written and illustrated by Ralph Herrmanns; translated by Annabelle MacMillan. Family life on a Hong Kong fishing junk. Full-color photographs. Ages 6 up. $3.50

MONEY ROUND THE WORLD
By Al Hine; illustrated by John Alcorn. A graphic word-and-picture history of money.
Ages 7-10. $2.95

TATSINDA
By Elizabeth Enright; illustrated by Irene Haas. A fairy tale of extraordinary beauty, exquisitely illustrated in full color and black and white. Ages 7-12. $3.50

INSECTS AND PLANTS
The Amazing Partnership
By Elizabeth K. Cooper; illustrated by Shirley Briggs. With contagious enthusiasm, a leading science writer describes the remarkable interrelationship of insects and plants.
Ages 10-14. $3.00

YOUNG JOHN KENNEDY
By Gene Schoor; illustrated with photographs. The President's biography, from boyhood to election, with excerpts from letters and journals. Ages 12 up. $3.95

Illustration from *I'm Not Me*

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

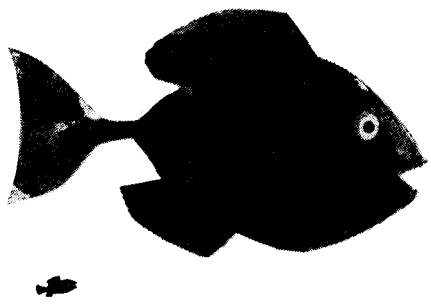
Design or Content?

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THE American Institute of Graphic Arts is holding its 1961-62 show of children's books. This will be at the New York Public Library until June 8, at San Francisco Public Library in November, at San Diego Public Library in January, as well as at several state teachers' colleges at other times. It should be on view in many major cities.

Inevitably controversial in some of its aspects, the exhibit is always stimulating. This year I looked through the catalogue with particular interest: how many of these books had been covered in *SR*? Many of them; though a few were not reviewed because they seemed not to be books but simply artists' playgrounds or showcases, without much thought of the children whose books they should be. The AIGA puts its emphasis, as probably it must, on design and illustration without reference to content, with the result that, as Seth Agnew of Doubleday said in his excellent article for *Publishers' Weekly* for April 8, some of the books are "actually shells." An illustrator or designer should have the opportunity to experiment with color and shape, but he should also keep in mind the overriding importance of the book's communicating with its young audience. A picture book should also be worth the $3 to $3.50 that it now costs, and so must have enough content (words, please) not to be tossed aside after one reading. Most of the entries in the show are picture books, because publishers seem to spend less time and effort on the design of those for older children.

One notices several things about the show immediately. First of all, the number of publishers with more than one book selected is limited, but then the number of publishers who give their books the careful design and production they need is also limited. Very few designers have three or more books in the show. Nevertheless, the judges state that if they had applied all their critical standards to every book, choice would have been still more restricted.



—*From "Swimmy."*

The judges have full responsibility for selecting the books and standing by them. However, they should tell us in the catalogue more about the book itself, and elaborate on interesting techniques; these comments are extremely useful to young artists and designers, as well as to all who are interested in good book-making. Instead, there is too much concentration on the pitfalls of side sewing (the binding demanded for durability by schools and many libraries). Since they are mentioned in the introduction perhaps they need not have had so much space in the comments on the individual books. My general impression is that only one, or perhaps two, publishers realize that the designer and artist must specially prepare double-page spreads for this type of binding, which is peculiar because their preparation is not difficult, and is essential in preventing part of the picture from being sucked into the binding. Maybe the judges decided to declare all-out war on bindings this year.

IT is interesting to see examples of "mass market" books included—as they should be. But some of us wonder if it is important to give the size of first printings, which vary from 7,500 to 100,000 copies. Of course, the large printing helps to keep down the price of mass market books, but among those with a modest first printing of 10,000 copies there are going to be some that will surprise us by the length of their life span and number of reprints.

Certain pronouncements on individual books have been amazing readers of the catalogue. For instance, as a friend of mine remarked, how on earth can a judge commenting on Warren Chappell's *The Sleeping Beauty* predict, "There will be other picture books on this subject but none so dignified and lyrical as this"? And, personally, I do not "stand back in pleasure and awe" before Maurice Sendak's drawings for that rather heavy and dull book of German fairy tales *Schoolmaster Whackwell's Wonderful Sons*. Further-

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more, why was *The Ballad of the Pilgrim Cat* included at all when it is so poorly printed?

The stout, well-designed little catalogue will be of interest to many who cannot see the show itself, as whole pages of books are reproduced in miniature, with comments. The price is $2.75 postpaid, and it may be secured by writing to the Secretary, The American Institute of Graphic Arts, 1059 Third Ave., New York 21, N.Y. Information may also be obtained about the exhibit if other cities wish to have it. A charge is made for shipping and rental of the books in the four touring shows.

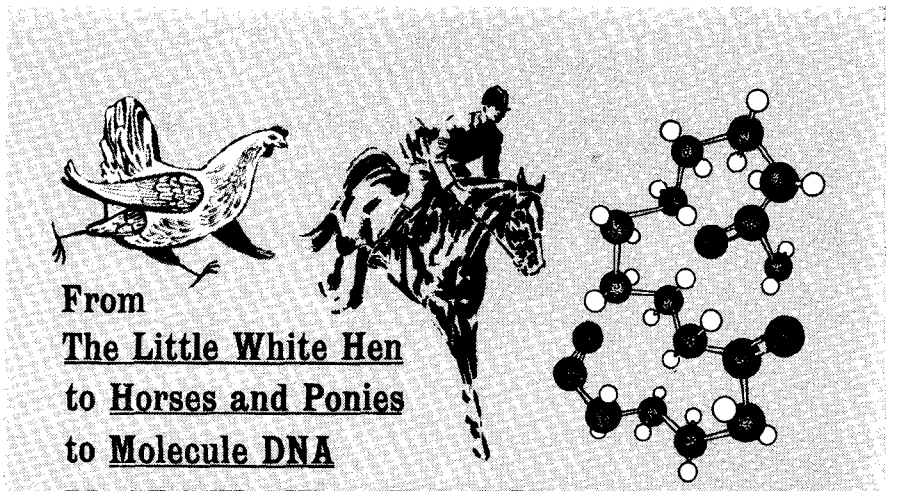
PICTURE BOOKS

SPRING IS A NEW BEGINNING. *By Joan Walsh Anglund. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $1.95. For the many devoted followers of Joan Anglund's little books, this will undoubtedly be another delight. In this pretty little yellow-and-green world children see tadpoles and ducklings, rabbits, robins' nests, and newborn calves. The conclusion—"Spring brings an end to winter and a fresh beginning. It is a gentle farewell to yesterday and the birth of new hope"—scarcely seems childlike in its wording, but children will love the illustrations, as they have before. All ages.

JERRY AND AMI. *Story and pictures by Anna Kopczynski. Scribners.* 48 *pp.* $2.75. Jerry and his dog, Ami, were friends. Where Jerry went, Ami went, too. Whatever Jerry did, the little dachshund tried to share. We go with them in simple line drawings through seasons and festivals and play, and watch them grow up together. It is a small book that young children can handle easily, with pictures and story they can understand. Ages 3-7 (6?).

SOUNDS OF A SUMMER NIGHT. *By May Garelick. Illustrated by Beni Montresor. William R. Scott.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. The idea here is essentially a good one: the sounds of a summer night and morning are presented to a small child, who is reassured, not frightened, by them. Some of the pictures are cheerful—before the sun goes down—but the dark loneliness pictured by the artist, with the child's bed out in the middle of abstract night, does not convey the reassurance. However, the book may help the child to listen appreciatively. Ages 3-6.

THE LITTLE WHITE HEN. *By Anita Hewett. Illustrated by William Stobbs. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.75. In a book that comes from England we have an amusing story of how the speckled hen got her spots. It is not "an old folk tale" but a variant of several old tales. This time the hen finds a piece of paper with squiggly marks on it, puts on her spectacles (?), tries to read it but cannot, so takes it to the King. On the way she meets a fox,



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PICTURE BOOKS

RED BANTAM
By Louise Fatio. Illus. in three colors by Roger Duvoisin. Red Bantam proves that one need not be big to be courageous. "Superb"—*Kansas City Star.* "Elegantly produced."—*Horn Book.* Ages 4-8. $2.75*

THE LITTLE WHITE HEN
By Anita Hewett. Illus. in three colors by William Stobbs. "Delightful . . . The drawings are wonderfully good."—Virginia Haviland, Specialist in Children's Literature. Ages 4-8. $2.75*

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT
Paul Galdone has chosen John Godfrey Saxe's version of this tale and embellished it with delightfully amusing pictures in three colors. Ages 4-8. $2.50*

LITTLE RACCOON AND THE THING IN THE POOL
By Lilian Moore. Little Raccoon fishes in spite of the fearsome Thing in the Pool. Gioia Fiammenghi's winning drawings in two colors will make it even more fun to "Read-it-Yourself." "Recommended . . . appealing."—*Chicago Tribune.* "Sprightly."—*Horn Book.* Ages 5-9. $2.50*

THE WAY OF THE SHEPHERD
A Story of the Twenty-third Psalm. Written and illustrated in three colors by Nora S. Unwin. "Delightful. Brings fresh understanding to the beloved Shepherd Psalm. Grownups will enjoy the book along with their children."—*Catherine Marshall.* Ages 6-9. $2.50*

THE EARTH IS YOUR SPACESHIP
By Julius Schwartz. Illus. in three colors by Marc Simont. Young readers will find fun and science too in this imaginative book. "Important . . . lively . . . attractive."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 5-9. $2.50*

MIDDLE GROUP

GRAVITY ALL AROUND
By Tillie S. Pine and Joseph Levine. Illus. in two colors by Bernice Myers. This addition to a most successful science series explains gravity on earth and in outer space. Ages 7-11. $2.50*

THE DAY THE NUMBERS DISAPPEARED
By Leonard Simon and Jeanne Bendick. Illus. in two colors by Jeanne Bendick. Mr. Dibbs' class thought they didn't need numbers until "the day the numbers disappeared." Ages 8-12. $2.75*

COMPLETE BOOK OF HORSES AND PONIES
By Margaret Cabell Self. Illus. with over 140 drawings and photographs by R. W. Mutch. As useful a reference book, as it is delightful reading. Everything the young equestrian wants and needs to know. "A lot of book for this price."—*Virginia Kirkus.* Ages 10 and up. $5.95

POINT TO THE STARS
By Joseph Maron Joseph and Sarah Lee Lippincott. Illus. with photographs, charts and line drawings. How to identify stars, planets, and constellations by a unique, new method. Ages 10 up. $3.95*

TEENAGERS

HIGH SCHOOL BACKSTOP
By C. P. and O. B. Jackson. Illus. by Robert Henneberger. An exciting baseball adventure by these well-known authors. $2.95

UNDERSTANDING SCIENCE
Third edition, revised and enlarged. By William Crouse. Illus. by Jeanne Bendick. and Dabney Mahanes. Includes a completely new chapter on computers. $3.95

MOLECULES TODAY AND TOMORROW
By Margaret O. Hyde. Illus. by Mildred Waltrip. All about molecules — including the molecule DNA, the most fascinating subject in science today. Simple experiments. $3.25*

CHALLENGE OF THE UNIVERSE
A Vistas of Science Book. By J. Allen Hynek, Ph.D. and Norman D. Anderson. Illus. by Helmut Wimmer. Photographs. This joint project of the National Science Teachers Association and NASA is a fascinating casebook of astrophysics and celestial mechanics. $2.50*

TELSTAR
Communication Break-Through By Satellite. By Louis Solomon. Photographs. The story of Telstar, how it works, what it means for the future of communications. 2nd large printing. $2.95

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from LITTLE, BROWN

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***THE CRAZY ZOO THAT DUDLEY DREW**
Written and illustrated in color by Carl Rose. See the animals Dudley drew. They came alive and gave him funny problems. Ages 6 up. $2.95

THE PUP WHO BECAME A POLICE DOG
By Wilma Pitchford Hays. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. A true story about a German shepherd who served on a police force. Ages 6-8. $2.75

***SEE A WHITE HORSE**
By Miska Miles. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. About wishes and horses by the author and artist of *Kickapoo*. Ages 8-10. $2.75

***THE DISAPPEARING DOG TRICK**
By Scott Corbett. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Kerby's magic chemistry set sends him on another funny adventure with his dog. Ages 8-12. $3.25

BASEBALL FLYHAWK
By Matt Christopher. Illustrated by Foster Caddell. About a boy of Puerto Rican background who tries too hard to succeed. Ages 8 up. $2.95

FUN WITH FRENCH
By Lee Cooper and Clifton McIntosh. Illustrated by Ann Atene. With this book anyone can really have fun learning French. Ages 8 up. $3.50

***THE FORESTS OF ADVENTURE**
By Werner F. Schmidt. Illustrated by Artur Marokvia. About a boy who faces deadly enemies in defense of the crown of the realm. Ages 10 up. $3.75

***FROM THE TURTLE TO THE NAUTILUS The Story of Submarines**
By Edwin P. Hoyt. Illustrated by Charles Geer. A readable and accurate history of submarines and the men who make and man them. Ages 12 up. $3.50

FLIGHTS OF THE ASTRONAUTS
By William Roy Shelton. Illustrated by Robert Curran. The second act in the great drama of U.S. space probes. Ages 12 up. $3.75

TO SAVE YOUR LIFE
By Natalie Davis Spingarn. Illustrated by Marvin Waller. True stories of the U.S. Public Health Service. Ages 12 up. $3.95

ENGINEERING IS LIKE THIS
By Bertha Dodge. Illustrated by Tom Dunnington. What is back of "the know-how that built Niagara," from the first deep-well pump to modern pump turbines. Ages 14 up. $3.95

**Atlantic Monthly Press Books*

LITTLE, BROWN • Boston

a river, and a fire, and puts them in her basket with disturbing and amusing results. No, the little hen did not learn to read, which could have been the too-obvious moral. The fire scattered ashes on her, and she became a speckled hen. Small children will find it fun and enjoy the refrain, "Tuck-a-luck, tuck-a-luck-luck," as well as William Stobbs's colorful and lively illustrations. Ages 4-7.

THE SKY WAS BLUE. *By Charlotte Zolotow. Pictures by Garth Williams. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. This is the simplest presentation I've seen of "tell me about long ago." A mother and child are looking at an old photograph album, which goes back from mother's childhood to great-grandmother's and tells only: "When she was little she wore a dress like this:" "She had a doll like this:" "They rode in a car like this:" "They lived in a house like this:" There is an added note of reassurance in each case. "How did she feel?" the little girl asks. "Oh," says her mother, "the way you feel. The sky was blue, grass was green . . . the sun was warm and yellow just as they are now." When the child goes to bed, she wants her mother to hug her before she blows out the candle. Throughout there is a warm assurance that life goes on. Ages 4-6.

GILBERTO AND THE WIND. *Written and illustrated by Marie Hall Ets. Viking.* 32 *pp.* $3. In a suitable companion to *Play with Me*, which is one of the most satisfactory books ever made for the youngest children, Gilberto, a little Mexican boy, tells the story of how he plays with wind. The pictures are in skilfully employed black, brown, and gray—and white is also used as a color by allowing the white paper to show through. There is just enough of a little boy's natural tendency to personify to make the story seem precisely right. The jacket of the book is in bright, springtime green. Children may like to know that Gilberto was a real little boy in California. Ages 2-5.

THE APRIL UMBRELLA. *By Priscilla and Otto Friedrich. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. What would you do if you were Nicholas, up in the attic on a rainy day? Well, he opened an old green umbrella and wished—first of all for a dog. And, as it was a wishing umbrella, things happened in delirious sequence and in a confusion that Duvoisin pictures quite suitably. The conclusion is, of course, almost a traditional fairy tale ending—but it will come as a surprise to small children. Ages 4-8.

—From "The April Umbrella."

THE FITFIDDLES KEEP FIT. *Written and illustrated by Charlotte Steiner. Knopf.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. This slight but amusing book plays on a contemporary topic—the President's physical fitness program. Children will enjoy it and not find the theme so well-worn as their parents will. They will like the antics of the rabbits, especially the long hike spread across two pages. Ages 4-7.

HOW TO GO ABOUT LAYING AN EGG. *By Bernard Waber. Pictures by the author. Houghton Mifflin.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. Though I'm assured it also amuses children, this is one of those tongue-in-cheek books—frankly so—and especially funny to adults. The hen's expressions as she searches for a nest (she seems to be lucky enough not to work on an assembly line) and as she concentrates on egg-laying are worth seeing. A mildly entertaining bit of fluff. All ages (?).

SWIMMY. *By Leo Lionni. Pantheon Books (A Division of Random House).* 32 *pp.* $3.50. The originality, color, and beauty of this picture book stand out immediately as one picks it up. (Remember *The Little Inch Worm* by the same artist-author?)

Swimmy, the only small fish left after big fish have eaten the rest of his group, swims through his watery world, seeing "a lobster looking like a water moving machine," and other pleasant sights. Swimmy "thinks and thinks" about how to live in this dangerous world, and finally organizes a group of small fish into the shape of one big fish, of which he is the eye, or leader, and from whom the large fish retreat hastily. I believe that in general this is true to nature, and, of course, the meaning, "let's stick together," is plain.

The techniques used are exciting to artists and may be interesting to children though a trifle confusing at times. Ages 5-8.

THE SEVEN RAVENS. *A story by the Brothers Grimm, with pictures by Felix Hoffman. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $3.75.The story is adapted, shortened, and softened from the Grimm tale, but this does not seem to matter too much; it is one of those lesser known stories. Felix Hoffman has technical excellence; these pictures are seven-color lithographs made on stone, and they were excellently printed in Switzerland. Some of the drawings are quite lovely, but I am not for period fairy tales in modern or almost modern dress. It may bring them closer to some of today's children, but it seems to me that it destroys part of their magic. Ages. 5-8.

THE KING'S PROCESSION. *By James and Ruth McCrea. Atheneum.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. This husband and wife team is new to children's books, and their first attempt,

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which is attractive in color and design, has a story that children will enjoy—one that has feeling.

Pipin, the stable boy, rode with the King's Procession on his skin-and-bones donkey. He was happy until people laughed at him, something the King could not tolerate. He offered Pipin a fine mount, which meant that Pipin had to make a choice between his donkey and the white pony.

Children will like the satisfactory ending: "'My little donkey, you are the most beautiful bag-of-bones in the whole world.' And he hugged it hard round its scriggly-scraggly, old neck." Ages 4-8.

JOSEFINA FEBRUARY. *Written and illustrated by Evaline Ness. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. "Not long ago on a high hill in Haiti, there lived a little girl named Josefina February. Josefina lived with her grandfather, Mr. February, in a house that had one room, bamboo walls and a banana leaf roof."

One day Josefina goes to the market to buy her grandfather a pair of real leather shoes. On the way she meets a charming little black burro "with a fringe of brown hair on top of his head." Josefina wants the donkey but has to make a difficult decision. The story is warm and friendly, the woodcuts outstanding though sophisticated in their color and treatment. It will be interesting to see if children simply take them for granted as accompaniments to the story. This is the first book Miss Ness has both written and illustrated. Ages 4-8.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE. *By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrations by Paul Galdone. Crowell.* 32 *pp.* $3.50.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

This famous poem used to be familiar to American children, many of whom had to memorize it. Then it became not so popular, as aspersions were cast on Longfellow's historical accuracy, and almost every child knew that the famous ride was not made alone and the journey not finished on horseback by Paul Revere. It is, however, a ballad, allied to primitive painting, and needs to be viewed in the same way. It is also included in anthologies as a stirring poem that may lead children to an interest in storytelling verse.

Now Paul Galdone has given it pictures that keep pace with the story, and it will have new life. The illustrations are necessarily somewhat somber to suggest the moonlit night, but they are relieved by bright touches of red. The artist visited the scene of the ride, and climbed the tower of the Old North Church. The editor (or artist) took the trouble to go back to a first edition of the poem, which differs in a few details from later versions. All ages.

THE STORY OF MULBERRY BEND. *By William Wise. Pictures by Hoot von Zitzewitz. Dutton.* 32 *pp.* $3. This un-

"Enough to make the heart beat for sheer pleasure."—*Chicago Tribune*

She Loves Me... She Loves Me Not...

By ROBERT KEESHAN, *pictures in three colors by* MAURICE SENDAK

The creator of TV's Captain Kangaroo and the artist *Time* calls "the Picasso of children's books" combine their talents to put new life into the old daisy-petal game. "Adults will buy it; children may consider it theirs also." — *Saturday Review.* $1.95 $2.19*

Ages 4-8

PRINCE BERTRAM THE BAD

By ARNOLD LOBEL, *pictures in three colors by the author.* What happens to Bad Bertram when a bird he has hit with a stone turns out to be a witch. "One of the best of recent 'mean' stories." — *Library Journal* $2.95 $2.92*

THE MELLOPS' GO SPELUNKING

By TOMI UNGERER, *pictures in three colors by the author.* A favorite family of quick-witted French pigs explore a cavern. "One of their most successful expeditions." — *Publishers' Weekly.* $2.50 $2.57*

THE SKY WAS BLUE

By CHARLOTTE ZOLOTOW, *pictures in three colors by* GARTH WILLIAMS. A little girl and her mother look through three generations of family photographs. "A children's book we don't want anybody to miss." — *Ilg and Ames Syndicated Column.* $2.95 $2.92*

Ages 8-12

JEAN-CLAUDE'S ISLAND

By NATALIE SAVAGE CARLSON, *pictures by* NANCY EKHOLM BURKERT. A French Canadian farm boy bridges the conflict between his father and grandfather over old ways and new. "A wonderfully warm and human story of family life. . . . Good feeling. Good book." — *Book Buyer's Guide.* $3.50 $3.47*

THE BULLY OF BARKHAM STREET

By MARY STOLZ, *pictures by* LEONARD SHORTALL. These are the events that happened on Barkham Street told from the bully's point of view. "The sensitive, comical lives of vigorous young boys, with a Twainean insight . . . enjoyable reading." (Double-starred) — *Virginia Kirkus* $3.50 $3.27*

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for the children you love

A SUMMER'S DUCKLING

By DANIEL LANG, *pictures by* DOROTHY BAYLEY MORSE. A wild duckling on a New England island teaches Maggie the responsibilities of caring for a pet. $2.95 $2.92*

Ages 10 up

IT'S LIKE THIS, CAT

By EMILY NEVILLE, *illustrated by* EMIL WEISS. "May definitely be cited as a rare reading experience, which will delight boys — and girls — growing up in Manhattan, and intrigue those less familiar with the metropolis . . . a potentially prize-winning book." (Double-starred) — *Virginia Kirkus* $3.50 $3.27*

Ages 12 up

A GOLDEN TOUCH

By ANNABEL *and* EDGAR JOHNSON. A young boy's adventures in a gold-mining town of the Old West. "Well salted with mystery and humor . . . highly recommended." — *Horn Book.* $2.95 $2.92*

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By WALTER LORD. A re-creation of Peary's triumphant expedition to the North Pole in 1909. "The author of *A Night to Remember* has convincingly conveyed Robert E. Peary's relentless ambition to 'stand on top of the world.'" (Starred)—*Virginia Kirkus.* 30 photos and a map.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SEEING EYE

By PETER PUTNAM. The inspiring story of the Seeing Eye Dog Program, with a sensitive description of the two-way training of dog and blind master. "A moving and educational book." (Starred)—*Virginia Kirkus.* 30 photos.

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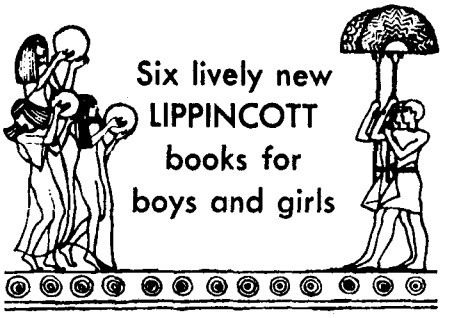

THE MYSTERY OF THE PHARAOH'S TREASURE

By JANET NEAVLES. *Illustrated by Luciana Roselli.* In this exciting and authentic story of 3,000 years ago, an Egyptian boy must catch the thief who has been robbing the Pharaoh's tomb — or else his brother will die. Ages 8-12. $3.50

A DOG SO SMALL

By PHILIPPA PEARCE. *Illustrated by Antony Maitland.* The adventures of a boy in London who longed for a dog — and found one so small he could see it only with his eyes shut. Ages 8-12. $2.95

MARTIN PIPPIN IN THE DAISY FIELD

By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Illustrated by Isobel and John Morton-Sale.* An enchanting companion to *Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard* in which Martin tells six stories and sings six songs to six little girls who don't want to go to bed. Ages 8 up. . $3.95

GLASS AND MAN

Written and illustrated by ANNE HUETHER. A vivid, informative account of the history and development of glass in art, science, and industry. Ages 12 up. $4.50

SURGEON'S APPRENTICE

By THEODORA KOOB. The exciting story of a young man apprenticed to his surgeon father in Virginia during the early 1800's. A vivid picture of the practice of medicine in rural Virginia. Ages 12-15. $3.50

The beautiful, new TASHA TUDOR edition of

THE SECRET GARDEN

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Eleven full-page, full-color illustrations, twenty-seven black-and-white pencil drawings, and endpaper and jacket design by Tasha Tudor have completely caught the magic of this beloved classic. Ages 10-14. $5.00

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia / New York
Good Books Since 1792

usual picture book has no color except on the jacket. The line drawings are not good when they are close-ups and have to struggle with Jacob Riis's straw hat, pince nez, and waxed mustache. The story, however, is an interesting one, and it brings Jacob Riis closer to children of New York. Other cities, too, could profit from it, for Jacob Riis, as you will remember, was a reporter who, when he saw conditions that needed changing, was instrumental in getting them changed. Mulberry Bend was one of our worst slums, and "Jacob had written many times about Mulberry Bend. He had written that the old houses should be torn down and new houses built to take their place." But the people said nothing could be done about it, and they brushed Mulberry Bend out of their minds. Then one day Jacob asked a boy who lived there how his sick mother was and suggested she might like flowers. Albert said, "I don't know what flowers are like. I have never seen any."

Jacob went home and brought back great armfuls of flowers—and he reported for his paper the delight this gave to the children. What the people of New York did, and what eventually happened to Mulberry Bend round out the story. Ages 4-9.

OL' DAN TUCKER. *Retold by John Langstaff. Pictures by Joe Krush. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. What a fine time Joe Krush must have had making these lively, entertaining pictures—and what a good time families, as well as children in school, will have singing this old song! And even without singing them, children will enjoy the verses. This is one of those songs that snowballed into many verses; John Langstaff has selected from the many. The music he gives is for banjo and piano. All ages.

THE SECRET THREE. *By Mildred Myrick. Drawings by Arnold Lobel. Harper & Row.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. Although this is an "I Can Read Book," it should not be segregated among the "E" books (E for Easy) because any boy or girl who likes adventure, clubs with passwords, coded messages (but is not just tops in reading) will have a very good time with it. The Secret Three are delightful and the pictures amusing. Ages 4-8.

THE MELLOPS GO SPELUNKING. *By Tomi Ungerer. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. The Mellops, already well known and liked, are adventurous pigs. Here they decide to go spelunking (a nice new word for children to roll on their tongues). Their cave adventures are exciting, and they find paintings done by "cave men or cave pigs." This is for those children who from very early days long for adventure and seldom get it in pictures. Ages 5-8.

THE EARTH IS YOUR SPACESHIP. *By Julius Schwartz. Pictures by Marc Simont. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. Young science books sometimes break ground, sometimes follow well-worn paths, especially when it comes to space. Here is one that has a different presentation, one that cannot fail to catch the imagination of children. The pictures show, in imaginative form, how we ride through space; and the text explains why we do not fall off the earth. Children will be fascinated to think of the earth's orbit around the sun in terms of their birthdays instead of an impersonal 365 days: "For each year of your life Spaceship Earth has carried you one orbit. How many orbits have you made so far?"

Only the most crusty scientist could object to the fun of this, and Julius Schwartz has the science background that allows him a little leeway. Ages 5-9.

WILD AND TAME ANIMALS. *Written and illustrated by Dahlov Ipcar. Doubleday.* 40 *pp.* $2.75. While the fact that all tame animals were once wild seems obvious, it is not at all apparent to young children. In unusual colors and decorative illustrations the artist shows how animals looked when wild, and she also pictures the domesticated ones. A small child will look at these pictures over and over again; a slightly older one can read the text. Ages up to 6.

MIDDLE GROUP

MISS OSBORNE-THE-MOP. *By Wilson Gage. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. World.* 156 *pp.* $2.95. You may remember that Wilson Gage wrote that delightful book *Dan and the Miranda,* about a boy and his science hobby — spiders. Here she gives us fantasy, light-hearted, different, entertaining. When Jody said to her cousin Dill, "Oh, shut up and become a squirrel, will you?" he did. Fortunately, Jody could undo her magic—except when it changed the dust mop into a person. Miss Mop was there to stay. In the rest of the story Jody finds out why at first she couldn't reverse the magic, which she does in the end. Paul Galdone has helped to present Miss Mop as the character she is. Good fun. Ages 8-12.

A DOG CALLED SCHOLAR. *By Anne H. White. Illustrated by Lillian Obligado. Viking.* 158 *pp.* $3. Here is a light-hearted, amusing book for young dog lovers — to be enjoyed by the entire family if read aloud. Scholar is a golden retriever given to the children of a family because he turned out to be copper colored, not golden. In spite of this color lapse, Scholar, after he had been tutored on behavior, became a wonderful pet. He had one characteristic that supplies most of the humor in the story: he simply had to give presents to everyone. This I would think exaggerated if I had not known a cocker that would always hurry to find a gift for each guest who arrived—sometimes a large wad of paper or a not-too-clean dishcloth. Ages 8-11.

LETTERS FROM POMPEII. *By Wilhelmina Feemster Jashemski. Illustrations by M. Sasek. Ginn & Co.* 156 *pp.* $3. While this is sold as a general book, it is obviously a textbook—the line between text and so-called "trade" books being drawn very thin these days. If it is, as it says plainly, "a social studies enrich-

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ment book," it is an unusual one. "Aunt Minna," the author, is evidently an anthropologist, though one does not find out about this before reading a good many letters, about a sea voyage and family affairs. Then she and "Uncle Stanley" get to Pompeii, where new excavations are going on. The author does make the young reader see Pompeii and feel present while the molds of bodies, long disintegrated but clearly outlined in the lava and volcanic dust, are being poured. Included are firsthand descriptions of the disaster by the younger Pliny.

The book is illustrated by M. Sasek, whose travel picture books have been so popular, and he helps to make Pompeii real. We could wish that a few of Uncle Stanley's photographs were not thrown in with Sasek's drawings, and that the author did not describe the artist as having "a pixy twinkle in his eye." These playful moments are quite typical of children's books in general, as is the exclamatory style. However, the book is an advance over most textbooks, and children will enjoy it. Age not given; over 9?

JEAN-CLAUDE'S ISLAND. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Pictures by Nancy Ekholm Burkert. Harper & Row.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. Jean-Claude's family, who live on an island in the St. Lawrence River, are almost divided by a dispute between the boy's father, who wishes to buy a tractor, and his grandfather and grandmother, who despise such modern ideas. However, the tractor comes, and it is Jean-Claude who finally brings peace to the home. The plot is as simple as that, but in the course of the story these French Canadians become extraordinarily real, and their locale is part of the reader's experience.

Mrs. Carlson is fortunate in her illustrator, who shares her feeling for the characters and can give them life and emotion. In all, it is a most charming book. Ages 7-11.

TIME CAT: The Remarkable Journeys of Jason and Gareth. *By Lloyd Alexander. Illustrated by Bill Sokol. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 192 *pp.* $3.50. This story plays with time in much the same way as E. Nesbit's *The Five Children and It.* Gareth, the cat, takes Jason back to see the Sacred City of Cats in Egypt, to Rome and Britain in 55 B.C., and to other periods in history when cats were important. Both boys and girls with enough imagination to go along on the journeys will read the book, because these adventures in time are fascinating and plausible in their own way. Ages 9-11.

A DOG SO SMALL. *By Philippa Pearce. Illustrations by Anthony Maitland. Lippincott.* 142 *pp.* $2.95. Philippa Pearce is an English author who writes charmingly, though at too great length in this book, which children of seven or eight may enjoy hearing read aloud, even if no ten-to-twelve-year-old boy would stand for it. Ben, an English lad who looks eight in some pictures, nine in others, is sent a little, old cross-stitch picture of a Chihuahua named Chiquitito by his grandparents, and is bitterly disappointed that

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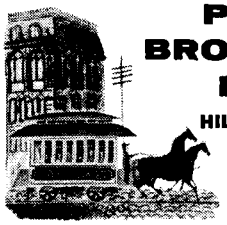

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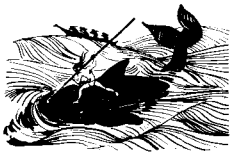

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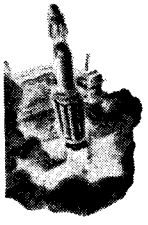

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it is not a real dog. He finds that by closing his eyes he can imagine the dog is there; in fact, it becomes all too real to him, and Ben goes too far when he dashes into traffic to rescue Chiquitito.

In the end he gets a real dog and accepts its less romantic name of Brownie. Girls may stay with the story longer than boys. Ages 8-12 (?)

THE BULLY OF BARKHAM STREET. *By Mary Stolz. Pictures by Leonard Shortall. Harper & Row.* 194 *pp.* $3.50. This is a fortunate spring for middle-group children; a number of their favorite authors have books for them. One marvels at the humor and understanding with which Mary Stolz can present, in her different books, a pre-teen boy, a teen-age girl, and, by way of variety, an adventurous pair of mice.

This story is a sequel to *A Dog on Barkham Street,* but is told more from Martin's point of view. Martin, who has a touching relationship with his dog, is a real boy, an overgrown one with an overgrown imagination. The incidents of the story are funny; the sibling relationships sizzle. I was almost sorry when Martin and his sister got together at the end, but perhaps it was only temporary: they were away from the frustrations of home life. Ages 8-12.

TATSINDA. *By Elizabeth Enright. Pictures by Irene Haas. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 80 *pp.* $3.50. Usually original fairy tales come from across the ocean, but here is an indigenous one with originality and good writing (what else from this author?). It reminds me a little of *The Princess and the Goblins,* yet it is entirely different.

Tatsinda lived in the kingdom of Tatrajan, where the people all had names that began with Ta, and the animals had names that began with Ti, like the racing Tidwell. There are complications for an adult as Tatrajinni names begin to build up, but children, who like secret languages, will probably take this in their stride.

The greatest complication was that all the Tatrajinni had glittering white hair, and their eyes were a cool, greenish blue. They were sorry for Tatsinda because her hair was golden, and her eyes were brown. The Gadblangs, who lived on the other side of the wall of mist, were a menace; but in the end Tatsinda and Prince Takatan overcame all dangers, were married, and had children of their own, with suitably mixed eye and hair color—so that there were "many different sorts of beauty in the kingdom instead of only one." There is now no word in the language that means war, no word that means hate except in children's games, and no one ever comes to trouble them again. It sounds like Utopia—and our children will wish it could be their world. Perhaps the fairy tale has gone back to its original purpose, but let us not dream too much. All adversaries do not vanish in a puff of smoke.

The pictures, in full color, will delight little girls who love fairy princes and princesses. Ages 7-9.

THE GIANT GOLDEN BOOK OF BIRDS. *By Robert Porter Allen. Illustrated by Arthur Singer. Golden Press.* 100 *pp.* $3.99. Children cannot help but be fascinated by this spacious, effective book, which describes both familiar birds and the interesting habits of more exotic ones, such as the bowerbird. This book, which groups the birds by type, is for reading rather than bird recognition; in other words, it isn't easily portable. All ages.

THE ART OF LANDS IN THE BIBLE. *By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Gerard Nook. Illustrated with photographs. Atheneum.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. The commodious pages in this well-designed companion to *The Art of Ancient Egypt* display museum objects with color overlays that bring out the detail rather than obscure it. While the objects pictured are sometimes tied in with Bible narratives, they do not represent the art of the ancient Hebrews (who were not allowed to make statues or "images") but of fellow peoples of "Bible Lands"—the Sumerians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and others. The author gives talks to children at the Metropolitan Museum, and we are glad to know she has additional books in preparation. They should be used, where possible, with museum visits, but may also lead to such visits later. This book has a most striking jacket and endpapers. Ages 8-11.

EXPLORING THE WORLD OF SOCIAL INSECTS. *Written and illustrated by Hilda Simon (Research Associate, American Museum of Natural History). Vanguard.* 120 *pp.* $3.95. Who says a science book does not have to be handsome? This one, with its detailed yet decorative two-color illustrations, is also, to quote from the introduction by Klots, "not only clear, accurate and most interesting but properly values the insects by their own measuring sticks, not by man's." In the author's words, "social insects behave as they do chiefly from instinct . . . rather than because of individual intelligence or learning from experience."

This excellently designed book has pages roomy enough to show the pollen baskets on the legs of bees, the scissor-like jaws of the leaf-cutting or parasol ants, the detail of the bees' brood comb, and the "city" of the carpenter ant. The insects are enlarged, but each kind is carefully given in scale at the end of the book. There is a good index. Ages 10 up.

TALES OF TROY AND GREECE. *By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Edward Bawden. Roy.* 299 *pp.* $3.95. This is a reprint, with new illustrations, of a book that has been out of print apparently both here and in England. It provides a fairly easy introduction to the stories of Ulysses, the Trojan Horse, the Fleece of Gold, Theseus, and Perseus. Best known for his collections of fairy tales, Lang occasionally strays into the use of the word "fairy" for these tales, but only on occasion. At times he also steps out from

(*Continued on page* 77)

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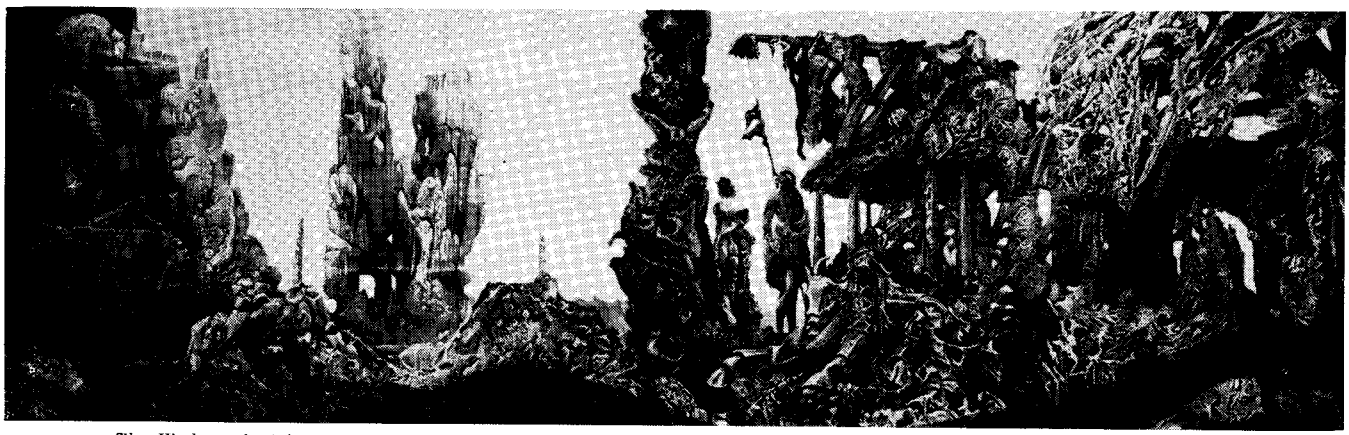
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



—*The Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn.*

"Europe After the Rain," by Max Ernst, 1942

IN THE EARLY FORTIES the German surrealist Max Ernst painted a series of richly encrusted canvases so entangled, intricate, and inventive as to defy rational analysis. Faintly recalling jungle labyrinths and overgrown Indonesian ruins, the most famous of the series referred to World War II and was entitled "Europe After the Rain." Here, exquisite finesse made final destruction seem more horrifying. Erosion, disintegration, and the quiet terror of frozen death combine in a composition where one form constantly turns into another. The urge to charge a single image with multiple meaning dominates the entire painting. No figure is precisely what it purports to be. Elliptical, evasive, delusive, and cumulative, this dense scene becomes a tangle of conflicting landmarks. Upheaval is complete, inhuman, atomic, and permanent. Twenty-one years ago Max Ernst had already predicted a nightmare world that today has become a household threat. —K.K.

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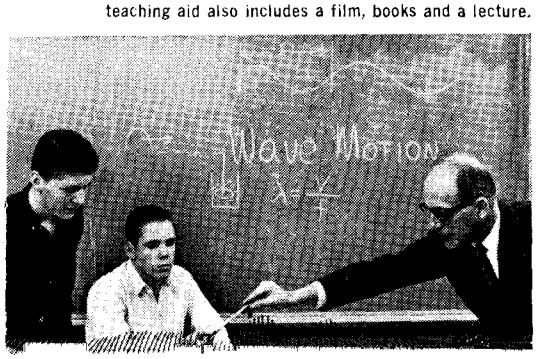
Two advanced physics students are producing a solar-powered, transistor audio-oscillator — the "From Sun to Sound" experiment — provided by the Bell System. The experiment requires students to calculate and design as well as construct some of the basic electronic components.

"Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

How the Bell System is helping to develop gifted young scientists and engineers

Tomorrow's top scientists and engineers are hidden in high school classrooms today. The problem is to find them, inspire them. And the Bell System is helping this national effort with a unique series of teaching aids.

A high school physics teacher demonstrates the "Wave Motion Machine," which illustrates wave behavior common to sound, light, electricity. The Bell System teaching aid also includes a film, books and a lecture.



Two of the units are illustrated here and four more described at the right. They are already being used in thousands of high schools.

Now in its third year, this science program has aided busy teachers and spurred eager students. As one Bell Laboratories man remarked, "Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

The program will continue, with the cooperation of leading educators, as long as it serves a useful purpose.

And the Bell System will benefit only as the nation benefits—from better teachers and abler young scientists and engineers.

Two other aids offered to America's schools, besides those illustrated:

Ferromagnetic Domains, *a basic approach to the study of magnetism, including books, a motion picture and four demonstration units.*

Solar Energy Experiment *for advanced students, containing all the materials necessary to turn silicon slabs into working solar cells.*

Aids to be offered in Fall, 1963:

The Speech Chain, *various classroom materials for physics and biology teachers on the inter-disciplinary study of speech and hearing.*

Speech Synthesis, *for advanced students, involves circuitry, electronic components, biology. Completed unit simulates speech sounds.*

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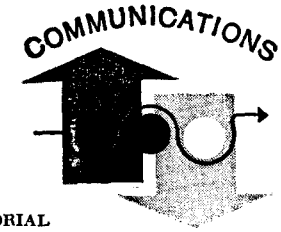

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The Newspapers Finally Face a Fact

ONE of the least publicized reports at the recent annual convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, yet one of the most vital, cited the continuing failure of the newspaper business to attract talented young people to careers in print journalism. While a great deal has been done or is planned by the Newspaper Information Service to create and maintain better public understanding of the role of daily newspapers and the valid reasons for going into print journalism as a lifetime job, a few hours' interviewing at the ANPA made eminently clear the truth that the newspaper business is downright worried by the continuing drop in first-class applicants. According to a second report to the ANPA from the American Council on Education for Journalism, a losing skirmish is being fought by the schools of journalism for their place in the academic sun. Increasing enrollment in many fields of the general college curriculum, except journalism, is forcing presidents and governing bodies of institutes of higher learning to reassess the emphasis on and the funds going to journalism schools. And the most vital support in this battle must come from the owners and operators of the nation's press, who, possibly for the first time, are acutely aware that something is fundamentally sour and needs sweetening.

It must be a shattering experience for the newspaper publisher, used to being king of all he surveys, to realize suddenly but clearly that his kingdom is no longer sacrosanct, and that there are many young people of potential talent in print journalism who simply do not want to live their lives in and around its magic. Why should this be so?

The defection of good career applicants is no sudden thing, actually, and the competition with radio and television but a small part of the equation. One factor is the recent prolonged newspaper strike in New York and Cleveland. The prestige of the *New York Times,* let's face it, took a terrible beating from its inability to appear in any form on the East Coast between December and April. Although the metropolitan areas involved soon came to know that there could be no possible long-term substitute for a newspaper, the fact is that TV and radio did keep most of the population in touch with most of the world about them, newspapers or no. Whether this would have been true had the strikes continued for another five months, no sensible person would guess. But that the newspaper business has a long way to come back following a prolonged strike, in this highly competitive news world, is so obvious it is painful to say it. In Minneapolis, Cleveland, and New York, newspaper circulations simply have not come back to where they were before the prolonged strikes in these cities. Many readers are undoubtedly lost forever to the electronic news media, and the traditional power of the press has been irreparably damaged.

Fortunately, newspapermen aren't taking the loss of face without counterattack. Forty thousand copies of a booklet entitled "Finding a Successful Career in the Daily Newspaper Business" already have been distributed to newspapers, high schools, guidance counselors, colleges,

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and schools of journalism. Irvin S. Taubkin, acting as coordinator in this project, has taken a giant step to promote newspapering as a profession for first-class recruits. The annual ANPA awards for college and high school publications and their staff members have been expanded into a highly successful newspaper information service program, based on the correct assumption that "any successful recruitment program must start at the high school level [and] a prime target should be young people who are already showing an interest in newspaper careers by their activities on high school publications." Classroom use of newspapers in high schools and colleges has increased amazingly in the last five years. No editor or publisher we talked to at the ANPA meeting now neglects this highly important recruitment and promotional exercise in his local market area.

For those who wish to take formal journalistic training as undergraduates or in graduate schools of journalism, the Newspaper Fund reports a tremendous upsurge since the last ANPA convention in the matter of scholarship assistance available. More than $500,000 could be tapped at the beginning of 1963, a figure surpassing by more than $100,000 the amount of scholarship aid reported to the Fund by schools and departments of journalism in the preceding year. Details of these scholarships may be obtained by writing the Fund at 44 Broad Street, New York 4, New York, and asking for the "Journalism Scholarship Guide," just published. The information in this fifty-six-page booklet was gathered through correspondence with cooperating departments and schools of journalism, and includes all journalism awards and scholarships of $100 or more. The total now stands at more than 833 undergraduate journalism scholarships worth $310,766, while graduate students have available to them more than 178 grants exceeding $196,665.

A lifetime in print journalism can be the most satisfying of careers—you can take our word for it, though you need only talk with valid newspapermen anywhere. Most of them wouldn't think of living any other professional life. The satisfaction of an endless search for truth, of personal expression through language, of the subtle, yet very real power of editorial persuasion, probably exists nowhere else, not even in radio or television. Therefore, the seriousness with which the ANPA's committees and membership are taking the all-out drive to attract talented young people to print journalism as a lifetime work is understandable, commendable, and, we sincerely hope, neither too late nor too little. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

FIGURES DO LIE

I READ REYNOLDS GIRDLER'S article, "18,000,000 Books Nobody Reads" [*SR*, Apr. 13] with great interest. I have often wondered why annual reports are so appallingly dull, despite the pretty pictures that are sometimes used to dress them up. I suppose one reason is that very few stockholders can make head or tail out of a balance sheet or a profit report. Since these are presented to them without a simplified explanation, it is understandable that few stockholders want to try to make their way through the technical data. You might like to know that I tackled a somewhat similar problem when I had to make the Constitution intelligible to modern readers. About 750,000 copies of this work were used by General Motors and other big corporations.

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I HAVE READ Mr. Girdler's piece in *SR*. As this is the time of year when annual reports of corporations arrive in considerable numbers, I have, as I started doing a year ago, tried to read a considerable number of them—big fellows like Union Carbide, Continental Oil, duPont, General Motors, IBM, and so forth. Of course I can't read them—literally can't—but it doesn't seem to me that you mention the basic reason why this is so. I find it extremely difficult to believe that the majority of stockholders cannot read with a fair degree of understanding a balance sheet or a trading statement. But if that is the case, it is certainly possible to supplement those statements with explanations written out in plain language that any literate person can understand.

What I can't understand, and I am sure all but a tiny minority of stockholders can't understand, is the account of the corporations' activities. And the reason for this is very simple; they are all operating today in fields so highly technical that the average layman simply cannot understand what they are doing, much less its significance, no matter how simple the language. To be sure, a stockholder might know so much about the oil industry as to be able to bring a reasonable understanding to bear on his reading of the report of an oil company. But could the same stockholder hope to understand the activities of, say, United Aircraft or Union Carbide?

My guess is that there is no possible solution to the problem posed.

ALFRED A. KNOPF.
New York, N.Y.

THE ARTICLE by Reynolds Girdler was excellent. It interested me especially because I work in the mail room of a large Wall Street investment company and I see hundreds of annual reports during this season.

I would like to supplement Mr. Girdler's observations on the dullness of these reports by mentioning that a few of them are very lively and colorful. A pharmaceutical house devoted many of its pages to a history of the company with pictures of the early buildings, products, and packaging. Tucked into a pocket in the back cover was a smaller plain statement concerning the "financial data" of the company.

Many reports employ out-and-out advertising techniques. A Western savings and loan corporation included a business reply envelope for the stockholder's use in starting a savings account.

However, none of this solves the original dilemma for the stockholder bewildered about his proper role. Perhaps we need something equivalent to voter education in the form of simple lessons made readily available to all prospective buyers of stock.

J. HALE CHAMBERLAIN.
Staten Island, N.Y.

THE "18,000,000 books nobody reads" are among the most important financial publications available in the United States. They are the single basic source of information for investors, both directly and for the research and advisory services on which many depend. An enormous amount of credit is dependent on the figures these reports reveal. They must be written primarily by the financial officers and CPAs of the companies involved. They must be judged on the honesty, completeness, consistency, and fairness of the picture they present.

When they are written by public relations or advertising people and magazine writers, not only is the financial point of view usually amateurish, but the principal aim more often than not tends to be partly fictional and partly promotional.

As such, the New York Stock Exchange and the Securities and Exchange Commission properly oppose their methods.

We live in a profit-and-loss economy. It is important that investors know the good and the bad—the red and the black. It is vitally important that reporting methods are consistent from year to year. Rose-colored glasses have no place when it comes to corporate annual reporting.

G. M. LOEB,
Vice-Chairman of the Board,
E. F. Hutton & Company.
New York, N.Y.

"MOST PRIMITIVE DEPARTMENT"

MY CONGRATULATIONS on John Tebbel's article on "Newspapers and the Culture

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Beat" [*SR*, Apr. 13]. As a former managing editor (and later executive editor) of the *Hartford Times*, who doubled in brass, strings, and woodwinds for nearly twenty years of music criticism and, occasionally, dramatic reviewing, I applaud every evidence of progress by the American daily press in this direction.

The hiring of Joseph Herzberg by the *New York Times* as director of the culture beat, the zeal of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* in behalf of contemporary composers, which has been far in advance of Louisville's general acceptance of modern music, and the appearance of "Panorama" in the Chicago *Daily News* weekend edition are wonderfully stimulating. Yet I cannot help but quote myself before the Southwestern Journalism Congress on March 22 at the North Texas State University at Denton: "The technique of critical writing. . . . is still the most primitive department of the American press."

This is not entirely the fault of daily newspapers but because of the "Flight from Comprehension" (which was the title of my address) on the part of artists in all the branches of art from the image of a bogey they themselves created, the mass man. What the artist does not realize is that we are living in an age of mass sophistication—which is what Mr. Tebbel was writing about.

Newspapers are bound to catch up eventually, but the artist today is creating what will probably be known as the most prolific and the most barren, because superficial, age in the history of art, as is always the case when the artist is preoccupied with technique as opposed to communication.

CARL E. LINDSTROM.
Windsor, Conn.

THREE CHEERS FOR John Tebbel's article about the culture beat, which contains nice words for the Chicago *Daily News's* "Panorama." It was about time you made amends for those critical remarks about the *News* made in "Journalism on the Lake" a few months back. Mr. Tebbel's article only goes to prove what Chicagoans have known for months: that "Panorama" is the best thing to happen to Chicago journalism since they began selling the *New York Times* at the Loyola "L" station.

BARRY HILLENBRAND,
Loyola News
Loyola University.
Chicago, Ill.

HAVING JUST DRAGGED ourselves through a federal election campaign in which anti-Americanism was one of the phonier issues—you know, the bad old eagle down south gobbling up the gullible naïve beaver up north—I was most interested to learn from your issue of April 13 that you Americans do sometimes actually follow in our footsteps.

I'm referring to the stimulating piece, "Newspapers and the Culture Beat," by John Tebbel.

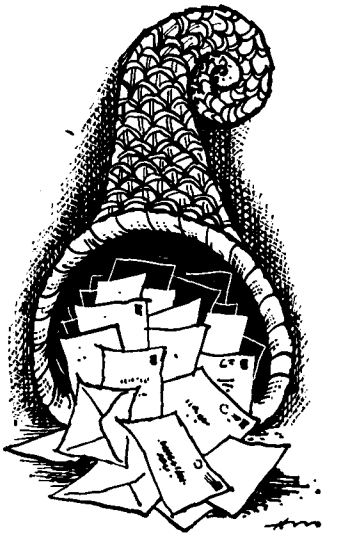
Quite a bit before the *New York Times* appointed its Director of Cultural News, we backwoods boys on the Montreal *Star* were launching what was then (and, in the matter of character, still is, I think) a unique experiment in week-end journalism.

Our Entertainments Section, which runs in our Saturday editions, set out to embrace every phase of the lively arts, with the emphasis on the international rather than upon the purely local. To this end we (like the Chicago *Daily News's* "Panorama" two years later) have enlisted experts in the theatre, dance, music, and ballet, as well as literary critics and celebrated writers from various countries in the cause of an intelligent appreciation of today's (and yesterday's) cultural streams.

The central point, of course, is that we in daily journalism are all taking a much-delayed tack in the right direction. But is it immodest to suggest that we may have been over the starting line first?

DAVID M. LEGATE,
Editor, Entertainments Section,
Montreal *Star*.
Montreal, Canada

The *Evening Bulletin* test case in Philadelphia (see *SR* editorial on April 13) came to its first climax a couple of weeks ago when Robert L. Taylor, the president, and Earl Selby, the city editor, were fined $1,000 each and sentenced to five days in county prison on contempt charges. The sentences were imposed after the newspapermen refused to reveal their paper's sources of information in a series of stories about corruption in City Hall. Under an untested Pennsylvania State statute of 1937, newspapermen there cannot be required to reveal news sources in any legal proceeding. Since the case is highly important to all newshawks in every state, this new step is worth noting. The case will eventually be appealed to the Supreme Court on grounds that freedom of the press has been abridged here and that, under the Pennsylvania law, the *Bulletin* has a perfect legal right to withhold its news sources, even in a courtroom. No legal test of this principle has come before the Supreme Court since a dozen states put on their books statutes similar to Pennsylvania's. —R.L.T.



BUTTER—AND MR. KOGAN

WHILE I DISLIKE very much continuing to discuss by letter areas of what I believe are misinterpretation in Irving Kogan's February 9 article, his letter in the April 13 communications section contains several statements that could easily be misconstrued, to the disadvantage of dairymen. Therefore, I feel it is necessary to attempt to set the record straight.

In the first place, it is simply not true that I am the "only" person who "knows for sure" why our association has budgeted its money as it has. We have a general manager, a staff of experts in various phases of our program, and a board of directors who must put their stamp of approval on what we plan to do before we do anything. Mr. Kogan could have found out from any of these people why we budget our money as we do. I regret that he apparently relied on a secondary source for his information about this association.

Had Mr. Kogan checked with us, he would have learned that we do not consider the decline in butter consumption an unimportant factor in planning our promotional program. The point I made in my letter of February 11 is quite different from this idea.

Mr. Kogan could have consulted the U.S. Department of Agriculture reports on butter consumption, which show that per capita consumption of butter in this country in 1959 was 7.9 pounds, in 1960 7.5 pounds. This is not a two-pound decline as he reported, or as his source apparently reported. He has persisted in repeating this error in his letter appearing in the April 13 issue.

Obviously, we are concerned about the decline in the butter market since World War II, and this decline is considered in our planning. However, we did not make any drastic changes in our program approach in the past year as a result of a sudden decline because, as the figures I have quoted show, there has been no "sudden decline" in butter use. As I pointed out in my earlier letter, the butter decline has been rather steady, much to our regret.

FRANK R. NEU,
Director, Public Relations,
American Dairy Association.
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Kogan's title was inadvertently given as president of Infoplan in his April 13 SR letter to the editor. Bob Elliott is still very much president of Infoplan and Irving Smith Kogan is still vice president. We hereby apologize to both gentlemen.*

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They Never Left Home

By JOHN TEBBEL

CONSTANT readers of the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle* were delighted to hear the other day that their friend and neighbor, Henry W. Clune, had a book coming out this spring. Naturally it was a book about a local phenomenon, the Genesee River, a historic stream flowing generally north out of the Alleghenies, cutting through the ancient home of the Senecas, crossing the Barge Canal south of Rochester, and plunging at last with hydroelectric beneficence into nearby Lake Ontario.

The Genesee is an old story to Henry Clune, who has been writing about Rochester, its people, and the green valley they live in for more than a half-century. His column, "Seen and Heard," has been appearing in the *Democrat & Chronicle* with more or less regularity since 1913. Henry could have achieved a larger audience and perhaps greater fame elsewhere. He went so far as to make brief excursions to newspapers in Detroit and New York, and once lived a year or so in Europe, but he always came back. Henry preferred the familiar people and scenes of Rochester, where he is as well known as any citizen. "Seen and Heard" is the only easily identified link between him and the public. He has been a reporter on the paper since 1910, and the column is a by-product of daily assignments used to pass on stories and opinions that don't fit into the news columns.

Henry Clune is a bigger man in Rochester than any syndicated columnist. He is one of a distinguished breed of men that may be vanishing from the American scene—publishers, editors, and columnists who stayed home and made good while their friends followed tradition and sought their fortunes in the Big City. New York journalism was built on that tradition. The great nineteenth-century dailies, whose names if not their identities, survive today, were founded without exception by young men from farms and villages who could not wait to test themselves and their ideas in the metropolis. The steady migration from country to city continues today in nearly every occupation as our nation becomes more and more urbanized.

Meanwhile, who is minding the store? The question, sadly, will have to be

Henry W. Clune—old familiar places.

phrased in the past tense because there are few notable names surviving in small-town journalism—notable enough, that is, to be heard of beyond the town limits. Henry Clune is one of them. Like most of the others, he is known to the country at large through his books. Before *The Genesee* he had written two novels, an excellent newspaper book, *Main Street Beat*, and a fictional life of George Eastman.

Another notable is Bill Vaughan, of the Kansas City *Star*, one of the highest paid (a reputed $50,000 annually) columnist in the business. Vaughan conducts "Starbeams," a column that has appeared under various proprietors in the *Star's* editorial page since 1880. A collection of 124 of his columns, which is syndicated to more than a hundred other newspapers, was published last year under the title *Bird Thou Never Wert*.

Other editors and writers who stayed home to be famous come readily to mind, in both large cities and small towns, but all remote from New York. Until his death a few years ago, everyone in Michigan knew and read "Good Morning," the editorial-page column written by Malcolm Bingay, executive editor of the Detroit *Free Press*. Like Clune, "Bing," as he was known to his colleagues, celebrated the people he had lived with nearly all his life, and the city he dearly loved. The same note of strong local affection runs through the columns of Herb Caen and Stan Delaplane, who are read avidly in the San Francisco Bay area in those two remaining giants of San Francisco journalism, the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*.

One reason why none of these twentieth-century figures has felt a compulsion to seek a career in New York is the change in tradition between the centuries. From 1835 until the early 1900s there were few places a young man could go if he wanted to make a real name for himself other than New York. There were splendid journals published in other cities, but it was on the New York papers that national reputations were made. Today the situation is almost reversed in this era of syndication. Bill Vaughan, Caen, and the others could no doubt make as much money in New York but no more, and they prefer to live in their own towns. The Washington political column, not the New York paper, has become the guiding star for fame-seekers. Otherwise the big frogs do quite well in their own small ponds, thank you.

When the tradition is examined in its village aspects, however, a somewhat different condition is seen. There the roots go deep, and the editor who first planted them proved conclusively that it was a mistake to leave home. When Joseph Dennie became editor of the *Farmer's Museum* in 1796, he was immediately the most important man in Walpole, New Hampshire, where the paper was published. He dressed, as a contemporary described him, "in the highest notch of the fashion," and he lived well, often writing his graceful essays in a tavern across the village green from the shop and dispatching them, between sips of good wine, by a convenient apprentice. These essays, written under the pseudonym of "The Lay Preacher," made the *Museum* a newspaper read nearly everywhere in the settled parts of America.

But success spoiled Joseph Dennie. Convinced that he was hiding himself in Walpole, on a paper whose account books were always in a delicate condition, he moved to Philadelphia and started a weekly magazine. He wrote as well as ever, but his career and the periodical languished, and he survived scarcely a dozen years more.

The proliferation of small towns in America during the nineteenth century, moreover, so encouraged individual en-

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terprise that the country newspaper became one of the most important factors in American life. It reached a peak in 1914, when there were 14,500 weeklies in the United States, faithfully reflecting the life of the American countryside, free of the crime and scandal that were the stock in trade of most big-city newspapers in those days. The editors of these papers, and of the small dailies as well, were prominent in local affairs, especially in politics, and at least two of them became national figures.

College students today cannot identify, nine times out of ten, the name of Ed Howe, although he died only in 1937 and was one of the last generation's most quoted men. "The Sage of Potato Hill," as he was known, was publisher of the Atchison (Kansas) *Globe* for thirty-six years. His was the independent voice of the small-town editor, and he put both the *Globe* and Atchison on the map.

Even today the story of Ed Howe seems unlikely in the telling. The country boy son of a hellfire-and-damnation northern Missouri circuit rider, Howe came to Atchison in 1875, when he was only twenty-one, and there, with $200 and the help of his brother Jim, he founded the *Globe*. In this God-fearing, small Kansas town, Howe began his lifelong campaign against woman and organized religion. Outraged citizens tried to put him out of business by every conceivable means, but they failed because he was, as his son Gene wrote later, "the greatest reporter in America." He made the *Globe* the most widely quoted daily in the United States.

This editor, who regarded the churches with the deepest suspicion, thought that men and women were natural enemies, considered civilization itself threatened by female extravagance, and urged seriously a national revolt of men, became an American institution. Hundreds of thousands read his novel, *The Story of a Country Town*. His autobiography, *Plain People*, is considered by some critics as one of the finest written in America.

When Ed Howe died, leaving behind him such immortal aphorisms as "Don't be ashamed if you can't play the piano; be proud of it," and "A woman is as old as she looks before breakfast," one of those who ushered him out editorially was his professional if not his spiritual successor, William Allen White, who took his place as the best-known country editor in America.

WHITE, a fellow Kansan, is better remembered today than Howe, perhaps because his active life extended much further into our own time, or because he was involved in national politics and in one of the most violent debates since the Civil War, the isolationist-interventionist controversy of 1940-41. Far more typical of the country editor than the iconoclastic Howe, White was nevertheless as uncompromisingly blunt in his beliefs, but he was blunt on the side of humanity and ideals; Howe, like Mark Twain and a surprising number of noted American editors of the past, had little use for humanity.

After learning his trade under one of the best teachers, William Rockhill Nelson, publisher of the Kansas City *Star*, White took Nelson's community service idea back with him to his native Emporia in 1895, bought the town's five-year-old *Gazette* for $5,000, and published it until the day he died in 1944. Only a year after he became publisher, his much anthologized editorial "What's the Matter with Kansas?" brought him to national prominence, and thereafter he went on writing editorials that shone like hard, clear gems in the fading twilight of the editorial page. Intellectuals were inclined to sneer at his folksy approach and occasional sentimentality, but it was unwise, because White turned around and bit them.

By the time he died, the newspaper business was changing and it was not as easy to be a Howe or a White as it had once been. The field itself was declining numerically; there were less than 9,000 weeklies being published by 1951, and the number of small-town dailies had dropped proportionately. Metropolitan dailies had become big business, and small-town newspapers were small business. In both cases, what had been lost was individuality.

Today the small paper is as conformist as most of the big ones, and the Howes and Whites are virtually an extinct species. Country journalism is far from disappearing, however. Its modern aspect is the suburban offset paper, which is increasing and prospering.

A few of the old editorial breed survive, beyond the columnists like Clune and Vaughan and Caen and the others. One of the hardiest, is Henry Beetle Hough, who with his wife Elizabeth has been publishing the *Vineyard Gazette*, in Edgartown, Massachusetts, since 1920. The *Gazette* retains the authentic flavor of the old days, and the devotion of its readers, who comprise a large portion of the Vineyard's 40,000 summer residents, can be attributed to its individuality, a quality once commonplace but now extremely rare.

The *Gazette* does not look like any other newspaper, nor does it read like one. Its reports of court proceedings and police matters make one realize how stereotyped the daily press, big and little, has become. In the *Gazette*, public officials are quoted as they actually speak and the difference is remarkable. The paper treats other civic matters with the same commendable honesty, and its editorial campaigns have been marked by similar plain speaking, no matter whose toes are underfoot. The line between good guys and bad guys is never so clearly defined as when Hough and the *Gazette* are pursuing New Bedford politicians through the rocky passes of the Massachusetts legislature.

Hough has found time to become a highly successful regional novelist, and to write a dozen books, both fiction and nonfiction, of which two, *Country Editor* and *Once More the Thunderer*, describe the mysterious, painful process out of which the *Gazette* emerges every week (twice weekly during the summer season) from the rose-covered precincts of what must be the most picturesque newspaper plant in America.

Hough's tall, spare figure, accompanied by his dog, is a familiar sight in Edgartown. There are not many more like him striding the Main Streets of America. Chains, syndication, and conformity are rapidly dissolving what remains of individualism in the American newspaper. At the present rate, in another twenty-five years no one will have to leave home because home will be the same everywhere.

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By GEORGE N. GORDON, IRVING FALK and WILLIAM HODAPP

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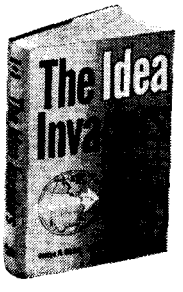

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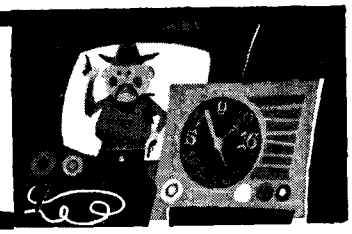

Ethics for "Tonight"

DAVID MERRICK, the Broadway producer, was a guest not long ago on *Tonight*, NBC's late-evening television program. One of his purposes in appearing was to plug his latest play. But another motive, clearly, was to advance a calculated, derisive attack on the professional competence of Howard Taubman, drama critic for the *New York Times*. The producer has often asserted publicly, over the last two years, that the *Times* should sack Mr. Taubman in the interests of good theatre. Observers of the Broadway scene have interpreted Mr. Merrick's campaign against Mr. Taubman as a vendetta pursued out of personal pique over the critic's unfavorable reviews of some of the producer's plays (and out of a shrewd appetite for sensational self-promotion).

During the *Tonight* show, Johnny Carson, the host, asked Mr. Merrick: "Do you and Mr. Taubman ever speak at all?" The producer answered: "No, I'm afraid not. He was invited to come over here tonight but refused." Phil Foster, a comedian who was also a guest on the show, added: "Howard the coward?" The studio audience laughed. Perhaps the vast television audience across the country found the gag amusing, too. Unfortunately, Mr. Merrick's statement that Taubman had been invited but refused to appear was false.

Mr. Taubman had never been asked by NBC or by anyone else to appear on the *Tonight* show. Johnny Carson was NBC's only representative on camera. Was it not clearly his responsibility to correct the producer at once? Someone at the network either knew or should have known that Mr. Merrick was speaking falsely on a matter of no small significance. A journalist's thirty-four-year-career was being denigrated on a publicly owned channel. The licensee of the station is a trustee for the public; his independent judgment in operating his privileged enterprise is subject to limitations of the letter and spirit of FCC regulations with respect to fair play and the public good.

The program had been videotaped at NBC from 7:30 to 9:30 P.M., Mr. Merrick told me in a telephone conversation afterward. The tape was not scheduled to be put on the air until 11:30 P.M. The producer said that network lawyers screened the tape and cleared it without change. Was not the action culpable, whether the false statement was permitted to stand in ignorance or in knowledge?

Mr. Merrick made serious charges about Mr. Taubman on the program, in an atmosphere charged with antagonism and obvious malice. I did not see the show, but I have carefully examined the relevant portions of the transcript, read reviews, and talked with people who saw the program. The mood was not one of serious discussion about esthetic issues, but rather that of a mock trial, the object of which seemed to be to fascinate viewers with a spectacle of abuse. Impressions of Mr. Taubman as a man and as a drama critic were conveyed to a great number of people, many of whom were probably learning of him for the first time. He was held up to public ridicule, and whatever balance was possible under the circumstances rested in the hands of the program host and the visiting comedian, who were hardly capable of lifting the conversation from its pervasive level of comic saturnalia. The producer said Taubman "hates Broadway." He offered a tasteless, irreverent public prayer to the *Times* to remove Mr. Taubman. He was allowed to display an advertisement showing a diapered baby with the legend "Time for a Change," which he described as a picture of the critic. Mr. Merrick cruelly caricatured the manner in which Mr. Taubman spends his day. The people I talked with about the show are far from prim moralists; they relish sophisticated satirical repartee. Nevertheless, they all agreed that this particular spectacle revolted them.

A FEW days later I asked NBC if I might see a videotape of the show, but I was told it was not available. TV critics are customarily welcomed by the networks when they ask to view programs they have missed on the air. A network representative, when first queried, said NBC "had no feeling about the program." He noted in a subsequent conversation that the network had received eleven letters, all complaining about the program. Mr. Taubman said he had been "deluged with outraged mail," which the network had not asked to see. "We hope to develop *Tonight* as a show which offers adult, literate conversation," the NBC spokesman explained. "The program presents flamboyant, colorful personalities. The network would be criticized if it acted as a censor. Is it fair to criticize it when it refrains from censoring? One should remember that television is self-revealing. We have confidence in the viewer's ability to judge for himself."

Mr. Merrick has apologized to the drama critic in a private letter. NBC can hardly afford to close the incident, however, without publicly correcting the erroneous impression that Mr. Taubman had been invited to appear and had refused. The essence of the FCC "fairness doctrine" that governs programs dealing with controversy is that a person or a group that is to be attacked on the air should be notified in advance and offered an opportunity to appear.

A more subtle issue would have been raised, however, had the *New York Times* critic been invited to appear and declined. A person allegedly defamed in a broadcast can seek relief only in the courts under the libel laws of the states. The FCC has no prior censorship power, and the commission would be unlikely to enter a dispute *post facto*, much less question a licensee, on the basis of a single incident; it would require a pattern of defamatory actions. A licensee can thus emerge unscarred from a case like that of *Tonight*. But the individual who is attacked—if he will not or cannot sue in the courts—may conceivably have his career ruined without acceptable recourse to justice. It is impossible to close every loophole by regulation. To define the elusive line between discussion for the public good and private ends, between information and entertainment, is often difficult. In a case affecting the liberty of the press, the Supreme Court held in 1931 that "some degree of abuse is inseparable from the proper use of everything. . . ." Broadcasting is not the press, however, and does not enjoy the freedom of the First Amendment to the same extent. The final repository of judgment is the licensee, who is given great freedom but also great responsibility. NBC has exercised its freedom in the Merrick affair; it should now decide whether it has exercised its responsibility as a trustee of the public good.

But this is not only a question of one man's justice. It is also the larger question of a loss of self-respect—for the attacked, for those who furthered, enjoyed, and profited from the attack, for the network that sanctioned it—for all of us. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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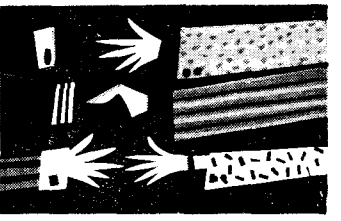

Ask the Man Who Listens

RADIO has been almost forgotten by many public relations people as a means of enhancing a corporation's reputation. There is one network series, however, that has continued for twenty-three years, through radio's good days and bad—longer than any other current program under a single sponsor. It is Texaco's regular Saturday afternoon broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera.

That the Met broadcasts are successful for the opera company, for the petroleum company, and for the opera lover is obvious from the response to the series, which ordinarily consists of twenty programs each season. It is also proved by the fact that other corporations have been casting covetous eyes at the program. In the unlikely event that Texaco should tire of it, there are others in the wings that would jump at the chance to pick up the tab.

The broadcasts, which this season began December 1 and concluded April 13, were heard in the United States on a special network of 115 stations. In Canada they were presented on twenty-six English-language and ten French-language stations of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

To find the right combination of stations, the opera broadcasts have moved around considerably. From 1940 to 1946 the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network carried them. Then, until 1958, ABC was used. From 1958 to 1960 they were on CBS. During the latter years, a number of stations affiliated with the major networks would often transcribe and then rebroadcast the programs. Sometimes they were rebroadcast at times inconvenient to opera lovers, and in some cases recorded versions were put on the air hours, days, and even as much as a week following the original performance. On some occasions, audiences even had to stay awake into the early-morning hours to hear the operas completed. Naturally, Texaco got the message, loud and clear, from opera fans.

In 1960, therefore, with the agreement of the Metropolitan Opera, Texaco arranged to present the programs through a special network, with all the radio stations—some independent, some affiliated with the regular networks—undertaking to broadcast the operas live.

It is no surprise that the audience has followed the program from network to network, four in all. Opera fans, whether they line up hours in advance for standing-room tickets at the Met or listen to the radio, are as devoted to their true love as the old Brooklyn Dodgers' fans were to their "bums." That is why the fan letters come in by the thousands every season. Many listeners tell Texaco that the reason they buy the company's products is that they enjoy the opera broadcasts. Estimates of audience size are never satisfactory, but Texaco's estimate of 2,000,000 for this show would appear to be conservative.

The devotion of listeners has been shown in many ways. One of the practical ways, in the eyes of the Metropolitan Opera company, occurred during the 1950-51 season when the Met was in serious need of funds. When the Met used the Texaco broadcasts for appeals, the audience contributed more than $275,000.

Should anyone think that opera appeals only to city sophisticates, there are letters in Texaco's files that tell the story of the rancher in North Dakota who, because he has no electricity, uses a battery-powered radio to listen to every opera broadcast; of the small-town dentist who uses opera broadcasts to soothe his nervous patients; of the ninety-five-year-old woman who left $2,000 to the Opera Guild; of the newsdealer who keeps a portable radio behind his counter to hear all the broadcasts. And audience polls in New York and Chicago showed that the opera broadcasts attracted the largest Saturday afternoon audiences for stations in these two cities.

The sponsor's good sense is shown in many ways. Since opera intermissions are of necessity long, they have become an integral part of the broadcasts. "Opera News of the Air" is presented during the first intermission, the "Texaco Opera Quiz," in which questions from the radio audience are answered, during the second. When there is a third intermission, "Biographies in Music," dealing with the lives and careers of outstanding Metropolitan artists of other years, is broadcast.

The sponsor has shown good sense and good taste, too, in the commercials. Under present broadcast regulations, Texaco could use approximately twenty minutes of air time for commercials, since the shows run from three to four hours. Instead, during the entire afternoon, less than two minutes are used for direct sponsor identification. But because this is a public relations and not a product sales program, the commercials have a public relations impact that a hard pitch would destroy.

But there's an even simpler way to gauge the success of Texaco's Met broadcasts—just ask any opera buff.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

"There, J.B.! That's the kind of teamwork I want in this office!"

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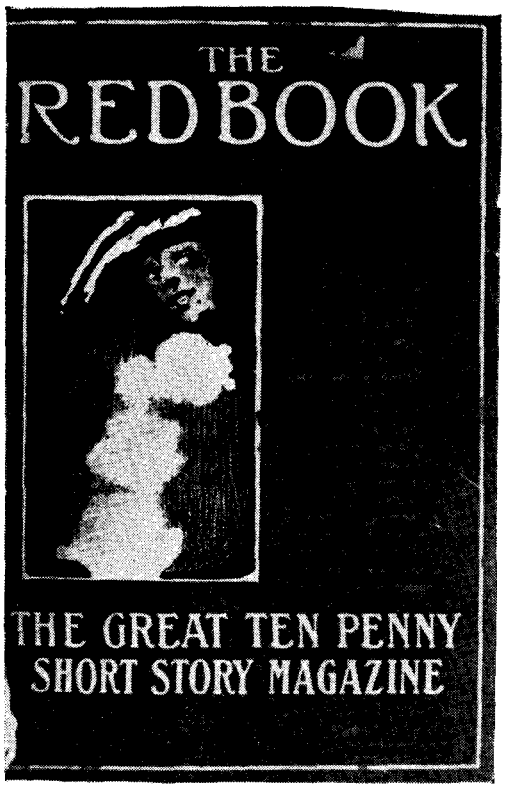
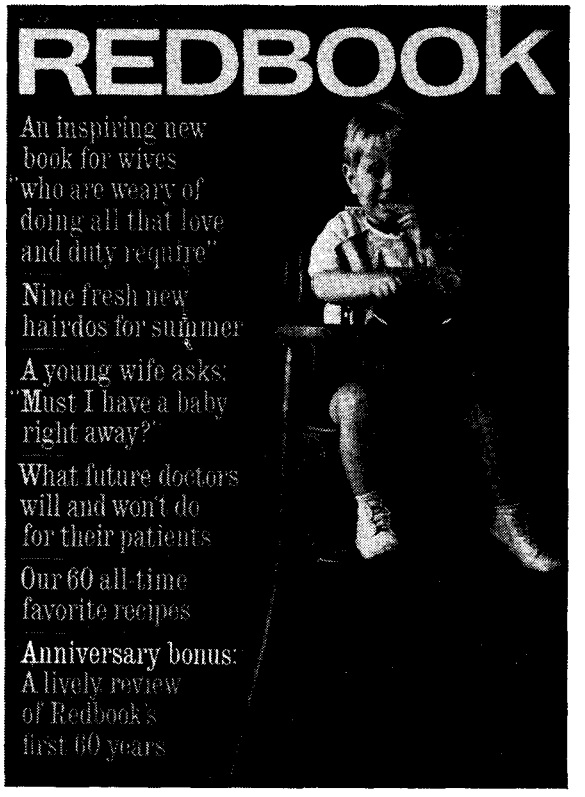


[INVARIABLY CHEERFUL]


REDBOOK
An inspiring new book for wives "who are weary of doing all that love and duty require"
Nine fresh new hairdos for summer
A young wife asks: "Must I have a baby right away?"
What future doctors will and won't do for their patients
Our 60 all-time favorite recipes
Anniversary bonus: A lively review of Redbook's first 60 years

[INVARIABLY MEANINGFUL]

The year was 1903, Redbook's first. Some things have changed. The ads, of course. No more 98¢ hats, alas. The attitude, too. An editorial in Vol. 1, No. 1 dedicated the magazine to being "invariably cheerful . . . preaching the gospel of cheerfulness and good will." Clearly it is not the main purpose of Redbook today to spread cheer (particularly since others are only too eager to provide a synthetic, mindless kind of heartiness in nightly overdoses). It seems much more important to provide honest reporting on every subject that touches our Young Adult reader's life. Fiction, too, that traditional escape from reality in magazines, now must carry a greater burden—of provoking genuine feeling and thought.

Without getting too solemn about it. May Redbook, for example, celebrates its sixtieth anniversary with an amusing (as well as an historically interesting) selection of old advertisements and editorial matter.

Respect for the literacy and purposefulness of its readers has won Redbook extraordinary popularity among today's younger families—Young Adults. As a result, Redbook circulation grows faster than that of most magazines. And advertising linage grows apace, climbing at a rate rarely exceeded by others.

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS
REDBOOK

230 Park Avenue, New York—Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Philadelphia. Circulation Base Effective August 1963: 3,750,000

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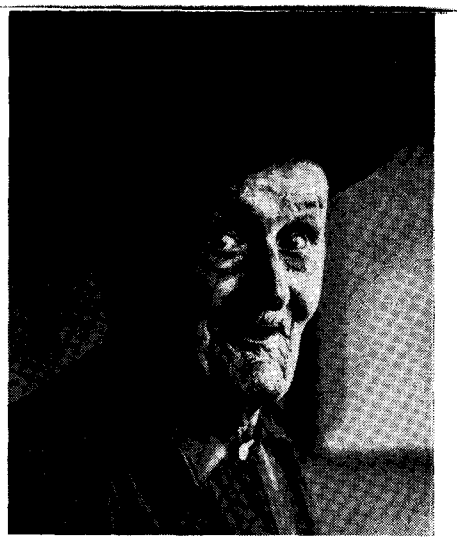
"Aid from the Padre," Hector Rondon, AP (1st prize, Spot News)—Venezuelan navy chaplain holds loyal soldier wounded in Communist-led revolt against Betancourt.

"Corny . . . but," Luther Joseph, Chicago Daily News (1st prize, Category X—Magazines and Newspapers)—Graphic similarity between corn and Chicago's buildings.



"84 Years Old—Sprightly," Michael Mauney, Charlotte Observer (1st prize, Portrait and Personality)—Senior citizen walked to town to cast his ballot for governor.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR MAKE NEWS

"The Breaks," Edwin Stein, Wisconsin State Journal (1st prize, Sports)—Vaulter pictured in mid-air as glass pole snapped in two.

By MARGARET R. WEISS

MAY DAY—an occasion traditionally marked by labor parades, lilies of the valley, and maypole dancing—has its own special observance at the University of Missouri School of Journalism. There, as a highlight of the university's program for Journalism Week, the news of the day is made by the news pictures of the year—those meriting top honors in the annual nationwide press photography competition co-sponsored by the National Press Photographers Association, the University of Missouri School of Journalism, and the World Book Encyclopedia.

Representing twenty-one categories of photo coverage in newspapers, magazines, and TV newsfilm, the "Pictures of the Year" competition is the most comprehensive and the most respected of its kind. This one attracted almost 7,000 entries, which necessitated five separate screening sessions by two dozen experts on news and photography to single out the work passed along to three NPPA regional juries and finally to the national board of sponsors.

Portfolios as well as single entries were submitted for the board's consideration. On the basis of these—a representative sampling of the newsman's best camera reporting for 1962—Lowell Georgia of the Denver *Post* earned the title of "Newspaper Photographer of the Year," and George Silk of *Life* was cited as "Magazine Photographer of the Year."

After appropriate acclaim at Colum-

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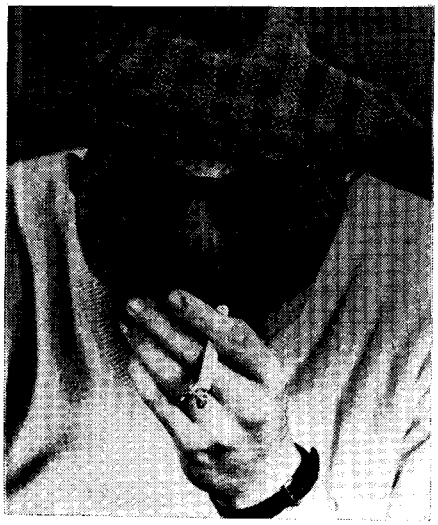
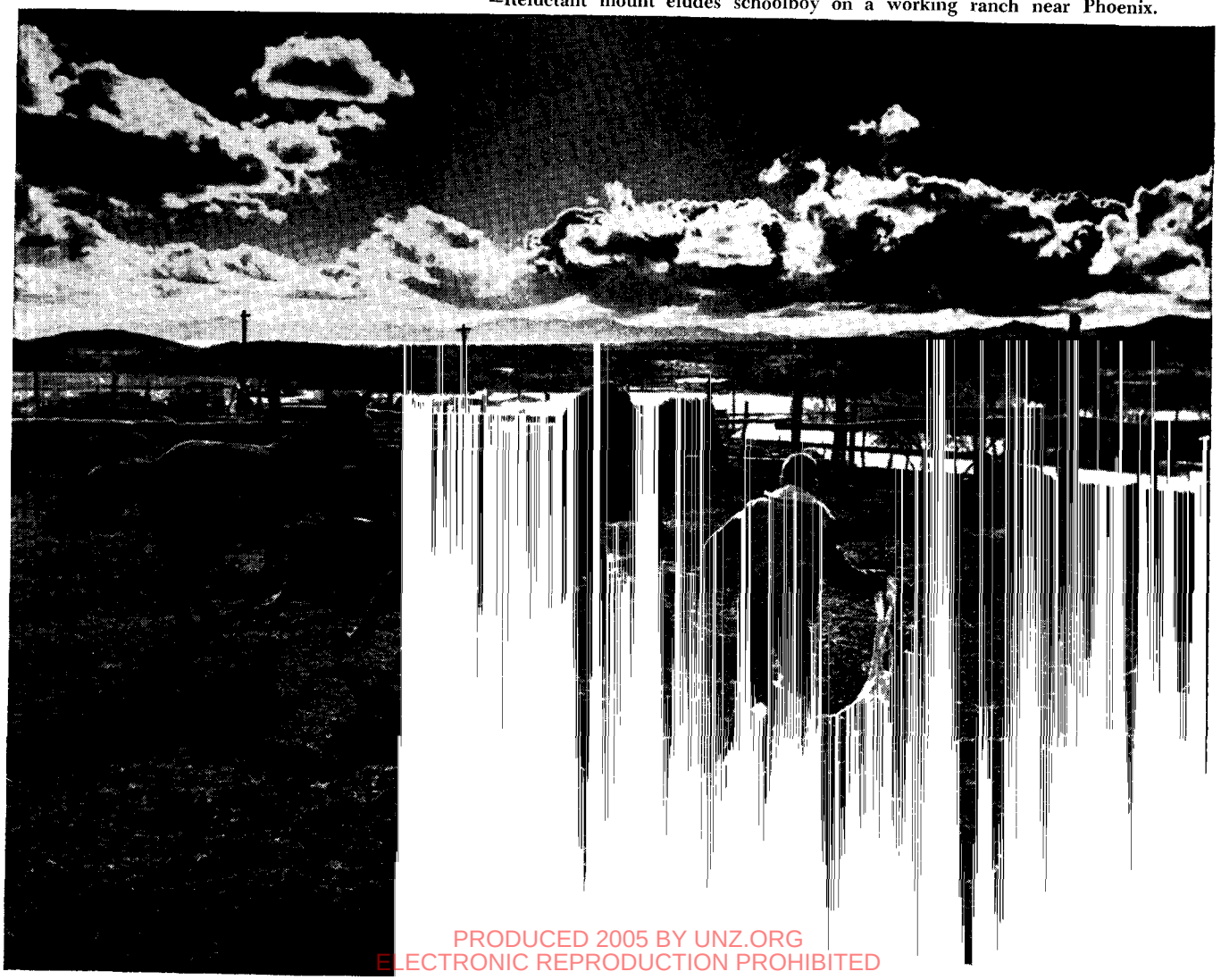


"Top Cat," Lowell Georgia, Denver Post (1st prize, Features)—Not a beatnik, but photographer's friend caught with head down and glasses up. Lowell Georgia's portfolio won him top award and title of "Newspaper Photographer of the Year."

bia, Missouri, the prize-winning pictures are traveling the country on a tour of 200 museums, newspaper offices, colleges, schools, and fairs. Both competition and exhibition are part of a year-round educational program conducted by the sponsoring organizations to keep "improved communications through photography" very much in the news.

"Saved from the Sea," Warren Roll, Honolulu Star Bulletin (1st prize, General News)—Survivors of an overnight ordeal aboard grounded Japanese fishing vessel.

"Corral Chase," John Ahlhauser, Milwaukee Journal (1st prize, Pictorial) —Reluctant mount eludes schoolboy on a working ranch near Phoenix.



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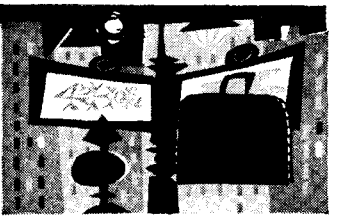
Madison Avenue



The Mailbox Magnates

SEVERAL months ago two Congressmen introduced a bill that sent a shudder through the direct mail advertising industry. The bill proposed to make "a person's mailbox as inviolate as his home" by giving the consumer the right to return unwanted mail with a request that his name be removed from the mailing list. Advertisers who refused to comply with this request would suffer loss of their bulk mailing permits.

The bill, which never came even close to passage, was angrily denounced by advertisers who make extensive use of the mails. O. E. McIntyre, Inc., a massive direct mail house, charged that the bill "would interfere with the advertiser's right to try to sell his products."

If the industry's response was especially shrill there was good reason, for direct mail specialists have had a bumper crop of problems lately. Congress has not only threatened restrictive legislation, but also has passed higher postal rates. A number of newspapers have carried articles heaping scorn on what they call "junk mail"—a pejorative that always raises the dander of advertisers. There have even been signs of resistance to direct mail ads on the part of consumers. More people are returning empty business reply envelopes, scrawling "deceased" on advertising circulars, or otherwise trying to obstruct direct mail operations.

All these problems, while frustrating to the direct mail industry, were nonetheless inevitable. Says one veteran direct mail specialist: "This industry has grown so fast in recent years that this sort of criticism was to be expected. In a sense I welcome the brickbats; it shows we've come of age."

The growth of direct mail advertising has indeed caught many by surprise. Before World War II it was a minuscule medium, accounting for only about $275,000,000 in annual appropriations. As recently as fifteen years ago direct mail dollar volume was only $574,500,000. Last year spending on direct mail exceeded $2 billion.

The reason for this growth rate is simply that the mails provide an extraordinarily effective way to advertise and sell products, whether they be automobiles, *objets d'art*, or magazines. While television can offer vast audiences, direct mail offers selectivity; an advertiser can decide what sort of audience he wants to reach—brides, bellboys, or bartenders—and pinpoint his message to that precise group.

Moreover, if he is shrewd about it, he can elicit a remarkably high percentage of response. In 1961, when Ford Motor Company conducted a "Prize-O-Rama" on behalf of its Mercury division, millions of mailings were sent out heralding the virtues of the Mercury and promising prizes to those who visited Mercury showrooms. To Ford's surprise, some 38 per cent of the recipients actually visited dealers, and the company gave away over 1,500,000 prizes.

Even teen-agers, normally a negligent lot, have been found to be likely targets for this sort of advertising. An organization called Mailbag International has operated for several years in Canada, sending packets of mail order ads to Canadian teen-agers. In some cases the returns have run as high as 15 per cent. The company this year will extend its program to the United States, advertising Schick shavers, RCA Victor records, Helena Rubinstein cosmetics, and other wares.

The vast range of items that can be advertised or sold through the mails has captured the imagination of many companies. At one extreme, mailings may carry the humblest offerings—one-cent coupons that can be redeemed with the purchase of a bar of soap. At the other extreme, some companies have been studying the use of the mails as a means of selling paintings, statuary, and other *objets d'art*. Time Inc. last year considered launching an elaborate program involving the sale of *objets d'art* through the mails, but the plan has been shelved for the moment. McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, meanwhile, has established a Collector's Book Society that will offer members original editions of books, sculpture, records, and other cultural materials.

Though the direct mail industry has doubtless helped fuel the culture boom and has provided an important spur to economic growth, it also suffers from a number of shortcomings. For one thing, the creative standards of much direct mail advertising are deplorably low.

There is usually the transparent "come-on" headline: "Wouldn't you like to have a sure fire way of doubling your income . . .?" Letters bearing a coldly impersonal address of "Occupant 5D" lead off with the assertion that "I am writing you *personally* to invite you. . . ."

In addition to being inane, a small but distressing proportion of advertising through the mails is also dishonest. In a newly published book about dishonest advertising called *The Bargain Hucksters*, Ralph Lee Smith, a former official of the Better Business Bureau, notes that fraudulent advertising through the mails is sharply on the rise.

Among the favorite gimmicks:

►Invitations to housewives to enter "contests" by filling out coupons which later turn out to be order forms for merchandise.

►Requests to mothers to send in photos of their children for use in advertisements; a few weeks later the requests are followed by bills for $10 or so for "service fees."

►Mailings of free "gifts" to teen-agers followed, of course, by the inevitable bills for the "ordered merchandise."

What bothers many consumers, however, is not so much the occasional dishonesty of mailings as their sheer quantity. Though there are doubtless millions of Americans who rarely get a direct mail ad, there are also many others whose mailboxes have become so stuffed that they find it all but impossible to extract letters from their cramped confines. There are many people who feel that their mailboxes are indeed "inviolate" and who resent the fact that their names and addresses are traded and sold like common stocks.

This view might be considered old-fashioned, but it is still hard not to sympathize with people who protest that it is impossible to order a book, subscribe to a magazine, take out an insurance policy, or even contribute to charity without finding their names on a limitless number of lists.

The traffic in names and addresses has become so massive that there are dozens of men who make their livings as "list brokers," arranging sales and trades of names and addresses. An organization like the Diners' Club makes about $200,000 a year simply by renting its lists of well-heeled members.

Most leaders of the direct mail industry are aware of these various prob-

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lems and are eager to find solutions to them.

One solution lies in self-regulation. The Direct Mail Advertising Association has set up a Code of Ethics and has expelled members who refused to comply. Business self-regulatory groups, such as the Better Business Bureau, have worked hard to keep fraudulent materials out of the mails. Since newspapers and magazines publish millions of small ads each year involving mail orders, frauds perpetrated therein logically fall within the scope of the direct mail watchdog committee. Indeed, fraudulent mail order advertising is so closely akin to direct mail that print media generally should have a fundamental interest in any code of ethics or attempts at enforcement, particularly in newspaper and magazine mail order advertising.

Self-regulatory efforts, of course, are fortified by the work of government agencies. The Post Office Department keeps some 135 inspectors at work enforcing fraud statutes. Other government agencies also keep an eye on direct mail advertising.

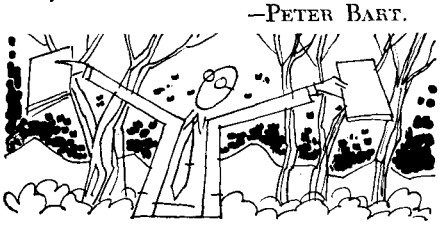
On the creative side, many direct mail leaders have been conducting a campaign to convince advertisers that, as direct mail volume continues to rise, direct mail ads will have to become more sophisticated in their approach. The cheaply printed circular throwaway sheet just doesn't do its job any more.

Despite these promising efforts, the sprawling nature of the direct mail industry makes it extremely difficult to upgrade or regulate. More than 250,000 businesses hold special third-class mailing permits; their mailings are channeled through a vast spectrum of firms large and small. Overall, the direct mail industry employs over 1,000,000 persons.

In the end, therefore, the upgrading of the direct mail industry will probably have to come from competitive factors in the market place. If no one bothers to read ineffective ads, companies that send them will eventually have to improve them. Hopefully, the good ads will drive out the bad.

Meanwhile, that small percentage of people who believe, with the two Congressmen, that their mailboxes should be "inviolate" may perhaps take refuge in a device pioneered by people who have unlisted telephone numbers. They can take out unlisted mailboxes.

—Peter Bart.



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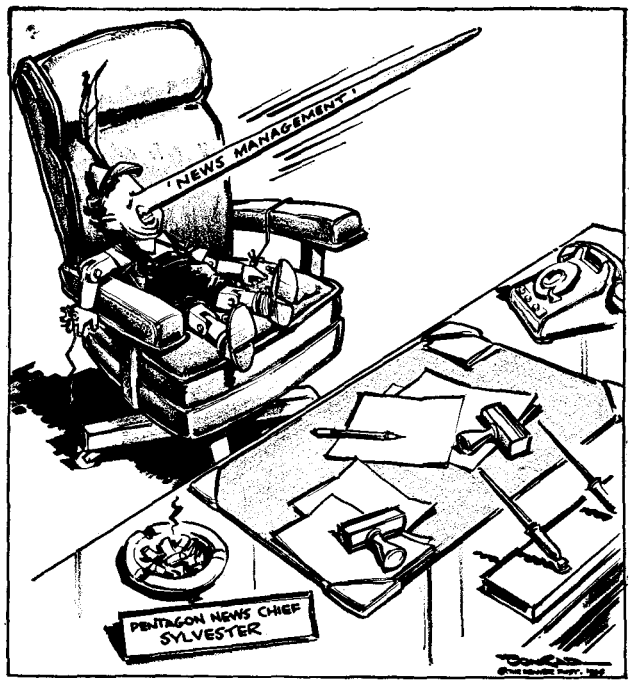

Yes, Indeed, It's Hogwash

"HOGWASH," said Arthur Sylvester, Defense Department press chief, of charges that he and other top Kennedy Administration officials have been managing the news.

Unfortunately, that hogwash will not disinfect the record. It is a fact that the Defense Department lied before the Cuban crisis erupted when reporters asked whether it had any information that there were offensive missiles in Cuba. And, worse, the flat lie was unnecessary. There are other ways to avoid or postpone answering such questions when and if there are national security reasons for doing so.

That lie has haunted the Kennedy Administration, more so because Sylvester tried to justify what he termed the use of news as a "weapon." Now people won't believe him when he says all is quiet in Cuba.

Sylvester told the House subcommittee querying him about managing the news that he "certainly will review" an order promulgated at the time of the Cuban crisis requiring Defense Department officials to report all their contacts with reporters and what they talked about. Secretary McNamara promised the same thing several weeks ago, but nothing ever came of it.

As long as that order lasts, newspapermen will consider it a club held over the head of Defense officials to make sure they talk to reporters only about approved subjects—and in the approved way.

Since the republic survived for 180 years through war and peace without that order, until October 1962, reporters are bound to ask what's it for now, if it's not a tool to manage defense news?

On the other side of the issue, the record shows that when there is a story the Administration wants out, it too often gets out via some friendly correspondent, columnist or magazine.

This too, reporters know, can be a way of managing news.

As long as such things go on, and someone such as Sylvester says news is not being managed, newspapermen are bound to reply: Hogwash.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

THE DENVER POST
3 Men Indicted By Arizona Jury In Land Fraud
Ex-Policeman Another Held In Book Theft
one of America's Great Newspapers

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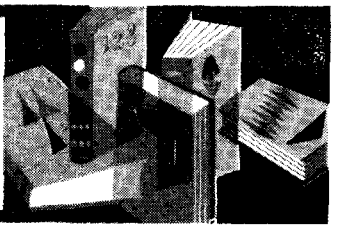
Books in Communications



The Pique of His Form

IN HIS heyday, Westbrook Pegler was accused of indecent intellectual exposure, of using a machine gun to kill mosquitoes, and of having a reputation—as lawyer Louis Nizer once put it—"for inaccuracy, indecency, for recklessness, for malice, for hatred, for viciousness, for besmirching people's characters and destroying them." But the opinions of others were sweet-tempered bleats compared to Pegler's own views. The John Birch Society, he once wrote, was perhaps not "far enough to the right" for his taste. The Supreme Court's integration decision was "anti-Constitution." By sending troops to Little Rock, President Eisenhower committed "an act of violence against the State and the people." The social sciences were "clap-trap and quackery." The federal income tax was an "act of lunacy." And foreigners should not be allowed to immigrate to America ("Our country belongs to us, and not to everyone who wants to come in").

For most of his rowdy half-century in journalism's limelight, Pegler chose his targets without discernible favoritism, sniping at obscure college professors and other such notorious evildoers when bigger game wasn't handy. From the vantage point of his syndicated column, he surveyed the just and the unjust and always managed to find more of the latter. Somehow, there was never any shortage of hapless miscreants, if you only knew where to look and what questions to ask. And Pegler always did.

The character of this combination FBI and Watch and Ward Society has been deftly drawn and quartered by Oliver Pilat in *Pegler: Angry Man of the Press* (Beacon, $5). An editor for the New York *Post*, Pilat has stitched together a swift and lively biography that illuminates a phenomenon as American as *The Untouchables* at its bang-bang best. Even when the narrative sags into paragraphs of peripheral detail, it has the heady fascination of a lost cobra at a basket-weavers' convention. For, as Pilat observes, Pegler was "a writer who reached instinctively for an opponent's throat"— and you could never be sure where he would reach, or overreach, next. (His most celebrated misjudgment was, of course, his 1949 column accusing Quentin Reynolds of various physical and moral defects, a column that prompted a libel suit and an eventual award of nearly $200,000 to Reynolds.)

But if Pegler's opponents smarted under his attacks, there were those who enjoyed his free-wheeling simplicity. He won a Pulitzer Prize, was voted the "best adult columnist" by 500 editors of daily newspapers, was awarded an honorary doctor of laws degree from Knox College for "speaking up for the common man," and by 1945 was earning a salary estimated at $90,000. Pilat ventures an explanation for Pegler's popularity:

> By constant querulousness and his choice of targets, Pegler was tapping veins of interest enlisting the sympathy and to some extent the support of thousands of ordinary citizens. These were chiefly people who . . . felt restless, rootless, disappointed, inadequate, insecure, suspicious, abused or persecuted, and who were related to each other in a curious psychological kinship. These were the anonymous men in the crowd on whom potential dictators rely.

But it was too good, or too bad, to last. His contract with Scripps-Howard was allowed to expire in 1944 after the relationship had frayed irretrievably, and Pegler went to work for Hearst's King Features Syndicate. Finally, last August, Pegler publicly described King Features as "a subdivision of the Hearst empire dealing in comic strips, comic strip books, sweet powders to make soda pop, toys, and a very ingenious variety of dingbats for the immature." He also ventured the opinion that William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and Frank Coniff, the Hearst national news editor, were "a pair of juvenile delinquents." Today Westbrook Pegler, sixty-eight years old, is a columnist for *American Opinion*, a magazine owned and edited by Robert Welch, founder of the John Birch Society.

THE STORY HOUR: One Saturday in 1927, Eric Hawkins, managing editor of the Paris *Herald*, was in his office awaiting word on one of the biggest stories any newsman ever handled. Out at Le Bourget airport, three *Herald* reporters also waited, ready to notify Hawkins over a special telephone line at the first sign of an improbable little airplane called the *Spirit of St. Louis*. As night came, however, and the deadline for the next morning's edition moved dangerously close, it became clear that something was going wrong. In the turmoil at the airport, the telephone connection was never made, and Hawkins began to have anguished visions of missing the story entirely. Then a cable arrived from the New York *Herald Tribune* (sister paper of the Paris *Herald*): CONGRATULATIONS. YOUR FLASH ON ARRIVAL WAY AHEAD OF OTHERS. One of the reporters at Le Bourget, unable to reach the Paris office directly, had simply taken the long way around. The *Herald* made its deadline.

They were wild and sometimes giddy days, there in Paris in the early decades of the century, and they are sweetly and nostalgically remembered in *Hawkins of the Paris Herald* (Simon and Schuster, $5.95), by Hawkins and Robert N. Sturdevant. A Londoner, Hawkins went to work for the *Herald* almost on a fluke when the editor, James Gordon Bennett, found himself shorthanded the night the *Lusitania* was torpedoed, and he stayed on, first as a desk man and later as managing editor, until his retirement three years ago. Through those years, and through this book, floats a glittery circus of names and anecdotes: Elliot Paul, sometime staff member of the *Herald*, who went out for a sandwich and returned months later after doing extensive firsthand research for a story on the misfortunes of a Paris prostitute; James Thurber, who, when Hawkins suggested sending a reporter around for an interview, obliged by writing his own interview with himself; Ezra Pound, who busied himself by writing a storm of angry letters to the *Herald*, sometimes under such pseudonyms as E. Weight and Ezra Sterling; Art Buchwald, who ended a review of a French movie with the observation "This is a good film if you understand French."

Hawkins of the Paris Herald, though not likely to make anyone's best-seller list, may have the highest ratio of anecdotes per page of anything published since *The Canterbury Tales*. It's a good book if you understand newspapermen. —JAMES F. FIXX.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Fonteyn—Nureyev—Ashton's *Pigeon*—Britten

LIFE with the Royal Ballet these nights at the Metropolitan is livelier than it has been on some occasions past, and not only for the obvious reasons. Its productions of *Giselle* (James Bailey's) and *Swan Lake* (Leslie Hurry's) have been upgraded, physically, over those seen in past years, and some of the choreography has been revised by Frederick Ashton and others. But, rather more important, when the evening's stars are not twinkling, such others in ascendance as Antoinette Sibley, Lynn Seymour, Georgiana Parkinson, Annette Page, or Graham Usher, David Blair and Kenneth Mason, are sustaining a standard rarely achieved at such length or in such depth in recent seasons, whoever the principals.

But, of course, the principals to see are Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. As individuals, they command the balletic resources to make any effort memorable, but as partners they make a totality quite unforgettable. Considering what he is capable of doing, it was a challenge for the young Russian to stand aside, waiting his turn almost manfully, especially as Albrecht in his Metropolitan debut. When it finally came in Act II and he soared through variation after variation with a litheness and lightness of the princely kind only produced in a classless society, there were no unbelievers in his capacity to run the range of floor spins, air turns, entrechats, and grand leaps. His is a superb silhouette, perfectly proportioned for equal balance whether his hands are overhead, shoulder-high, or draped at his sides. All the movements flow from the solidity of his midriff, which is composed less of muscles than of coiled springs. As an actor he is still something of a languishing novice; but he is a brilliantly sympathetic partner, with the strength to make his lifts easily and decisively, and the power to sustain them in any attitude required.

Little wonder, then, that Fonteyn powered her way through both ballets with a zest and enthusiasm that added immeasurably to all the artistry traditionally hers. Her Mad Scene in Act I of *Giselle* was a promise of things to come rather more convincing to me than her playing otherwise of the mortal peasant girl. As the shade restored to earth in Act II, Fonteyn's simplicity and reserve made her response to its classical challenges the more expressive for their identity with her disembodied state.

In the aftermath of numerous *Swan Lake* performances by the Bolshoi and Kirov companies, it was interesting to observe a decided upgrading in the effort by the present English *corps de ballet* (also noticeable in Act II of *Giselle*). Whereas such a Russian ballerina as Plisetskaya tends to be performing the Black Swan in Act II as well as Act III, Fonteyn is more the White Swan, in spite of herself, in both acts. A mere matter of emphasis, but also embodying something of a national characteristic. She performed her spurt of fouettes to a rising tide of excitement, but it was a dazzling attitude (on point) thereafter that had a sizable share of the audience cheering. Was it "Bravo" or "Margot"? The non-vocal part was applauding too loudly to distinguish one from the other.

WITH or without recourse to the *Fables* of La Fontaine, which serves as its literary framework, Frederick Ashton's new *Deux Pigeons* is a simple matter of boy meets Gypsy, boy does not get Gypsy, pigeon gets boy. The pigeons of the title are symbolic of the boy (painter) who leaves his girl (model) to pursue a Gypsy. With Gypsies, of course, blood is even thicker than wine, and when the girl Gypsy he has pursued is tired of being amused, he is glad to make his way back to the studio where his faithful pigeon waits. Presumably they live happily ever after (or until the next Gypsy comes along).

For the most part what Ashton has provided is an artfully insubstantial diversion of the Massine type, whose charm derives not so much from what is done, but from how it is done by the provocative Lynn Seymour as the model, the slithering, shoulder-shaking Georgiana Parkinson as the Gypsy, and the energetic Alexander Grant as the painter-pursuer. Ashton's one untoward inclination is to puff his little anecdote into a two-act, three-scene drama, which asks no little indulgence for some repetitious shoulder-shaking by the Gypsies and the sweetly inoffensive music by André Messager.

So far as her dancing is concerned, the appealing Miss Seymour can go on imitating a pigeon profitably until she is grown up enough to be a swan. This may not be the way things are ordered in the ornithological world, but balletically they follow each other like the night the day (or *Swan Lake* follows *Sleeping Beauty*). Miss Parkinson dispensed Gypsy abandon as effortlessly as she simulated classic poise in *Giselle* (Zulme), which, plainly, marks her as a dancer with a future. Jacques Dupont's scenery and costumes are enough to serve an opera company for both *Bohème* and *Carmen*.

There is no doubt whatever that Benjamin Britten enjoyed writing the music for the artisans of Athens who come and go in the treatment of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* now being heard for the first time in New York at the City Center. The proof of this is in the pleasure they provide whenever they come into view, the lift of zany humor they provide in the third-act version of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. Quite purposefully an operatic spoof as written by Britten, it is well realized in the staging of William Ball.

This is all very good fun, and musically literate as well. Nothing gross, or even by the dozens: each effect is individually calculated, with Bottom (beautifully performed by Spiro Malas) as one kind of character, Flute (Richard Krause) another, and Quince (John Fiorito) still a third. Indeed, when Bottom is enjoying his moment of glory as the beloved-in-ass's-head of Tytania, he strikes a romantic note that might well have been sounded by the authentic lovers.

These, to be sure, had another problem to contend with, and a serious one. Britten has found some enchanting sounds (mostly *glissandi*) to set the stage for the enchanted woods orchestrally, and there are many suggestive devices in the instrumental elaboration thereafter. The problem for Lysander (Charles Hindsley) and Demetrius (David Clatworthy), Hermia (Marlene Kleinman), and Helena (Marguerite Willauer) is that this does not make for a very interesting vocal line, or a particularly singable one.

Britten has, on the whole, been more considerate of Tytania and Oberon. The Queen of the Fairies has some charming music to sing, and it was very well performed by Nadja Witkowska. William McDonald is not the countertenor Britten specified for the mischievous Oberon, treading the high range by adroit use of falsetto. For the non-singing Puck, the City Center has found, in Julian Miller, a bouncy young man who carries off the role appealingly without carrying on excessively. Perhaps the most troublesome part of Britten's conception is the boy's chorus of fairies. They have exacting music to sing, and though it was conscientiously prepared

(*Continued on page* 73)

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

A New "Boris" By Christoff

Christoff—"The entire gamut of power, anger, agony, and death."

ANGEL'S new release of *Boris Godounov* in Rimsky-Korsakov's edition is, in essence, a stereophonic retake of a version done some ten years ago. Then as now, the central figure is Boris Christoff, the eminent Bulgarian basso. He repeats the feat of portraying the three leading bass parts in the opera—Boris, Pimen, and Varlaam. (Why omit Rangoni?) In a foreword, "On Singing the Three Roles," Christoff defends this undertaking with a modicum of modesty. It is strange that the public is less willing to grant musical versatility to singers than to instrumentalists. After all, a good violinist is expected to play Bach's Chaconne as well as Ravel's Tzigane, while singers are all too often "typed." Christoff is wholly successful in his characterization of both Boris and Pimen; the flexibility of his tone production, the ability to change the timbre of his voice, is particularly noticeable in the final act, during the confrontation of both characters. His Varlaam, however, seems a trifle too "arty" and lacks somewhat the earthy boisterousness so essential to this role. As Pimen, Christoff is restrained and dignified; as Boris, he is overwhelming. The entire gamut of power, anger, agony, and death is fused into a superb characterization that confirms his reputation as the outstanding Boris of our generation. At all times he conveys the feeling of complete identification with the role. Comparing his performance today with that of ten years ago, one finds virtually no change of concept. Here and there, a few histrionic changes were added for greater realism. At times, he abandons the composed recitatives and resorts to a *parlando* style that is effective if rather melodramatic.

Other parts are in capable hands. Dimitr Ouzounov's concept of the Pretender Dimitri is virile and dramatic, quite different from the sweet lyricism of Nicolai Gedda in the earlier version. Ouzounov misses some of the finer points, such as the *pianissimo* ending in the opening scene. In fact, his very first entrance is too explosive: his "awakening" (according to the score) suggests a nightmare, not a slumber. In his drive for power, he is apt to slip into some minor inaccuracies of intonation and enunciation. But his voice has a truly heroic ring. John Lanigan's Shuisky is smooth and controlled, although there is some strain in the high register of the final climax. Anton Diakov as Rangoni has some pitch trouble in his difficult first aria but grows in stature as the scene proceeds. The Polish princess Marina is sung by the young American soprano Evelyn Lear, who has a voice of outstanding range, evenly beautiful in all registers. She is at her best in the languorous duet with Dimitri, while her opening aria is marred at times by certain vocal mannerisms such as excessive slurring. The song of the Hostess (Mira Kalin) is poorly microphoned; the interpretation lacks the earthy naturalism of the earlier version. The scene in the nursery is done with appropriate charm by Ana Alexieva and Ekaterina Gueorguieva as the Czar's children and Mela Bougarinovitch as the nurse. The Simpleton is sung affectingly by Kiril Dulguerov; yet the entire scene "near Kromy" (which originally ended the opera) seems to lose its impact by Rimsky's change in scenario. By reversing the order of scenes and by closing the opera with the death of Boris, Rimsky-Korsakov weakened the social significance of the work and emphasized the human drama. Indeed, it is not surprising that the exciting scene "near Kromy," with its rebellious implications, was cut by the Czarist censors after a few performances—"probably owing to political disturbances which began to break out now here and now there," as Rimsky remarked philosophically.

This brings into focus the whole question of the various "versions" of this work. On his recent visit to Moscow, Stravinsky attended a performance of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov* in the

MOUSSORGSKY: *"Boris Godounov" (Rimsky-Korsakov version). Boris Christoff, bass; Dimitr Ouzounov, John Lanigan, Kiril Dulguerov, tenors; Evelyn Lear, Ekaterina Gueorguieva, sopranos; Mira Kalin, Ana Alexieva, Mela Bougarinovitch, mezzo-sopranos; Anton Diakov, Jacques Mars, basses. Chorus of the National Opera of Sofia (Luben Kondov, conductor) and Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by André Cluytens.* Angel monaural 3633 D/L, stereo S3633 D/L, four records. $19.94/$23.94. In Russian. (Spelling of titles, names, etc. as in the brochure).

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Rimsky-Korsakov version at the Bolshoi Theatre. He shocked his Soviet hosts by calling the Rimsky version a "Meyerbeerization" of the original score. One need not be a "purist" (as Gerald Abraham implies in his prefatory note) to agree with Stravinsky's verdict. Aside from providing a glossy orchestration wholly alien to Moussorgsky's concept of sound, Rimsky-Korsakov cut and added at will; he changed harmonies, rhythms, declamation, and scenario. Roland Gelatt, in his essay "Project Boris," is right in saying that the original Moussorgsky score and the Rimsky revision are two very different operas." But to call the original "stark, episodic, at times brutally dissonant" is a statement as outdated as Professor Abraham's reference to Moussorgsky's alleged "dilettantism." One is reminded of Rimsky-Korsakov's own justification of his revision which he published in 1896, fifteen years after the death of Moussorgsky: "The impractical difficulties, the raggedness of the melodic phrases, the awkwardness of the singing line, the harshness in harmonies and modulations, the errors in voice leading, the feeble orchestration, and the general weakness of the opera from the technical point of view produced a storm of ridicule and criticism." This, indeed, is a shocking underestimation of his friend's genius.

Ten years later, Rimsky-Korsakov sounds more conciliatory: "If ever the conclusion is reached (so he writes in his autobiography) that the original is better, worthier than my revision, mine will be discarded and *Boris Godounov* will be performed according to the original score." Regrettably, this time seems not to have come as yet. In Russia, where the controversy has raged for more than six decades, opinions are still divided. Moscow continues to present the Rimsky version while Leningrad has adopted the recent revision of Shostakovich. Seemingly forgotten in this dispute is the *Ur-Boris* which, after all, was successful when it was first presented in 1874 and remained in the repertoire in the 1880s. Even though Moussorgsky's first version may have some technical defects, one can wish for a restoration truly faithful to the original; in fact, it proved practical in the Karol Rathaus revision commissioned in 1952 by the Metropolitan Opera in New York and used there until recently. (An abridged recording of this edition, with Tozzi in the title role and Mitropoulos conducting—Vic. LM-6063—was withdrawn from the catalogue only last month.)

The true protagonist in *Boris Godounov*, as Moussorgsky envisaged it, is the chorus as the embodiment of the suffering Russian people. The chorus of the Bulgarian National Opera of Sofia gives a superb interpretation of the all-important choral scenes. Its singing is incisive, colorful, and idiomatic; the voices have an unforced, natural freshness; the diction is exemplary. The final chorus (in the Death Scene) seems to have been microphoned too distantly.

The musical direction was entrusted to the Belgian conductor André Cluytens, a musician of wide experience. Originally it was intended that the Soviet conductor Kyril Kondrashin be in charge of this performance. Since he was unavailable, it might have been preferable to replace him with another Russian opera conductor like the Bolshoi's Melik-Pashayev. Cluytens seems to lack the temperament for this ultra-Russian opera; he conducts a reliable but unexciting performance that falls short of the high standard set in the previous recorded version by the late Issay Dobrowen. At times, Cluytens's pacing lacks tension and incisiveness, as for example in the scene "near Kromy." His leadership is easygoing, for he permits the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra to play occasionally with poor articulation and insecure pitch. There are also numerous minor inaccuracies of musical details that are the conductor's ultimate responsibility.

Technically, the recording is excellent. There is a feeling of spaciousness, resonance, and acoustical perspective. A few sound effects added for greater "realism" seem expendable. Not all the microphoning is equally successful, but in so complex an undertaking fluctuations in quality are unavoidable.

The language of the performance is Russian, and in view of the essentially non-Russian cast, the enunciation is remarkably idiomatic. For the English-speaking listener, a libretto in three versions was prepared by Myron Morris: the Russian text in the Cyrillic alphabet and in transliteration, as well as a line-by-line translation. The latter, obviously not intended for singing, is readable and a distinct improvement over the older, rather stilted version of Rosa Newmarch. The transliteration could have been more explicit, but it is serviceable. The handsomely printed booklet accompanying the record album contains well-chosen illustrations and several essays by Gerald Abraham, Roland Gelatt, and Boris Christoff. Abraham's article is reprinted from the previous recorded version. The Gelatt essay, "Project Boris," gives an informative insight into the complex musical and extramusical problems involved in a recording of this type. Despite minor flaws, the present recording is an impressive accomplishment that will serve as a standard of comparison for years.

—Boris Schwarz.

The Greater Leider (and Melchior)

Gluck: *"Ah! si la liberté"* (*"Armide"*); Mozart: *"Or sai chi l'onore"* (*"Don Giovanni"*); Beethoven: *"Abscheulicher!"* (*"Fidelio"*); Wagner: *"Ich sah das Kind"* (*"Parsifal"*), *"Doch nun von Tristan," "Isolde! Tristan! Geliebter," "O König," "Und drauf Isolde," "Mild und Leise"* (*"Tristan und Isolde"*). *Frida Leider, soprano, and Lauritz Melchior, tenor, with Elfriede Marherr-Wagner, soprano, and orchestras conducted by Sir John Barbirolli, Leo Blech, Albert Coates, and Robert Heger.* Angel COLH 132. $5.98.

Judging from recordings and contemporary reports, Frida Leider could not boast the sheer vocal opulence of a Flagstad or even the hair-splitting accuracy of a Nilsson. But her singing had a degree of musicality and intensity that carries its own distinction. And her voice—not small by any means—had a kind of brightness, that permitted it to cut through the orchestra with ease.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of Leider's art was her attention to the words at a time (1929-32) when tone was generally considered more important than text. Leider had an uncanny sense of vocal psychology. She knew, for instance, just how much false sweetness should color Kundry's "Ward dir es wohl gar beim Küssen bang?" and she could haunt more listeners than Parsifal with her sudden half-whisper on "Herzeleide starb" at the end of "Ich sah das Kind." Yet she never stooped to empty rhetoric or fussy self-consciousness. She even managed to adapt the traditional Wagnerian scoop for expressive purposes, and was far too intelligent to over-use it.

Some critics have pointed to the abbreviated high notes in Isolde's Narrative as proof of a limited upper range. One suspects, however, that Leider nipped the two B's for dramatic rather than technical reasons; the C's of the love duet seem to pose no problem.

The Melchior who partners Leider's Isolde is a far more introverted musician than the Melchior who partnered Flagstad, Traubel et al. Perhaps the soprano influenced his tender mezza-voce and beautifully controlled legato in the *Tristan* duet (regrettably abridged). Perhaps it was his relative youth. Perhaps it was the inspired leadership of Albert Coates, who heeds Mottl's warning not to drag "O sink hernieder . . ."—"ja nicht schleppen!" At any rate, Melchior's customary *Heldentenor* vigor is counterbalanced here with sensitivity of equally heroic sensitivity.

—Martin Bernheimer.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Count Basie: *This Time by Basie.* Basie, piano, with seventeen-piece band. Reprise 6070, $3.98.	This unusually restrained Basie set consists of eleven recent items. The smoothly professional arrangements by Quincy Jones air the melodies thoroughly and display the band's estimable pulse, dynamics, and warm tonal quality. The emphasis is on the ensemble, but there are several pleasing solos, notably those by Frank Foster and Eric Dixon. The witty, blues-salted piano of the leader is another rewarding element, and on "I Can't Stop Loving You" and the theme from *The Apartment* he indulges in some comical, tongue-in-cheek playing. "This Could Be the Start of Something Big," "Walk, Don't Run," and "Nice 'n' Easy" are the most impressive performances. The last has a fine, Lunceford-like feeling and is also available in a Reprise jazz sampler, *Portraits in Jazz* (6084).
Sidney Bechet: *The Immortal Sidney Bechet.* Bechet, soprano saxophone, with quartet, sextet, septet and octet. Reprise 6076, $3.98.	"The greatest of all the originators, the symbol of jazz," was how Duke Ellington described Sidney Bechet last year. Overcoming limitations imposed by the somewhat pedestrian French groups, Bechet here soars above their accompaniments with that full tone and insistently expressive vibrato that together constituted one of the most distinctive sounds in jazz. It was allied to a strong rhythmic sense and a rare gift for flowing, melodic invention, the latter being well illustrated in the version of his own "Petite Fleur." His spoken introductions to two numbers (in Creole patois) and Jonah Jones's virile trumpet on a couple more add, respectively, to the record's nostalgic and musical interest.
Kenny Burrell: *Midnight Blue.* Burrell, guitar; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Major Holley, Jr., bass; Bill English, drums; Ray Barretto, conga. Blue Note 4123, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Most of the music here is quietly reflective. Burrell plays with the good taste which is probably responsible for having deprived him so far of the wide public acceptance he deserves. His brief, unaccompanied "Soul Lament" is of a conclusive artistry, and he plays both the title number and "Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?" with the rhythm section only. Though not in inspired form elsewhere, Stanley Turrentine contributes convincingly to the well-constructed performance of Major Holley's "Mule."
Gary Burton: *Who Is Gary Burton?* Burton, vibraphone; Clark Terry, trumpet; Chris Swanson, trombonium; Phil Woods, alto saxophone and clarinet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; John Neves, bass; Joe Morello, drums. RCA-Victor LPM 2665, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	To answer the question in the album's title, Gary Burton is a nineteen-year-old vibraphonist who possesses exceptional technique and considerable imagination. Neither he nor his album swings very much, however, despite the efforts of Joe Morello. The often ingenious scores, written by Burton, Mike Gibbs, and Chris Swanson, make the group sound larger than it is. Swanson also performs on a trombonium, a distressing instrument that sounds as basically unsuited to jazz as the valve trombone. Apart from "My Funny Valentine," a deluxe feature for Clark Terry, the most exciting music is made by Phil Woods (clarinet) on "Fly Time, Fly" and by Tommy Flanagan on "One Note."
Al Grey: *Night Song.* Grey, trombone; Dave Burns, trumpet; Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Earl Washington, piano; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Herman Wright, bass; Otis Finch, drums; Phil Thomas, conga. Argo 711, $4.98.	The Curse of the Conga, which lies heavily on this record, currently renders more jazz albums unpalatable than any other single factor. Luckily, "Stardust" is not "latinesque in format"—to employ a choice phrase from the liner—and this well-played piece offers a five-minute release from relentless *bonk-bonk-kerbonk.* Al Grey's extensively featured trombone is characteristically jovial and forthright, his individual plunger-muted style being heard on "Blues in the Night" and on Trummy Young's "Through for the Night." Billy Mitchell's fluid introduction to "Stardust" and Dave Burns's insinuating muted solos are also memorable.
Coleman Hawkins and Clark Terry: *Back in Bean's Bag.* Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Terry, trumpet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Major Holley, bass; Dave Bailey, drums. Columbia CL 1991, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Because Hawkins and Terry are, in terms of technique and conception, two of the ablest talents in the field today, one expects the utmost from an encounter such as this. If the record offers rather less than that, it is nevertheless generally successful and enjoyable. Terry's speed, range, flexibility, and humor are everywhere in evidence. His ballad feature, "Don't Worry 'Bout Me," is notable for its warmth, and "Squeeze Me" for his ability to reinterpret an older form of expression. Hawkins excels on a pretty tune by Terry called "Michelle," which he plays with much sensitivity and feeling. It is pianist Tommy Flanagan, however, who seems to have been especially inspired by the occasion.
Gerry Mulligan: *Gerry Mulligan '63: The Concert Jazz Band.* Mulligan, baritone saxophone, clarinet and piano, with fourteen-piece band. Verve V6-8515, $4.98; stereo $5.98.	Material, performance, and recording make this a superior album. On Mulligan's own "Ballad," a beautiful number that contrasts simplicity with complexity, some of his most soulful playing to date is presented. Brookmeyer's two "Big City" pieces are extremely successful in their endorsement of the textures, colors, and dimensions of the Ellington world. Mulligan's clarinet, Brookmeyer's piano, and Terry's crying horn are all strikingly evocative here, while the orchestral shading is worthy of a permanent group. "My Kind of Love," taken at an unexpected but very effective slow tempo, is full of lift, melody, and round, resonant tones. In comparison, the three Gary McFarland originals on the second side lack cohesion and depth.
Lou Rawls: *Black and Blue.* Rawls, vocal, accompanied by twenty-piece band; Onzy Matthews, arranger and conductor. Capitol T-1824, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Judging by this album, the blues education of Lou Rawls—*pace* annotator—is not yet complete. To sing a dozen songs made famous by people like Leroy Carr, Georgia White, Joe Turner, Louis Armstrong, Jimmy Rushing, Billie Holiday, and Joe Williams is to invite invidious comparisons. He seldom sounds relaxed and he swings hardly at all. Nerves? The extravagant accompaniment may not have helped, for there are few singers around who can ride out over so big a band. Likable instrumental solos and commentary emerge from it, however, including some plungered trombone by ex-Ellingtonian Lou Blackburn.
Artie Shaw: *One Night Stand.* Shaw, clarinet, with various big bands. Camden CAL 584, $1.98.	Among these ten selections from Shaw's 1938-41 output is one of durable interest—"Confessin'." Never previously issued, it puts a first-class group of eight jazz musicians into a context of eight violins, two violas, two cellos and a harp. For the most part, Shaw's cats and pigeons paddle together a little self-consciously in a shallow Third Stream, but the cats do have one central chorus very much to themselves. J. C. Higginbotham (trombone) and Benny Carter (alto saxophone) turn it into a lively dialogue of two-bar sentences, and hand the release over to Red Allen (trumpet). —Stanley Dance.

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In the Wake of Parker

IN MID-1946 saxophonist Sonny Stitt was a member of a Dizzy Gillespie sextet, a replacement (appropriately, as we shall see) for Charlie Parker. By 1949 Stitt was working on his own. Except for a brief return to Gillespie in the mid-Fifties and a more recent stay with Miles Davis, Stitt has since been largely on his own. He has recorded hundreds of titles with quartets or quintets, only some of which involve him with really capable companions.

Apparently jazz record companies, Stitt's managers, and Stitt himself see no reason to stop the flow of LPs by Sonny Stitt plus rhythm. The latest is called *Rearin' Back* (Argo LP-709), and is, as usual, a program of blues, medium and fast song forms (including "Wee," one of the early modern jazz vehicles), a popular ballad, "Little Girl Blue," and an original instrumental ballad-like piece by Stitt, "Queen." I'm afraid the improvising sounds as if Stitt had done most of it before, and perhaps often.

Sonny Stitt & the Top Brass, on Atlantic 1395, is another matter. The company wanted to try Stitt in a new setting, a brass choir of three trumpets, two trombones, a French horn, plus rhythm. They chose arrangers with almost opposite approaches. The first was Jimmy Mundy, who in the Thirties was writing "killer-dillers" (how quaint the argot of yesteryear!) for Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Earl Hines, *et al.*, and who is therefore likely to employ brass for quick, shouting accents and brief, punching rhythmic figures. Second, Tadd Dameron, the modernist, who will evoke masses of carefully-voiced sounds and more sustained melodies from the horns.

For half the LP, things went according to plan: Stitt responded with a chorus of dancing, implied double-time on "Coquette," alternated lyricism and slithering virtuosity on "Poinciana," and effectively asserted a younger man's view of the traditional "See See Rider." Other selections, however, involved some compromises. Mundy scored "Soul's Valley" and "Boom Boom" as safe reshufflings of the currently fashionable blues clichés—but Stitt's choruses are alert nevertheless. Also, Stitt had been appearing with the modish sax-and-electric organ format, so it was decided to use an organist, Perri Lee. The arrangers employed her to underline the brass here and there, but mostly they let her wend her way through the chord charts as a kind of substitute piano, and she responded capably with all the hip devices. But an electric organ is an electric organ, with a sound rather like belching into heavy duty motor oil on a hot day.

Still, Dameron approached his contemporary eight-bar blues, "Four Ninety," with broad lyricism, and Stitt, in contrast, offered it a fundamental poignancy. A similarly effective juxtaposition can be heard on Dameron's instrumental ballad, "On a Misty Night." As if to keep things straight, the LP ends with a good quintet piece, "Stittsie."

WE HAVE said nothing yet about the most remarkable aspect of Sonny Stitt as a jazz musician. By all we know (or at least think we know) about jazz, Sonny Stitt simply could not play the way he does. For Stitt uses Charlie Parker's style as if it belonged to Sonny Stitt, and he recognized this esthetic kinship to Parker as early as 1941. At his best, he unfolds his melodies with a swinging power and personal conviction that one would not hear in a mere pastiche. He does not quite have Parker's genius—in a quick variety of rhythm and harmony, in subtleties of melodic echo and order—but it is as if he had nearly all of Parker's talent.

Sonny Stitt is not simply a popularizer of Parker's ideas, then, but he has served something of that function, not only by perpetuating the style, but by carrying it to audiences who were not ready to receive it as first expounded by Parker himself. Lou Donaldson, however, *is* a popularizer; he uses only some of Parker's ideas and manner of phrasing (but, oddly, Donaldson still attacks individual notes in a rather academic manner), and he now plays them in a kind of up-dated version of the urban rhythm and blues music that audiences accept casually as a part of big-city, and largely Negro, barroom and nightclub life.

The name of Donaldson's new LP, *The Natural Soul* (Blue Note 4108); the use of down-home titles like "Funky Mama," "Nice 'n' Greasy," and "Sow Belly Blues"; the fact that the recital includes the requisite electric organ, guitar, plus a slightly watered-down modern jazz trumpet—these tell the story. It is inevitable that Parker's ideas should sift to this level, but one cannot honestly say that it is as "unassuming" or "unpretentious" as other such blues playing. There is something calculated about its earthiness and its grinding reliance on a handful of devices. But Donaldson can make unaffected music; consult his "Blues Walk," for instance, on Blue Note 1593.

Cannonball Adderley is something of a popularizer too, but a popularizer of a different sort than Donaldson. Adderley does not make the neighborhood bars, he makes the jazz clubs. Further, his style is both more personal and more varied in its inception (besides predominant Parker, one hears early Benny Carter, a bit of late John Coltrane, and recently a wholly unexpected snippet of Ornette Coleman), and he has a virtuosity that on occasion tosses out notes like handfuls of unicolored confetti. *Jazz Workshop Revisited* (Riverside 444) returns Adderley to "live recording" at a San Francisco club where a few years ago he did "This Here," a rather posturingly executed gospel-style blues that became a hit. Adderley's current group is a sextet, still with his brother Nat (Miles Davis with extra notes) on cornet, and with Yusef Lateef (a sort of forcefully sophisticated but becalmed Illinois Jacquet) on tenor saxophone and flute.

At present the sophisticated blues-band approach is more varied and is often laced with big band effects. "Jive Samba" reflects the current fad for Bossa Nova for a relentless eleven minutes. Cannonball takes a well-paced solo on "Marney," seems to mean what he plays on "Mellow Buno," and makes a few knowingly engaging announcements to the audience between some of the numbers.

However, I should not leave Adderley without recommending his disciplined improvisations on "Autumn Leaves," available on Blue Note 1595 with a group that includes the real Miles Davis, for they are very good, and the record is probably Cannonball's best. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Monument and Magic

BERTRAND RUSSELL was born on May 18, 1872, and certainly stands as the world's most astonishing nonagenarian, still physically spry, vast in intellect, and indefatigable in the contests of this world's ideas. Were this a better world, he would stand as one of its universally acknowledged monuments.

In April, 1961, when Russell was a mere eighty-eight, John Chandos (not otherwise known to me and not otherwise identified in the text on the jacket) went to Bertrand Russell's house in North Wales and spent two days interviewing him on tape. That interview, excellently edited, is now available on the Riverside Label under the unpunctuated title *Speaking Personally Bertrand Russell* (RLP 7014/7015. Monaural. Four sides in hinged jacket. $11.96).

I sat up in something between astonishment and dismay when the smooth announcer's tones of the introduction were followed by the gravelly, aged, but lively voice of the Master. It is an astonishing sound out of any speaker. Almost at once, however, I found myself adjusting to it and being swept away again by the power of the man's mind, which remains, as ever, a compound of learning, intransigeance, simplicity, and wit.

How does one describe a monument speaking? I even began by wondering what purpose such a recording could serve. The answer to my own question is, in a single word, *charm*. This monument is warmly human and greatly alive. Any man who spends two hours in the sound of its mind has spent two good hours in the sound a mind makes.

Russell is a grand and easy conversationalist, an accomplished teller of anecdotes; an aphorist ("Eccentricity? —a natural result of security of tenure"); and an easy-going iconoclast ("Tennyson? He was rather a fraud. I thought him a humbug." And of Eisenhower: "A silly man. Everybody agrees that he is a silly man.")

Out of context, those remarks may seem merely petulant, and certainly Russell would be the last to insist that his opinion is law. In the context of the man's own voice, pace, and sense of humor, they are part of the sparkle of a great two hours of talk.

Capitol's release of *The Story Teller . . . A Session with Charles Laughton* (STBO 1650. Four sides in hinged jacket. $8.96) is another but vastly more calculated two hours of personal charm. Since my listening and note-taking on the performance, Laughton has died of cancer. Perhaps the special heaven of actors nowadays is in the fact that their films and recordings remain. The man dies, but the performance lives on. I hope Laughton's spirit will accept as my eulogy the act of taking his performance as a living thing and of speaking of it (with both praise and some qualification of praise), as if he were still alive, for within it, he is magnificently alive.

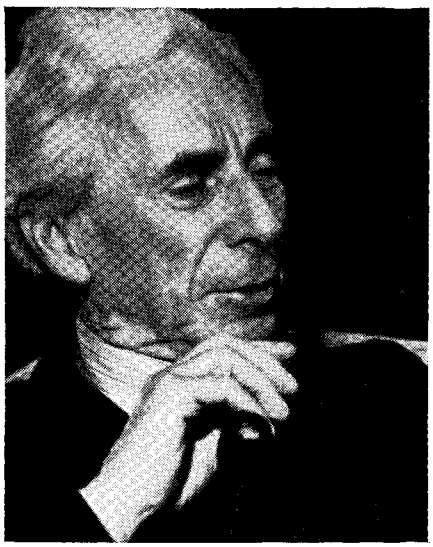
The account on the jacket is rather ambiguous, but the recording itself makes clear that Laughton was reading to a G.I. audience, probably at a veterans' hospital. He was self-declaredly there to win his audience. "Here we are—an actor and an audience," he begins. He concludes two hours later with, "I've shown you all the tricks of my trade, so goodnight."

What happens in between is a coruscating demonstration of an old hand fishing for his audience and hooking it hard. It is as if he had gone there to prove to them that they, too, could take high-brow stuff. The limiting fact remains that he had gone there for something like intellectual slumming. So, en route to Shakespeare, he baits his hook with bits of sermonizing and moralizing that I, for one, might have taken more willingly had he paused less to be a good fellow in his asides, and had he not chummed in advance with a few ever-so-mildly-naughty, almost-sexy touches.

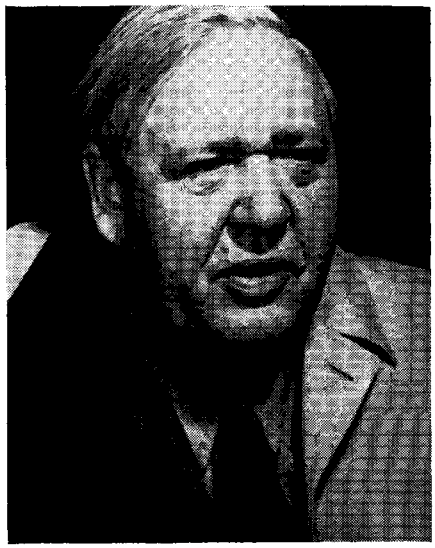
I have been fished for in this way (though never so superbly) by too many chaplains, and confess that I have small taste for it. Or perhaps my impression of the intellectual content of the reading suffers from following two hours with the mind of Bertrand Russell. In any case, I have to conclude, the performance is ham. But let it be added that it is magnificent ham. No actor, would-be actor, or *Spiel*-man calculatedly eager to learn the art of audience-hooking should miss this one. And the actors and would-be actors will find something else to think about as they listen to Laughton read from *Julius Caesar* on side two. Laughton opens that reading with a full, oratorical Shakespearean blast carefully followed by a "good-Joe" aside to reassure his low-brow audience that it really *is* all right, then goes on to read deliberately off the pace and emphasis implicit in the words and context of Brutus's and of Mark Antony's orations. A fascinating bit of egocentricity, I found it to be; not a reading of the lines as such, but one man's effort to make his reading different from any other.

I beg that I not be accused of carping. I am left with nothing but admiration for this actor's skill. But the product is labeled "intellect" and I am not at all sure that it turns out to be more than the sale of a great magician's impersonation of intellect. But *what* a magician!

—JOHN CIARDI.



Bertrand Russell—"a compound of learning, intransigeance, simplicity, and wit."



Laughton—"an old hand fishing for his audience and hooking it hard."

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 67

boys will be boys—which is to say, undependable. A highly successful bit of casting was the discovery of Tatiana Troyanos, a singer new to the company, for Hippolyta. She made a stunning Queen of the Amazons, and vocalized capably.

Withal, one can have an enjoyable evening with this version of the *Dream*, which has been imaginatively set by Robert Fletcher and makes a pleasing pageant even when the musical interest lags. This was in no way the fault of conductor Julius Rudel, who gave Britten the benefit of all he had conceived well (with the artisans) and minimized the blame for what he had failed to consider as well vocally as orchestrally.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

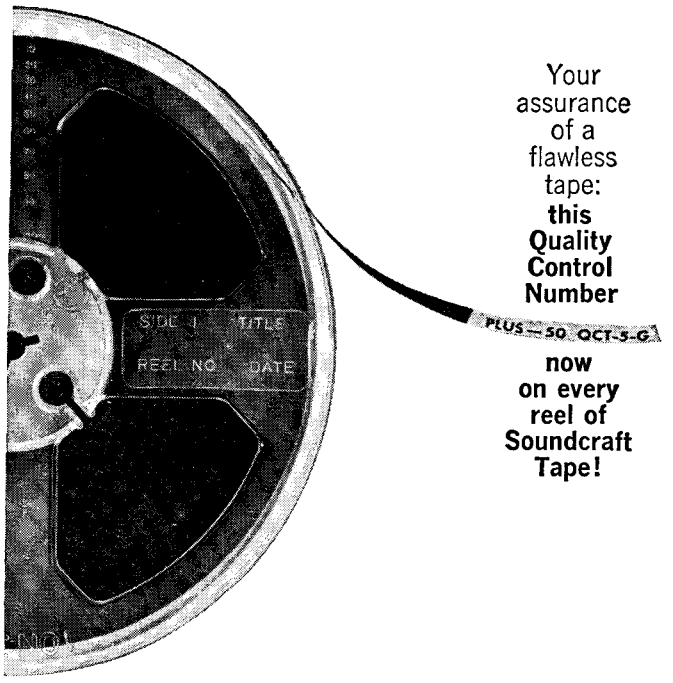
Hindemith at the Philharmonic

PAUL HINDEMITH'S new Organ Concerto, written for the Philharmonic's inaugural season at Lincoln Center and tailored to the specifications of the Philharmonic Hall organ, bears most of the predictable Hindemith trademarks. The uneven forces are balanced with absolute control; the formal structure reveals neo-Baroque logic; the harmonic vocabulary, though conservative, betrays a refined knowledge of the power of dissonance as musical seasoning. Hindemith also seems to have followed the *Gebrauchsmusik* procedure one step further than is usual; he keeps the shifting textures so clear that the hall's acoustical mush is avoided even in dramatic *fortes*. The only things missing, in fact, are expressive abandon and the emotional involvement that separate creation from craft.

Much the same might be said for Hindemith the conductor. He is a no-nonsense maestro who beats clearly, botches cues only occasionally, and obviously likes to keep the printed score in front of him—even when it's his own. He paid Anton Heiller, his soloist, the compliment of doing absolutely nothing when the organ played alone; Heiller responded by handling both the new work and the unfamiliar instrument as if he had loved them all his life.

The program, which opened with a well-upholstered *Euryanthe* overture, closed with Max Reger's *Variations on a Merry Theme of Hiller*, last performed by the Philharmonic in 1934. One can see why an arch-contrapuntist like Hindemith should be attracted by the complex fugue finale. But it would take a far more inspired baton to sustain tension during the half-hour of good-natured Brahmsian rambling that precedes it.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.



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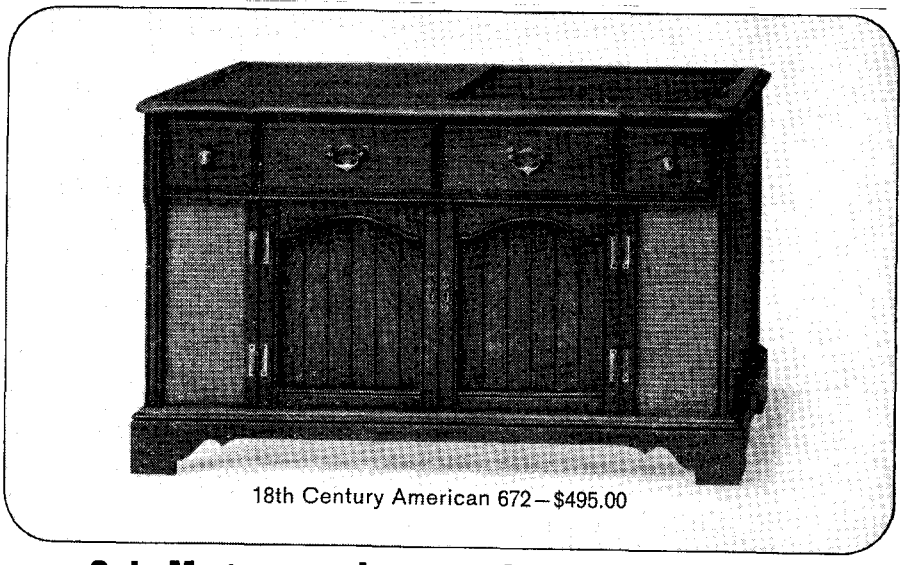

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Fiction

Continued from page 33

Moravia's tireless campaign, his strenuous defense of the worth of the novel, and his quasi-Machiavellian strategy (which played both on his international reputation and on the fact that some of the judges did not read Italian) that he was able to "deliver" the precious votes of the other five participating countries. It was learned from authoritative sources that the Italians had strongly favored two young and exciting writers, Lucio Mastronardi and Luciano Bianciardi, whose maturity of style, universality of themes, and seriousness of vision they specifically singled out as deserving the special recognition of an award designed "to encourage—and to provide an international audience for new writing."

But no matter: the past is now behind us, and what the present offers us in the competent translation of Frances Frenaye is an uncomplicated, amateurishly written, and banal tale about a seventeen-year-old girl's love affair with a somewhat older and irresolute law student, who is seeking pleasure and security but is unwilling to pay the price for either. As presented by the author, Enrica is certainly representative of a generation that is unable to find meaning in life or new values in a world robbed of its dignity and humanity by too many blunders, too many wars, too many betrayals. The evidence presented in the novel speaks eloquently to this point: we have become incapable of enjoying even the rawest physical pleasure; we are unable to find a sense of purpose in the futile struggle of everyday living; finally, we have allowed ourselves to be turned into neurotic automatons. In that sense, the novel's characters reveal the sickness of our condition. Enrica's mother is preoccupied with marrying her off to someone from a better social sphere than their own; her father spends all his free time building complicated wooden bird cages nobody wants to buy, and by so doing expresses his alienation from a world he no longer comprehends; Cesare does not hesitate to telephone his fiancée while he is still in bed with Enrica; and the middle-aged countess, who gives temporary shelter to the latter, confesses that she is beyond the point of caring about anything or anyone.

Even from such a fragmentary account, it is easy to see why the novel should have attracted the sympathy of Alberto Moravia. It is his own early novel, *The Time of Indifference* (1929), that has considerably influenced Miss Maraini's sensibility, and it is Moravia's cold, semiclinical, grayish style that the young author has made her own, ably using it to depict the monotony of her sordid, hopeless world.

Miss Maraini does on occasion succeed in creating interesting "types" and in conjuring up recognizable climates; she fails, however, to illuminate the ambivalence, the desiccation and degradation we recognize as the worst, and most prevalent, features of our era. Nevertheless, despite the notable lack of compassion and depth that clouds the author's vision, Miss Maraini has given us a valid, if all too fleeting, portrait of faceless people who, unable to communicate even a small part of their misery and anguish to their brothers, are doomed to spend the rest of their existence in the hell of loneliness and fear.

Postscript to Plutarch

Pericles the Athenian, *by Rex Warner (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 240 pp. $4.75), concentrates on the political history of an extraordinary era. Books by Robert Payne include "The Splendor of Greece."*

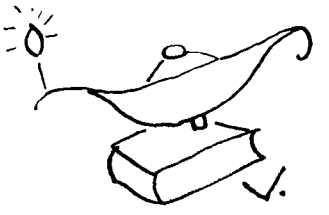
By ROBERT PAYNE

A STRANGE fatality hovers over the historical novelist. Knowledge, skill, dramatic sense, even imagination, are never amulet enough. What is needed above all is the prodigious leap into the past and the capacity to remain there, unfalteringly there, in the enclosed world where the laws of the world we know and even the simplest words and ideas may be stripped of their present-day meanings. It is a task for a giant, but only a few giants have attempted it. Even *Salammbo* fails at times, and *War and Peace* shows signs of describing the society of a whole generation later than the one it is intended to depict. The pitfalls are endless, and only a man of strong nerves can walk through the dangerous and unknown roads of the past.

How dangerous the journey is we know from the wrecks of historical fiction that lie scattered all around us. We have no novels about ancient Greece to rival the best on ancient Rome. *God Was Born in Exile, Marius the Epicurean,* and *I, Claudius* accomplish their purpose wonderfully well, perhaps because the leap into the Roman past is less demanding. Robert Graves performed miracles for Claudian Rome, but failed lamentably when he attempted a story on Hercules. The Greeks are quicksilver. They vanish when we attempt to hold them. They are too subtle for us, too Oriental, too innocent altogether to be understood by our guilt-ridden minds. And then—and perhaps this is the crux of the matter—how on earth does one write about a people who produced more geniuses in fifty years than the rest of us have been able to bring forth in two and a half millennia?

Rex Warner has done his best with Pericles. He has labored over the sources, arranged the known facts in the proper order, and very sensibly told the story through the lips of the philosopher Anaxagoras, who was one of Pericles's teachers and therefore might be expected to have a fund of knowledge about his pupil. But there is no leap, no attempt to recreate the society in which Pericles lived. The sources for a life of Pericles are admittedly few, the most substantial being Plutarch's long essay. Mr. Warner clings to Plutarch like a drowning man. He rarely tells a story that is not taken boldly from *Parallel Lives*; in fact, he rarely tells a story. Page upon page describe the politics of Periclean Athens as they might be found in some nineteenth-century textbook. Aspasia, Socrates, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Thucydides receive passing mention; they are never allowed to come to life. There is half a page on the Great Plague, which Thucydides described with wonderfully effective detail; but Mr. Warner is not concerned with effective detail. Anaxagoras rumbles along, a man in his dotage, concerned more with the alliances of Athens than with the Athenians, and poor Pericles vanishes under the weight of the author's laborious prose.

It is all very puzzling. Mr. Warner is no novice, he knows ancient Greece, he has made excellent translations from Xenophon and Euripides. But he never raises the dead. One has the feeling that he never even tried.



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Reds, Whites, and Revolution

Eighty-Seven Days, *by Andrew Angarsky (Knopf. 640 pp. $6.50), chronicles the first White Russian attempt to unseat the Bolsheviks in 1918. Ivar Spector, of the University of Washington, is the author of "An Introduction to Russian History and Culture" and "The Golden Age of Russian Literature."*

By IVAR SPECTOR

THIS novel, by a Russian expatriate scholar who died in the U.S. in 1960, deals with the abortive uprising in 1918 of the anti-Bolshevik "Union for the Defense of Motherland and Freedom," in which Allied intervention was expected. The eighty-seven days span the period from late April—when the group was organized in Moscow under the leadership of the Social Revolutionary terrorist Boris Savinkov and the ex-czarist Colonel Perkhurov—to its collapse in July at Yaroslavl on the Volga. No individual heroes appear among the many characters, real and fictional; the actual hero is the "Union."

Angarsky has tried to present objectively the underlying reasons for the defeat of the White forces. The former czarist officers, rich merchants, and noblemen who formed the nucleus of the organization are depicted as more concerned with the restoration of their status, wealth, and property than with the salvation of Russia. According to the author, it was they who plotted and launched the White Terror that provoked the Red Terror of the Bolsheviks. Claiming to be *Herrenvolk,* they alienated the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionists who initially supported the movement. In this novel, the Soviets begin with a carrot and end with a club, while their opponents first wield the club and resort to the carrot only when it is too late to change the course of events. The one feeling common to both Whites and Reds was unmitigated hatred of Alexander Kerensky, prime minister of the Provisional Government which had been overthrown by the Bolsheviks.

Well-written and smoothly flowing, the book reads at times like a stenographic record. The manner of presentation is strongly reminiscent of Alexei N. Tolstoy's novel of the revolution and civil war, *Road to Calvary (Khozhdenie po mukam),* though Angarsky's story lacks the epic proportions of the latter.

Unusual in a novel by an expatriate Russian is the generally favorable portrayal of well-known Bolshevik leaders, especially Lenin and Felix Dzerzhinsky, chief of the Cheka, as well as Trotsky, Maria Spiridonova, and Nadezhda Krupskaya. Indeed, there are instances in which Angarsky presents the Soviet case *vis-à-vis* the Whites more articulately than Soviet writers of fiction have yet done.

Encounter in a Gondola

The Birdcage, *by John Bowen (Harper & Row, 208 pp. $3.95), combines satire and romance in a story about modern London's misplaced generation. David Dempsey is a veteran critic for SR.*

By DAVID DEMPSEY

ON THE jacket of this novel, the author, John Bowen, is compared to Angus Wilson, Iris Murdoch, and "prewar" Evelyn Waugh. A reference to E. M. Forster is also smuggled in, which makes it a dusty jacket indeed. Inevitably the reader who scans the not-so-fine print on the label will be disappointed, for *The Birdcage,* whatever its merits, is hardly the champagne cocktail we have been promised.

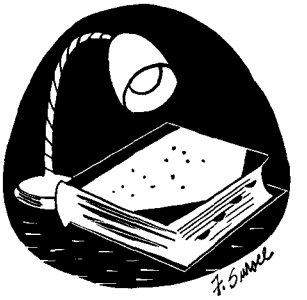
Norah Palmer and Peter Ash have been living together for nine years—"semi-attached" is Mr. Bowen's term—when something happens during a vacation in Italy to break up the arrangement. Norah declares that she can no longer "respect" Peter, and, for his part, Peter has a mysterious little encounter in a gondola; we are not told much about this, except that it has a profound effect on Peter, who decides to break off with Norah. She agrees, rather too willingly for a woman.

The two go their separate ways in London. Peter's way is that of an interlocutor for a series of movie shorts called "The Living Arts," in addition to which—but we will come to that later. Norah's way is employment in the script department of a commercial television network. Shortly before they separated, their landlady gave them a wicker birdcage and two parakeets. Norah has kept one bird, Peter the other. Away from one another the creatures languish, as do Peter and Norah. Mr. Bowen is not blind when it comes to symbols.

We feel that eventually the couple is going to be reunited in sin, and that it will do them both good. Mr. Bowen's problem—indeed, it is every novelist's—is what to do with his characters in the meanwhile. A great deal of Norah's time is spent trying to discover the whereabouts of a retired civil servant who wrote a play in 1904 that was praised by G. B. Shaw. The script has been lost and the author has dropped from sight. While searching for him, Norah continues to grieve for Peter, who she realizes can't, or at least shouldn't, live without her.

Peter takes up with a bouncy policewoman—on her off-hours, that is—but he soon tires of this and starts roaming the streets at night. And now we discover what it was that took place in the gondola to change Peter's attitude. Until he met Norah nine years before, he had been a "practicing homosexual." A young Italian passenger in the gondola reawakens the old urge in him, and not by singing *O Sole Mio.* Peter is back where he started. In a long and rather unpleasant chapter called "The Night People" we follow him through the haunts of homosexual London, where he is at the mercy of those who prey on his kind.

Up to this point *The Birdcage* has been a lighthearted, satirical comedy that gets in most of its licks by exposing the pseudocultural pretensions of the popular arts in England. But now, three-fourths of the way through the book, Mr. Bowen changes gears. *The Birdcage* becomes an altogether different novel, freighted with a completely new set of intentions. Mr. Bowen makes it plain that for people of Norah's and Peter's temperament—the "semi-attached" who are incapable of committing themselves wholeheartedly to a genuine emotional relationship—life is a drag. And so, unhappily, is the last quarter of Mr. Bowen's novel.



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Covenant in Translation

The Torah: The Five Books of Moses. *A new translation of The Holy Scriptures according to the Masoretic text. First Section (Jewish Publication Society of America. 393 pp. $5), aims at revising the Pentateuch in terms of contemporary discovery and scholarship. Cyrus H. Gordon is the chairman of the Department of Mediterranean Studies at Brandeis University's Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. "Before the Bible" is his most recent book.*

By CYRUS H. GORDON

TODAY Protestants, Catholics, and Jews both here and in England, are competing in producing new translations of the Bible. Personally, I find it unnecessary to make an issue of the difference between the American and English languages when it comes to the Holy Scriptures. Since the King James Version—like the plays of Shakespeare—is an English classic, it is not mandatory to rewrite it every few years in the current language of Great Britain or of the USA. It is, rather, the task of the primary and secondary schools to turn out graduates sufficiently grounded in basic English to know what "thou" means. In another regard, however, revisions of Bible translations are constantly needed. Scripture is full of misunderstood and unintelligible words and passages that are gradually being clarified through modern discovery.

This new translation of the Torah, or Pentateuch, aims at expressing in modern language (without "thou") the results of contemporary discovery and scholarship. In general, this aim has been fulfilled successfully. Congratulations are in order to all concerned, but particularly to the editorial committee: Professors Harry M. Orlinsky (chairman), H. L. Ginsberg, and E. A. Speiser.

The Publication Society makes it clear that this version is Jewish, which is quite in keeping with a common Christian approach that evokes Protestant and Catholic translations. But, for the life of me, I cannot see how a new translation can be Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, Muslim, or agnostic. Every reputable Jewish and Christian translation agency desires accuracy regarding the same text and the same body of collateral data. All competent scholars, Jewish and Christian, are in complete accord as to what is accurate and what is erroneous in a Bible translation. Difference of opinion tends to be limited to moot questions on which agreement has not yet been reached, but in such questions objective facts—not denominational issues—are regarded as the only legitimate criteria by all concerned. Deviations from this interconfessional principle are ill-fated from the start.

In this instance the editorial committee decided not to retain the expression "The Spirit of God" because it smacks of the Holy Spirit that is generally associated with Christianity, identified, as it is, with the third member of the Trinity. However, since the concept of the Holy Spirit (*ruah hacodesh*) is firmly imbedded in pre-Christian rabbinic Judaism, there is no reason why even a Jewish translation should avoid it.

Nevertheless, in Genesis 1:2 "the spirit of God was hovering over the face of the waters" (Jewish Publication Society translation of 1917) is now rendered "a wind from God sweeping over the water." It is interesting to note that the authoritative medieval Jewish commentary of Rashi likens the "spirit of God" in this passage to a dove, exactly as in Christian iconography. Moreover, the new tablets from Ugarit fix the meaning of the word here rendered "sweeping" as "to fly," tying in neatly with the Judeo-Christian simile of the "dove." Accordingly, a translation such as "the spirit of God flying over the surface of the water" might best embody what a translation can and should be. It is interesting that in this case, as so often, the archeological discoveries fit in with tradition—Jewish and Christian alike.

Michelangelo's "Moses" in Rome's church of Pietro in Vincoli.

"A wind from God" in Genesis 1:2 is subject to criticism also from inner-Hebrew considerations. The committee rightly translates "A wind from the Lord started up, swept quail from the sea and strewed them over the camp" in Numbers 11:31. Here, however, the Hebrew is quite different from the Genesis passage; the original of Numbers 11:31 literally means "and a wind traveled from-with Yahweh." In other words, when the ancient authors wanted to say "a wind from God," they did so quite unequivocally.

Deuteronomy 34:9 is accurately rendered by the committee: "Joshua son of Nun was filled with the spirit of wisdom." In fact, the only change that I would suggest is using a capital W for "Wisdom," which is a well-known personification (see Proverbs 1:20; 3:13-19). The expression "spirit of Wisdom" in this context is about the same as "spirit of God" in passages like Exodus 35:31, where it is said of the great artist Bezalel, according to the new translation: "He had endowed him with a divine spirit of skill . . .," whereas the 1917 version has it more correctly: "He hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom . . .," with a comma in keeping with the traditional Jewish accentuation of the Hebrew text that calls for a major pause between "God" and "in wisdom." Indeed, "divine spirit of skill" is grammatically out of keeping with the Hebrew original.

ALL of this unnecessary inaccuracy has been occasioned by the wrong decision to turn out a denominationally acceptable translation. I dare say that the Jewish Publication Society version of 1917 functioned according to a sounder principle in maintaining as much as possible the continuity of English Bible translations, in which "the spirit of God" is a time-honored expression that has become part of our language.

Nevertheless, this translation will provide the reader with a new and worthwhile literary experience. A lot of up-to-date knowledge and hard work have gone into the book. The editorial committee is a repository of Old Testament scholarship, and it would be hard to find a more knowledgeable trio than Professors Orlinsky, Ginsberg, and Speiser.

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Spring Juveniles

Continued from page 50

—From "Tales of Troy and Greece."

his narrative to explain, but this is not too evident.

Some children in the true "hero" stage may be able to read the book; others will have to hear it read aloud. Ages 9-12.

Young People 12-14

THE FARAWAY LURS. *By Harry Behn. Jacket painting by Leonard Weisgard. World.* 190 *pp.* $3. Haunting is the word for this book. Plot and characters stay with one as do those in no other story this spring. So does the sound of the lurs—the great bronze trumpets of the sun-worshippers.

The introduction must be read first, because it tells of the author's investigation in Denmark of an archeological finding on the farm where his mother had lived: the remains of a Stone or Bronze Age girl. Why was she buried in such a mysterious way? Basing his narrative on the suppositions and reconstructions of archeologists, Harry Behn, a poet, lets his imagination follow the possibilities, and says, "If what I have imagined doesn't seem quite the way things were, you must remember in your own dreams what did happen and it will be just as true."

In this tale of a sun-worshipping boy of a warlike tribe who falls in love with a girl of a tree-worshipping, peaceful forest tribe, there are no heavy attempts at "period" writing; except for the customs of the people it could be happening today. The story ends—as it must—in tragedy, yet with light shining through the forest glade where Heather hopes to meet the boy who has, in death, preceded her. Ages 12 up.

THE VOYAGE OF THE FLYING BIRD. *By Margaret Titcomb. Illustrated by Joseph Feher. Dodd, Mead.* 236 *pp.* $3.50. Narrative is combined with known facts in this useful account of the voyage of *The Flying Bird* from Tahiti to the Hawaiian Islands. No other book for young people gives as much authentic material, and this is natural inasmuch as the author and the artist are connected with the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, the former in charge of the library, the latter as artist-historian; and both are working on a pictorial history of Hawaii.

So far, so good, but the very responsibility of their positions and the author's great interest in source materials sometimes slows up the story, not for Hawaiian young people perhaps, but for those on the mainland. Still the reader keeps wondering at the extraordinary voyage and the daring of the people. The jacket gives a better idea of what the double canoes were like than any picture I have seen. Ages 10-14.

SEEDS OF TIME. *Compiled by Bernice Grohskopf. Drawings by Kerry Oechsli. Atheneum.* 59 *pp.* $3.25. Possibly this will be an introduction to Shakespeare for those not ready (or willing) to read the plays, for the selections are lovely in themselves. However, the book might have been a little less realistic and present-day in its illustration. The prim-looking modern boy and girl shown here scarcely seem in tune with the rollicking rhythm—and words—of "A Lover and His Lass." Various ages.

DEAR, DEAR LIVY. The Story of Mark Twain's Wife. *By Adrien Stoutenburg and Laura Nelson Baker. Scribners.* 192 *pp.* $3.50. "There was one sound that Livy [who was ill] missed acutely and that was the scratch of Sam's pen. And the noises he made while writing—the coughs, occasional groans and sighs."

She sent him a note. "Darling . . . I feel so frightfully banished. Couldn't you write in my boudoir. Then I could hear you clear your throat and it would be such a joy to feel you near. . . . Your Livy."

Whether or not the reader knows much about Mark Twain, this offers a different view of him. An extraordinarily sustained and tender love story, it is sentimental at times—because it *was*; Victorian—because Livy was a true Victorian wife. It is written from original sources and letters.

"After Livy's death Mark Twain said in one sentence all his wife had meant: 'Wheresoever she was, there was Eden.'" Ages 12-16.

THE MOON BY NIGHT. *By Madeleine l'Engle. Ariel Books-Farrar, Straus.* 218 *pp.* $3.25. This is another, and independent, book about Vicky and her family, who first appeared in *Meet the Austins.* Now the Austins, as real a family as you find in a book, take a camping trip to California, and on the way home are caught in the Montana earthquake.

Vicky, the narrator, meets a boy who interests her because he is so different—but he is disturbing to her family. His effect on Vicky's slightly uncertain but really firm faith in God—and in life—makes a good story, one that may, in so far as it is possible, give reassurance to girls who need it. But occasionally they may wish that Vicky and Zachary did not take themselves quite so seriously. At the end we have grown almost fond of bitter, dark-haired Zachary, who is beginning to see a ray or two of light—and we hope Vicky is not going to change her affections to more normal, but less interesting, red-haired Andy.

The author knows how young people talk. However, both in this book, and in

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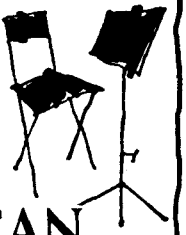

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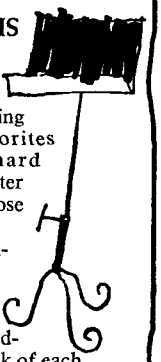
by JOSEPH MACHLIS



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some by other authors, I find the text sprinkled liberally with italics, and wonder if it has to be done to quite such an extent. Ages 12-15.

A KNIGHT AND HIS ARMOUR. *By R. Ewart Oakeshot. Illustrated by the author. Dufour Editions, Chester Springs, Pa. 95 pp.* $2.95. Mr. Dufour, a combination bookseller and publisher, tells me he uses "Editions" in the French sense. This little English book is brisk and competent on armor, and gives information not found in some larger books. Moreover, the Metropolitan Museum assures me that Mr. Oakeshot knows what he is writing about. For older boys and girls.

EXPLORATION OF AFRICA. *By the editors of Horizon magazine. Author, Thomas Sterling; Consultant, George H. T. Kimble, professor of geography, Indiana University. Illustrated with paintings, drawings, and maps of the period. American Heritage. Dist. Meredith Press, after June by Harper & Row.* 153 *pp.* $3.95. For background material on Africa this should be invaluable to schools and libraries, as well as to families wishing to know about that continent. The early paintings and maps are interesting, as is the text, though some of it, particularly Stanley's explorations, seems a little out of balance. One must give sizable place to the explorer of the Congo, but where is Pierre de Brazza, who explored for France? After all we still have Brazzaville on one bank of the Congo. Ages 12 up.

AMERICAN COMPOSERS OF OUR TIME. *By Joseph Machlis. Crowell.* 238 *pp.* $4.50. We have in this excellent book brief biographies of sixteen composers. Here are George Gershwin, Aaron Copland, Gian-Carlo Menotti, Leonard Bernstein, and others. In his "By Way of Introduction," the author writes: "Each chapter ends

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Translated from the German by MOYRA McGAVIN

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—From "The Art of Lands in the Bible."

with the description of a work that is typical of its composer—a work, moreover, that is available on records. The purpose of this book will be fulfilled only if you make it a point to listen to these compositions. . . . For a composer's true story lies not in the external events of his life, but in the sounds he has created."

The reader may go farther, if he wishes, for there is a most adequate bibliography. Ages not given.

THE RIDDLE OF TIME. *By Thelma and Corydon Bell. Illustrated by Corydon Bell. Viking.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. Time seems to have fascinated a good many writers of factual material in the last two years. The Bells' book—more mature and philosophical than most others—is interesting and decoratively illustrated. The first chapter discusses the question of "time" itself and points out how difficult it is to define. Then we go over well-trodden ground: the calendar (with unusual pictures, however), the clepsydra, the clock. The authors then take up time in biology and "going back in time," ending with a clear discussion of time and the scientists. Although there is nothing too new, this is an attractive, intelligible presentation. Ages not given.

THE CHERRY TREE. A Collection of Poems. *Chosen by Geoffrey Grigson. Vanguard.* 517 *pp.* $5.95. A big book with more than 500 poems, this is one to own and dip into when those rose-colored days of leisure, supposedly to be brought to every family by automation, arrive. The London Sunday *Times* reviewed this collection in glowing terms—and they compared it with Walter de la Mare's *Come Hither.*

I feel most kindly when I meet poems by Christopher Marlowe, John Clare, and Herrick, as well as many of the old standbys that went to school with me in *The Golden Treasury.* Some like a small anthology, comfortable in the hand; others prefer a spacious book with, as Geoffrey Grigson put it, "room inside it for endless exploration with discovery." All ages.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 16, 3, 17, 12, 4, 14, 1, 18, 15, 7, 8, 5, 13, 11, 6, 9, 10, 2.

Editorial

Continued from page 24

itself in trying to halt the apocalyptic drift. But the sheer simplicity of the way he can be encouraged is also the greatest difficulty in the way of achieving it. That is, the President needs evidence of support, and Congress needs evidence he is receiving this support. Enough letters from enough people will constitute such evidence. But too many people believe this is too simple or too easy an answer and therefore spurn it. It is this strange resistance to the obvious that represents a prime weakness of democratic society.

A letter is not just a letter. It is an extension of the ballot box. In fact, it is more effective than a vote. For it can register a detailed point of view. It can present a reasoned argument. How many letters would be required to accomplish the present purpose? No one knows. Moreover, the question is irrelevant. The only relevant question for the individual in a free society is not how much the next man will do but what he himself is prepared to do. Convictions are weapons only when they are shared. Until that time they are a form of daydreaming. —N.C.

War Monuments

By William Stafford

COVENTRY makes its gutted church
remind itself of all it forgives—
blackened stone in the sky and a cross,
a monument of stress and loss.
Religion requires it of them, I guess.
I do not want to have a part
in any world champion forgiveness.

In the city square for all to see
rides Lady Godiva plain on her horse
the way they tell she burned the eyes,
as if such beauty had to mean loss.
I like the lady and her horse.
I do not want to have a part
in any world champion forgiveness.

They queue for communion in Coventry
in a splendid cathedral beside the old;
awards are nails that fell hot from the roof,
made into a little tormented cross—
not the sort of thing I'd want at cost.
I do not want to have a part
in any world champion forgiveness

The tower plays the Coventry Carol;
pigeons fly from their unplanned nest,
gray and white in the sky, unblessed:
theirs is the best of all utterance.
Even stone should be allowed to forget.
I do not want to have a part
in any world champion forgiveness.

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CENTRAL VERMONT—Seasonal homes, farms, acreage. Free list. W. S. Gilman, Broker, Chelsea, Vermont.

"INGLESIDE," northern neck of Virginia. Colonial, 130 acre estate, 8 rooms, 2 baths. Near water. Picture upon request. $75,000. "Owner," Lorraine Tignor, Wicomico Church, Virginia.

CAMP. Pine paneled, one floor with balcony, porch, 75' beach frontage on lovely lake. $6,500. Contact The Stoddard Wardens, Real Estate, Harvey's Lake, West Barnet, Vermont.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS. Country homes with views, brooks, ponds. Write Atlas Realty, 24 Hamlin, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

OLD BENNINGTON, VERMONT. New hillside home, year round occupancy. Beautiful in regard to location, design, construction. Gliding window-walls, all modern conveniences, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces. Privacy without isolation. 2 acres, more land available. $47,500. Box C-669.

NEW YORK TOWN HOUSE: Completely restored early Victorian (1863) brick house in good block on West 44th Street. Six apartments: largest with garden, ideal for owner seeking rental income; remainder all rented. Marble fireplaces, wide-board floors, chandeliers, brick walls, skylights, modern kitchens and baths, air-conditioned. $75,000. Terms. PLaza 3-9859.

VERMONT. Utter peace and 30 acres, birch grove, stream. Studio-living room with large fireplace. 5 other rooms, 2 baths. 4 miles from village. Extraordinary value for quick sale. $20,000. Snare Associates, Realtors, Dorset, Vermont.

SECLUDED, RESTORED Early American house in rural central New Hampshire. 8 large rooms, 2 baths, full attic and cellars, connecting woodshed, large barn. 160 acres woodland and 10 acres mowing. Beautiful view. $25,000. Write owner. Box C-487.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS—200 year old Colonial home. 9 rooms, 5 fireplaces, Dutch oven, out-buildings, 2 acres. Lovely setting. $35,000. Philip E. Shumway, Owner.

For Sale—Furnished

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Charming summer home. 5 bedrooms, large living room, stone fireplace. Completely furnished. Separate studio. Beautiful view from house. 12 acres. Near lake. Sacrifice $16,000. ALSO
SEVERAL RETIREMENT HOMES. Miriam Bone, Broker, Belmont, Vermont. 259-2523.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, N.H. Year-round waterfront home at Governor's Island Estates. Magnificent view of lake and mountains. Exquisitely private in rustic woodland setting. Natural sandy beach. $39,000. Box C-711.

For Rent—Furnished

HOURS FROM NYC—Weekend and vacation cabin. Living room, fieldstone fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric kitchen. Simply furnished. On private lake in 220 wooded Connecticut acres. Swimming, bass fishing, boat. $1,000 annually. Box C-721.

SAN FRANCISCO—Distinguished Russian Hill town house. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, lovely garden. $450. Box C-689.

For Summer Rental

CAPE COD COTTAGES in Orleans area. Bimonthly to seasonal. Reserve early for best choice. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. C, Orleans, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Telephone 552.

FAMILY FLING—Lake Ontario. House, woods, yacht, help. All for $1,500. July. Box C-343.

VERMONT. NEAR JAMAICA. 3 bedroom, Tech-built cottage. July, $200. Box C-606.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

IN THE ADIRONDACKS, New York. Beautiful house with 6 bedrooms, 4 baths, 2 dining rooms, large living room, fireplaces and steam heat, electric kitchen, completely furnished. 100 acres private wooded grounds, trout brook. Two miles from Elizabethtown, tennis, golf, lake, boating, fishing. For one or two families. June till September. $500 per month. Write Dr. P. Radl, 19 West 69th Street, NYC 23.

CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE. 2 bedroom cottage on private cove with 1 bedroom guest house. $1,500 summer season. Phone 207-SP 9-0413, Box C-719.

GREEN MOUNTAIN RETREAT—Okemo Mountain state park and ski area. Modern A-frame. 2 bedrooms, electric kitchen, fireplace, furnished. Near summer playhouse, lakes—sightseeing or seclusion. Write for photo. Box C-699.

CAPE COD waterfront cottages. June, weekly, $60. Halperson, Dennis, Massachusetts.

PECONIC BAY, LONG ISLAND, Cutchogue. 2 bedroom cottage on beach. Woods, farm. Secluded. Season $950, or monthly except August. Wickham's Fruit Farm. Phone 516-PE 4-6441.

LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT, Historic saltbox, enlarged, modernized, furnished. Lawns, woods. June to October, $1,200. Write 10-D, 230 East 50th, NYC.

WHITE COTTAGE on quiet lake adjacent Bar Harbor, Acadia National Park. Large mountain-view living room, kitchen, bath, bedroom, sleeping balcony, stone fireplace. Never rented before. Kirk, Box 123, Mount Desert, Maine.

MOHAWK TRAIL, MASSACHUSETTS. Mountain scenery, secluded, large 1812 brick, large screened porch, lawn, garden, acreage. Owner's year-round home very completely, tastefully furnished, equipped. $1,400. Telephone: Greenfield, MAdison 5-6484.

FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT. University professor's 3 bedroom ranch available July 1st-August 15th. Two blocks from beach. $600. Box C-663.

MACMAHAN ISLAND, MAINE. Charmingly furnished cottage and guest house. All conveniences. Season $450 (Owner ill). Box C-704.

TROUT LAKE, ADIRONDACKS. Lakeside cottage, dock, boat. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, electric kitchen, fireplace. Box C-674.

MICHIGAN'S HURON MOUNTAINS: Nine delightful summer homes available now through autumn color season on 10,000 acre forest estate. Large private lake, all facilities. Further information, Howard Paul, Ives Lake, Big Bay, Michigan.

RENT SUMMER COTTAGES in scenic mountains, high elevation, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours NY, congenial group, no colony. Reasonable. Call collect Ellenville 932, or write Hansburg, Walker Valley, N.Y.

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT—Spend a spectacular summer on the shore of the Sound. Live in luxury in a convivial Connecticut community. Full facilities for family fulfillment, all electrically equipped. $2,500 June 15th to Labor Day. 203-838-2640.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

NY SUBLET—Duplex, 4 rooms, furnished. Old Brooklyn town house neighbornood, well-treed. Next park, library, Museum. Nigh NYC. $175 month. Box C-418.

WILMINGTON, VERMONT. Charming chalet-apartment. Balcony, terrace overlooking 150 acres. Living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms. Near lake, Marlboro Music Festival. By week or month. Write Box C-690.

CAPE COD STUDIO APARTMENT for two. Separate entrance and bath. All electric kitchenette. Quiet village, yet short drive to beaches, playhouse, shopping center. $250 month, $500 season. Box C-706.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

Furnished

MODEST 3 rooms, bath, mid-Manhattan, June, July, August. MUrray Hill 3-0169 NYC. Box C-372.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

MANHATTAN—EAST 80s. Young woman share comfortable 3 room, air-conditioned apartment. UNiversity 1-3204.

APARTMENT WANTED

Furnished

WANTED: To sublet NYC small apartment immediately to June 15th or longer near rehabilitation center 34th and First, where husband is patient. Box C-694.

Unfurnished

APARTMENT WANTED NYC. Large, sunny 1½ rooms—space for piano, West Village. Under $85 a month. Box C-311.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SMALL HIGHLAND LAKE in Vermont. Private beach, adjoining building locations, open or wooded, large or small. Can build to suit buyer. ½ mile to quiet village. John H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

WATERFRONT VACATION HOMESITES. Thoreau-like country. All utilities. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20-$1,000 per acre. For brochure write Box B-451.

TIDEWATER, VIRGINIA—The most complete list of waterfront properties available in Virginia. Free booklet—"Virginia." G.B. Lorraine, Broker, Richmond Federal Building, Richmond, Virginia.

4 BEAUTIFUL CORNER ACRES ½ mile Tanglewood. Fronts lake, inlet and two roads. Call Area Code 413-637-0000 or write N. Horwitt, Lenox, Massachusetts.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SMALL, PROFITABLE SUMMER INN for sale. 12 guest rooms, dining, Chebeague Island near Portland, Maine. Going business. $21,500 complete. Also cottages and year-round homes for sale. Enjoy swimming and golf.
SMALL, PROFITABLE RESTAURANT for sale. Seats 37, U.S. Highway #1, near Portland, Maine. Going business. Clayton Hamilton, Broker, 86 Dartmouth Street, Portland, Maine.

CAMPS

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC. Toms River, New Jersey.

PUTNEY NATURAL SCIENCE CAMP. Research projects, conservation practices, camping trips. Boys, Girls, 13-17. Putney School, Putney, Vermont.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer 1, New Jersey.

CUTLER READING CAMP at Craftsbury Common, Vermont. Seven weeks of intensified instruction—remedial, corrective, developmental, and advanced reading. Complete recreational activities program. Boys 10-18. Limited enrollment. Institute for Reading and Study Skills, 75 Prospect Street, Huntington, N.Y.

NEW HORIZON at Southampton, N.Y. A Children's Democracy. All activities. Brochure. 9 East 67th Street, NYC 21. TRafalgar 9-5221.

COUNSELORS. CAMP ZAKELO (Boys), Harrison, Maine. (Established 1928), requires schoolteachers for camping skills: Astronomy, Radio, Journalism, Reading Dynamics, French, Spanish, Art, Music, etc. Mature athletic coaches, all land and water sports, water skiing, sailing, crew. Director, 393 Clinton Road, Brookline, Massachusetts.

VERMONT MUSIC COLONY. Eight weeks intensive program—July and August. Piano and most instruments under professional direction. Brochure. Write Box B-941.

(Continued on page 82)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 81)

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Fun and adventure for boys 7-18. Six age groups. 2 private lakes *near Old Forge. Pack-horse trips. Adirondack, Canadian* canoe trips. Riding. Forestry; riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature counselors. 3 nurses. 38th year. Booklet. William H. Abbott, Director, Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y.

INDIAN HILL — Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Junior and Senior High School, Boys-Girls. All sports; Music, Theatre, Art, Dance. Olympic size swimming pool. *Inquire about "Indian Hill Abroad." Mordecai Bauman*, Director, 49 West 12th Street, NYC. CHelsea 2-2280.

TEENAGERS ONLY—coed. Elective, non-competitive; complete cultural, athletic, work program. $575. Camp Horizons, Dept. S, 1422 Nelson Avenue, Bronx 52, N.Y. JErome 7-0638.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theatre, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

SUMMERLANE—An American Summerhill. Room 811, 225 Lafayette, New York 12.

SHAWNEE LEADERSHIP INSTITUTE. 29th year. International, Interfaith, Public Affairs Seminars. Coed, ages 16-19. Wooded campsite on Vermont lake. August 17th-31st. Box C-676.

A WEEK in the country they will always remember. Coed 8-14 years. Fishing, animals, games. $57.50. Harmony Hills Farm, R.D. 2, Thompson, Pennsylvania.

LOOKING FOR a leisurely vacation spot? Our housekeeping cottages on beautiful Lake Champlain offer you the REST of your life. Brochure on request. Bitter Sweet Cottages, R.F.D. 3, Winooski, Vermont.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

VACATIONS

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

GOOSE COVE LODGE *on Deer Isle, Maine. In East* Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS—Ocean Spray Guest House. Facing beach. $5 single, $7 double. Box 1558, Nassau.

CHILOWAY LODGE, Roscoe, New York. Secluded, informal country lodge. Limited to 30 guests.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, on beautiful Casco Bay. Chebeague Island, Maine. VI 6-4059. Brochure.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

RELAX HAPPILY . . . by the sea at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, beach. Exceptional meals. Opens June 24th. Color folder. The LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232. Open May 29th.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

VACATIONS

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

AVOID THE TOURIST MOB. Do you want to get away from all those people who are getting away from it all? Vacation on real ranch. Riding, fishing. 30 miles north Yellowstone Park. Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

SNOWMASS LODGE, Aspen, Colorado. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

ON PICTURESQUE ARNOLD TRAIL . . . Sky Lodge and Motel. Informal, complete resort. Swimming pool, free golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Two miles north of Jackman. Ed Landgraf, Moose River, Maine.

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, Massachusetts. Cottages half season, fortnight. Guest rooms, housekeeping apartment weekly. Private beach, beautiful location near restaurants, tennis, golf. BUtterfield 8-5869 NYC, Box C-660.

MESSALONSKEE BEACH COTTAGES. Housekeeping, lakefront. Fish, play, relax. Belgrade, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

WENTWORTH WORKSHOP—paint and vacation in New Hampshire. Brochure. Box B-576.

PEACE . . . PRIVACY . . . MARTHA'S VINEYARD! Writers, painters, naturalists especially welcomed. Housekeeping cottages available at Horizon Murals, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

TENNIS: 4 Clay Courts. Sun-drenched Florida Keys. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada, Florida Keys.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, trout fishing. Excellent food, accommodations, genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569-V, Ely, Minnesota.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD"—An uncrowded lake area—Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation building for dining, sociability, entertainment. Guest cottages. Boats on 4 lakes. Every water sport. Real fishing. Fine riding, tennis. Memorable meals, pleasing service, every comfort. Quimby's Inn and Cottages, Averill 4, Vermont.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . New England hospitality in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize-winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

VACATIONS

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375, Canton, N.C.

FAMILY VACATION! Ahoha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce, Box S. 531 East 20th, New York 10, GRamercy 3-0222.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. Recommended by AAA. For color folder, reservations write Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

REFRESHINGLY MAINE — Overlooking ocean, beach. Art colony, theatre. Informal, excellent food. Brochure. Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

PINKHAM NOTCH INN—A secluded Alpine inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington in the White Mountain National Forest. Enjoy your leisure, superb mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. *R. P. Whipple, Mgr., Jackson 3, New Hampshire.*

CAPE COD. Attractive guest house overlooking Nantucket Sound. Excellent swimming. Breakfast if desired. Good restaurants, golf, shops, theatre. Open mid-May to October. Write Elmore Biggs, Shore Pines, Harwich Port, Massachusetts.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR. 7th year: Stimulating and *informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures,* discussions. For 1963 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

WATERVILLE INN—*For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character.* In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

THE BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER. Enjoy a vacation studying handcrafts with nationally-known instructors. Delightful surroundings. Write for brochure. Brookfield, Connecticut.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

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VACATIONS

SEASHORE? Colonial Inn and Motel. Elevator. Informal. Folder. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

YOUR VACATION DREAMS come true. Completely equipped camps with breathtaking view across Rangeley Lake. Fish, swim, hike or just ride around enjoying the Maine countryside. Send for folder—Rangeley View Camps, Box 185, South Shore Drive, Rangeley, Maine.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Informal family vacations, meals served family style. Northwood, N.H.

40th YEAR of contented living. Won't you join us? Booklet. Naidni on Dunmore, Brandon, Vermont.

ST. PETERSBURG BEACH, FLORIDA. Cool beachfront apartments from $55 weekly. Family rates. New, beautiful, different, Archway Villa, 3850 Gulf Boulevard.

GURNEY'S INN PHILOSOPHY on the care and feeding of harried city-folk: Mix a little salt water and sand from our 700-foot beach, Add a few leaves from our 9 acres of lush greenery, and stir with calm relaxation to taste. Spice with splinters from a golf club and a water ski, and serve with gracious hospitality at the breeze-cooled hostelry or one of our private oceanside cottages. We pamper. Gurney's Inn. "On the Brink O' the Beach", at Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345. Write Dept. S-4 for brochure.

SHAWMUT INN. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 32 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 24th. Kennebunkport, Maine.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE—Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 29th-October 15th. Color folder.

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COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

PAINT AND VACATION in Maine with Mark and Bonnie Lehman. August. Brochure. Box C-436.

NATURE LOVERS, creative people. Find peace, quiet, beautiful scenery, charming old-world home, Individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y., near lovely Cooperstown.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. June to October 15th. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath. Reasonable rates include three delicious meals daily. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

TEXANS. You'll like this resort hotel not only because of its size (1001 rooms), but also because of its well-oiled efficiency. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N. J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

TEN MILES OFF THE COAST OF MAINE: Monhegan Island. Virtually unchanged over the centuries, Monhegan's cliffs and shore, its woods, ponds and meadows offer sanctuary to the creatures and growing things of air, land and water. And to mankind. For here the caccophony, crowds and confusion of the mainland are miles away. No street lights or neon signs dim the stars. No jukeboxes, bars or cocktail lounges disturb the quiet. Cars, radio and television stay on the mainland. But waiting here to be found by all: peace, quiet, beauty. The Island Inn, Box E, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland garaging for all cars.

ENGLAND, ST. IVES, CORNWALL. Accommodations in artist's beautiful old house overlooking sea. Large secluded garden. Write Milne, Trewyn, St. Ives, Cornwall.

VACATIONS

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American Plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro, N.H.

LAKE ST. CATHERINE INN, Poultney, Vermont, ATlantic 7-9371. Lakefront dream spot. Great fishing, boating, swimming, tennis, golf. Congenial, informal. Low June rates, Decoration weekend. American-Jewish Cuisine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

TRAVEL

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION. Pine-clad mountains surround Maine's most accessible lakes region. Seacoast cities nearby. Magazine in color free. Sebago-Long Lakes Association, Sebago Lake 16, Maine.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single rooms, private bath. $26 per week. Bus, subway at corner. Swimming pool. COlumbus 5-6100.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast—$175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

EUROPEAN TOURS, 1963: June sailings, 28-60 days in Europe, $1,092-$1,495. Young Adults Tour, $1,375. Write Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (SR), Northfield, Minnesota.

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PUTNEY SCHOOL is sponsoring two study trips for high school students: Japan, $1,500, and Sweden-Russia, $1,250. Summer adventure combined with learning about other people in other lands. For information write: Putney Study Travel, Putney School, Putney, Vermont.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1518

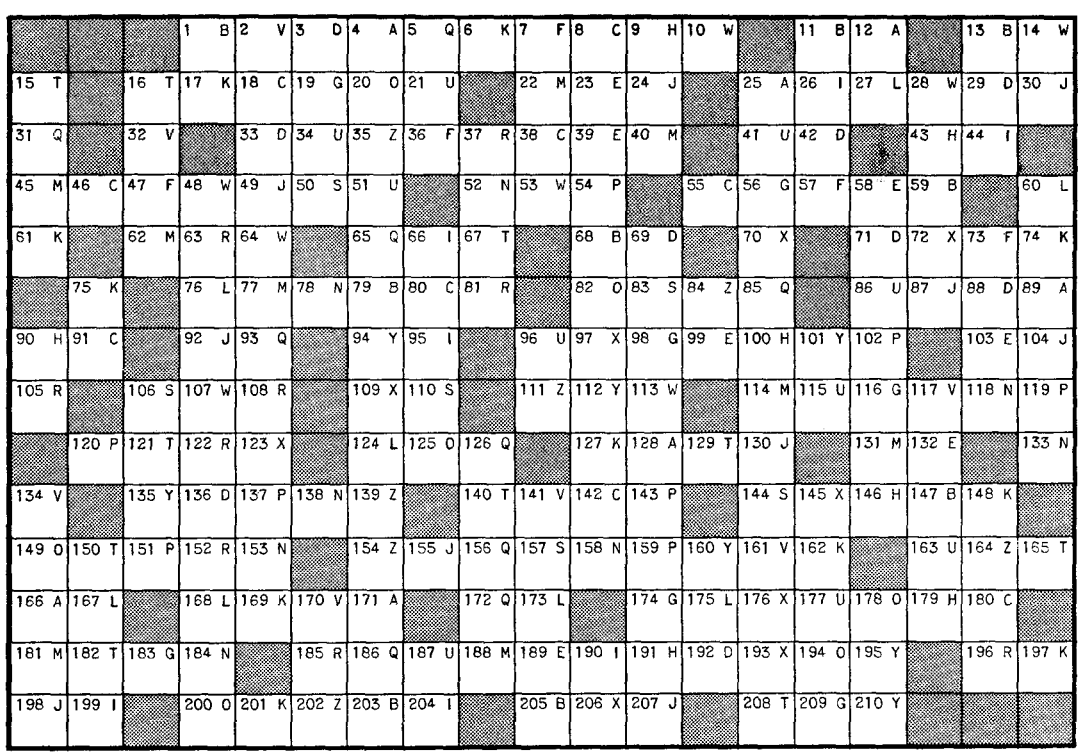
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. *Italian* commune where the Amati family, et al., worked, 16th-18th cents.	166 4 171 25 89 12 128
B. Put under moral or legal constraint.	68 79 147 11 59 205 13 1 203
C. Dark.	55 8 180 91 142 80 38 46 18
D. Raised from spatially (2 wds.).	136 29 33 192 3 71 88 69 42
E. Particular point of time, of inappreciable duration; urgent.	99 58 103 189 23 39 132
F. What Shelley sighed for when he "awoke and saw the dawn."	73 57 36 7 47
G. The view.	116 98 19 174 209 183 56
H. Elongated process, animate or not, whose function is the extension of information.	43 9 90 100 191 179 146
I. English nurses.	95 190 44 199 66 26 204
J. Certain punitive power residing in some U.S. courts, the Inns of Court of London, etc.	207 49 24 92 198 155 87 104 30 130
K. The queen of Amazons slain by Achilles in Trojan War.	127 74 61 6 197 201 162 169 148 17 75
L. English war correspondent, so strong a spiritualist that his last book was written under the influence of his deceased wife (1829-88).	175 168 60 76 167 27 173 124
M. One devoted to a systematic procedure; large Protestant sect.	181 77 40 22 45 114 131 188 62
N. Quite (2 wds.).	52 138 184 118 153 78 133 158
O. A popular *hors d'oeuvre* in our Fiftieth State (2 wds.).	20 194 82 149 178 200 125
P. *Completely.*	120 159 102 151 137 54 143 119
Q. How Lorenzo described "the cherubins" (*Merchant of Venice;* comp.).	5 172 186 85 31 156 93 126 65
R. Familiar name under which we know the vivacious and talented Hester Lynch Piozzi of late 18th cent. (2 wds.).	37 152 185 196 63 108 105 122 81
S. Ancient people of Campania, who used an Etruscan alphabet.	83 110 50 157 106 144
T. Topsy-turvy (2 wds.).	150 67 129 165 16 15 208 182 140 121
U. The room, or the equipment, or the act of using a special kind of washing process (2 wds.).	86 51 41 163 115 34 187 96 21 177
V. Escaping perception.	117 170 32 134 141 2 161
W. Leader of the "ultramodern" (by now, almost old hat!) group of composers known in Paris as "Les Six" (1892-1955).	14 107 28 64 10 53 113 48
X. State of being all of one mind.	72 97 70 206 109 145 193 176 123
Y. Arctic cetacean of the family *Delphinidae.*	101 94 160 210 112 135 195
Z. Two words traditionally "not to the swift." (*Ecclesiastes*).	111 164 139 84 35 154 202

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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Sauternes, B&G. Golden, velvety; full bodied

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Pouilly Fuisse, B&G. White, fresh, delicate
Chablis, B&G. Crisp, dry; white

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